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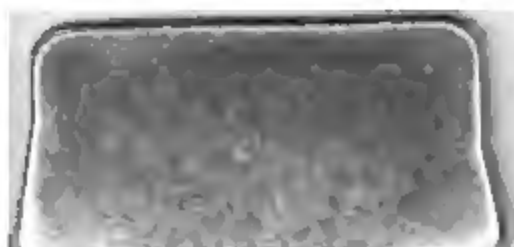
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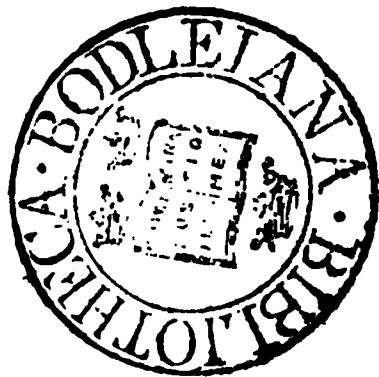
Per. 275 d. $\frac{393}{128}$



THE
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY
WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

VOL. 128.



9.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1863.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE NEGROES OF THE SOUTH.*

It is impossible to defend slavery as an institution. The ownership of a human being from birth until death, and the power of sale over his body, or of the transfer of a right in a fellow-creature's existence, are so abhorrent to every principle of humanity, and so opposed to the great basis of Christianity, that no argument in its favour will bear a moment's consideration. But since the institution does exist, and the opposition brought about by its existence has involved civil war, and has overwhelmed, in all probability for ever, the great principle by which the United States held together—the separate sovereignty of each state—it is well to know what that institution really is, in order to form, in the first place, a correct notion of what is the condition of the slave; in the second, to understand the chief influences affecting the belligerent parties; and, thirdly, to be enabled to form an opinion as to the future downfall of the institution.

It is quite certain that, carried away by a just prejudice against slavery, there is no state of society in the world that has been so grossly misrepresented and so grievously misunderstood as that which exists in the Southern States. Those writers who, during the last few years, have flooded the book mart with sensation tales of slavery, have, it has been justly remarked, injured the cause which they, no doubt, sincerely thought to serve. Horrible scenes have undeniably occurred in the Slave States, as in other countries; but let any upright reader judge whether it would be a fair representation of English society to collect from a year's, or even a week's, newspapers the terrible list of crimes and sufferings, and, concentrating them in one volume, to send it forth to the world, saying, "Such is England."

We gladly avail ourselves, then, of the experiences of a lady who, as a governess, lived in the bosom of different families in different states in the South, and who was thrown into the mixed society of town, camp, and boarding-house during the trying times that preceded secession, and the still more stirring and eventful episodes that followed upon open hostilities. A residence in various homes of the Southern States, indeed, afforded the author—who writes under, we suppose, the pseudonym of Miss Sarah Jones—opportunities of becoming acquainted with traits of character and domestic manners which could never have met the eye of the mere wayfarer, and which at once rivet the attention, as conveying a

* Life in the South; from the Commencement of the War. In Two Vols. Chapman and Hall. 1863.

true picture, not only of the condition of the slave, but also of the social condition of the slaveholder, and, consequently, of the reaction of one upon the other.

Our author's first home in the South was at Dr. W.'s, Forest Rill, a plantation in the neighbourhood of Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock, and the family one of the F. F. V.s, or fine old Virginian families, who suddenly became transformed, on seceding from the North, into "brutes" and "tyrants" in the eyes of their enemies. It was here she first became acquainted with the natural and graceful dignity of character and deportment, and with the simple and unostentatious kindness and hospitality of the descendants of the old families in Virginia, as also with the "uncles" and "aunts" (for mister and mistress are titles never applied to negroes), and with the innumerable "Topsies" — their progeny. The negroes, growing up as they do in the same family, call its members, however old, by their christian name. Even a grandfather is "old Master Harry, or Willy," and the ladies are always "Miss Molly," or "Miss Sue." They were Master Willy and Miss Sue when children, and marriage does not change them in the eyes of the old servants. The scene on arrival at this first home in the South is peculiarly characteristic :

Several little Topsies and Carlos came running down to the gate on seeing the carriage approach, the younger ones climbing upon it for a swing, and to peep in at the windows to greet "Mi' Cinta" with a grin; setting off again for another run back to the house, where they all stood round the door with eyes and mouth agape to stare at the new comer. They are soon dispersed by an elderly negress, very black, and very ugly, but dressed with extreme neatness, even to the gay yellow turban which covered her wool with the exception of two stray locks on the temples, which were unmercifully braided into two stiff tails, and left to hang in imitation of ringlets. We enter a large hall which ran entirely through the house, opening into rooms on either side, and with a large open door opposite the entrance. The yellow turbaned dame is accosted as "Aunt Ailsey," who curtsies to me, and takes my parasol, &c., which she gives to one of the Topsies to carry up-stairs. The Doctor has already arrived before us, and meets us with another welcome to me, hoping I have enjoyed the ride to Forest Rill. Mrs. W. proposed to conduct me up to my chamber, whither we were followed by the "aunt" and several negro children, leaving Cinta screaming after one of the Topsies, who were all too intent on their observations of the stranger to think of their young mistress's claims on their attention. "Aunt Ailsey" again drives them off, sending one for wood and another for water, and a third is to tell somebody to come and "build" a fire. Mrs. W. invites me to feel at home and ask for what I require, and appoints the eldest Topsy to be my especial waiting-maid. On leaving the room she said supper would soon be ready, and no doubt a cup of tea would prove very refreshing. Immediately appears another negro woman, with three or four huge logs of wood upon her head and a lighted stick in her hand, followed by Topsy No. 1, with a great basket of "chips," also poised without holding upon *her* head; Topsy No. 2, with an apron full of "corn cobs," and Topsy No. 3, with a pitcher of fresh water, also on her head. The woman dropped a curtsy, with "*How'dy, missus?*" which salutation, not comprehending, I could only nod in return. She tumbled the logs on to the capacious hearth, and knelt down before it to arrange them upon the andirons, the two assistant Topsies squatting down on each side of her to get rid of their burdens, and then fix their great black eyes again on me, as if they had no other business on earth to occupy them. The log fire, aided by the contents of basket and apron, soon sent its roaring flames and sparks half up the chimney, and lighted up the room quite

pleasantly, for it was only the beginning of April, and the evenings are the more chilly after the mid-day warmth of the sun in that latitude. Mrs. W. and Cinta reappeared to see if there was a good fire, and hope I had all I wished. They said the trunks would arrive in about an hour. The ladies expressed no surprise to see the invasion of negroes in my apartment, neither were the Topsies at all abashed by their presence, and continued their undisturbed study of my physiognomy; but Aunt Ailsey's ingenuity was put to the test to find errands to get rid of them, for they reappeared so quickly, each time opening the door without rapping or ceremony, and resuming their places on each side of the fire.

The eldest Topsy's name proved to be Flora, and as night came on, this dark flower showing no signs of departing, her new mistress ventured to observe that she had better go to bed.

"Missus done said I was to sleep beah, ef you'd want me to."

"Sleep here, child! Where?"

"I gits my blanket, an lies down afore de fire."

"Oh no! I do not want you, you may go."

So she raised herself from before the fire, where she had been leisurely squatting, and departed, grinning as she went, and displaying two splendid rows of teeth. She stopped at the door to say, "Does ye please want any fin mo'?" and then curtsied, adding, "Good night, mum."

Next day, we have a visit to the garden and poultry-yard. When they sallied forth they were followed by three or four negro children, who ran towards them at the sight of "Mi' Cinta." Miss Cinta patted the head of one she called "Jim," saying he was the youngest child and pet of Aunt Ailsey. Topsy No. 2, was found to be his elder sister Sally, Cinta's little waiting-maid, who followed with the keys of the hen-houses and food for chickens, while some younger woolly heads were toddling in the rear. A want of finish and untidiness about the yard and buildings, and that amid signs of wealth and abundant labour, for in every direction negroes were to be seen, not only men and women working in the fields, but children, whose business appeared to consist in waiting on the elder ones, otherwise in doing nothing, was one of the first, as it is the most constant, characteristic of slave labour. As they passed these people they greeted Miss Cinta thus, "Oh, Mi' Cinta, how'dy?" meant for "how do you do?" and the common salutation of both white and black throughout the South. Cinta greeted them all with a nod and smile, calling them by name, and stopping to speak to one or two to inquire after a child or parent, when they invariably offered their hand for a shake.

This, to any one who is familiar with the treatment of the black in the Free States, or who has studied "Uncle Toms" and "Topsies" in the pages or orations of the Beecher Stowes, will appear a startling amount of intimacy, and a great extent of consideration; yet is it one of the inviolable characteristics of the relations between the slaveholder and his slave. When the doctor spoke of his slaves, he did not so designate them—he called them "his people." They, on their side, addressed their master thus: "Massa Fred, hab you done got me dem nails to fix dat ar fence?"

"Massa Fred, I wants you to git me a new saw nex time you goes to Richmun', dis eah wone do nohow."

"Why, Cæsar, what have you done to wear it out so quickly?"

"Whew! Massa Fred." And some excuse would follow, as if to persuade the "massa" of his unreasonableness. Many of these replies and arguments sounded to the new comer very much like impudence, but the doctor did not appear to regard them as such, and surprised our author by the calmness with which he tolerated the seeming impertinences. She could not "realise" that all these leisurely, slouching, argumentative negroes were slaves, nor that the easy-tempered, courteous gentleman who was addressed by them could be a slaveholder. A word, however, sufficed to break the spell. They were passing a pretty-looking mulatto girl in field costume, who curtsied with a smiling, trustful look, and the usual "How'dy, Mi' Cinta."

"That's Rosa," said Cinta. "Grandpa gave her and her two sisters to me when I was ten years old, and I am going to take Rosa into the house to have her taught different kinds of needlework, and be my own maid."

The words "gave her to me" fell upon sensitive ears, whilst equally discerning eyes also saw that Rosa looked proud and happy at the idea of her promised promotion.

All these Uncle Toms, Aunt Ailseys, and Topsies had their cabins, each detached, having a pigsty and hen-house, and patches or gardens, and some with rough porches, with vines or flowers creeping over them; but otherwise the spaces were vacant, trampled, or littered with rubbish. The young children were left in the care of one or two elder ones, or an old negress at her spinning-wheel. During this first walk a great deal of shaking of hands had to be gone through, the negroes offering the new comer a welcome, as if, she remarked, it were as much their business as their master's to make her feel at home, but possibly also equally to avail themselves of a privilege granted to them.

Our author returned to her home, after this first walk, with "an immense dread off her mind" that no "very harrowing scenes" were likely to endanger her position in the slaveholder's family.

Owing to the extent of farms or plantations, some estates being from three hundred to three thousand or more acres, neighbours in Virginia are few and far between; yet the greatest amount of sociability prevails, and distance is scarcely regarded in making visits, and all the families are described as distinguished by the same mild, courteous, and cordial manners that characterised the W.s. The manners of the negroes upon these visits were also just the same everywhere. Thus, at Oakfield—Colonel Harry W., the doctor's brother's—the hall door is opened by an old white-headed but very black negro, iron-black by contrast with his silvery wool:

"Why, Mis' 'Liza"—addressing Mrs. W.—"ye's quite a stranger," shaking hands with the lady. "An' how's you, Mis' Cinta?" who also shook hands. "An' how's Massa Fred?"

"Quite well, Uncle Cassius; how are you?"

"Well, I thank'ee, marm. An' be's ye come to stop wid us now, Mis' Cinta? Ye han't been heah dis long time. An' how be you, mistis?" continued the "Uncle," with a deferential bow to Miss Jones, followed by the shake of a hand, which that delicate person declares to have felt very much like iron. Uncle Cassius was attended by a little boy, of a pale

complexion, silky black hair, and beautiful eyes and teeth, so pretty and genteel that it was difficult to know how to accost him. This old "Uncle" thus narrated his story at an after-period :

"I b'long'd to ole Massa Harry ebber sin' he was married," began Uncle Cassius, alluding to the colonel's father. "He an' me was jes' about of an age, 'n' I tended him all his life, an' when he married Miss Molly, my ole massa (the colonel's grandfather) gie'd me to him. I allers 'tended to him when he was a boy, an' went out hunting and shooting wid him in vacations; 'n' I trabbled wid him all over de Norf, an' down to New Orleans, an' wharebber Massa Harry went he allers took *me*. Den he married, an' my ole massa gave me to him 'long wid my wife an' family, an' some o' th' others dat b'longed to dis heah estate, all to young Massa Harry; lesewise he *was* young Massa Harry a' *dat* time. So he took me into de house, an' my wife, Miss Molly took *her* into de house, an' all our children was bringed up in de house to be house-servants too, till dey married. Dat ar leetle yallow boy in de dining-room now, he's my gran'son; his muvver was my younges' daughter, an' she married a servant what b'longed to old Capp'n Planter over to Caroline (county); so de capp'n he bought her, an' she went and libbed 'long'd her husband over thar. Den I outlib ole Massa Harry an' Miss Molly too, an' I outlib my wife, but young Massa Harry (the colonel) he's boun' to take care o' me, an' he *will* too; an' I lib an' die on dis heah place whar I b'longs to."

It is from the circumstance of negroes growing up in a family in this manner that the custom has arisen of calling all its members, however old, by their christian names. And upon these visits there were so many old family "uncles" and "aunts," who in their turns presented their ebony palms to the stranger, that she confesses her philanthropy was sorely tried by this perpetual shaking of hands. The short-comings of negroes are, however, so numerous, that they are incessantly pressing upon those placed in contact with them. Our author had not been long settled before Flora was detected unlocking and exploring the contents of her boxes. To the question, "What are you doing with my things?" all the answer that could be obtained was, "Do' want t' 'rouble an' yer things." And even Aunt Ailsey took the sulky girl's part. "She didn't want to trouble the things, she jes' wanted to look at 'em; she wouldn't trouble 'em nohow." This promising young negress expressed a wish to learn to read. This was simply because she preferred sitting by the fire than fetching wood and water: she never got beyond ba, be, bi. In almost every family you meet with an Uncle Cassius or Aunt Ailsey, and sundry little Jims and Nellies, the children of old house-servants and favourite negroes, who are, consequently, much indulged, and sometimes very troublesome :

Sometimes one would be tempted to wonder how these young negroes ever grow up with notions of obedience and respect towards their masters, as so great a want of discipline and good training is observable. But a natural reverence and awe of "white folk" keep them in check as they come to years of discretion, strengthened by a devotion to their owners which seems instinctive, an affection and devotion which no others than their owners and their owner's family are ever lucky enough to share. Negro servants will wait upon visitors very well until the novelty has worn off; but they only continue to do so from compulsion; they will hover about strangers from curiosity, but their service is dictated by quite a different feeling from that which actuates the same towards their masters. Perhaps some share of fear is blended with

their obedience, but this is a necessary influence upon an unreflecting nature. All this I soon discovered in the neglect of various matters in Flora's work. The same thing was daily recurring; but to say, "Be sure to do this every day," is as useless as hopeless. They must be told at the time and *every* time continually. It by no means follows that a prompt obedience is always rendered to their true masters and mistresses. Far from it. You now and then find old and trusty servants like Cassius and Ailsey, who do not require constantly watching; but old or young, no idle dunce was ever so ready to "shirk" his task as the genus negro; and no hypochondriac ever so ready to discover grievances and to imagine maladies as these poor timid slaves.

A capacious medicine-closet is an inseparable part of a Southern establishment, and the master will get up any time of day and night to go and tend upon his wayward black helps: not a word of complaint at the disturbance and trouble of going half a mile off in the middle of the night, and often for some trifling ailment. "It is well," our author remarks, "that, either by nature or education, the Virginians are of so easy and tranquil a mood, for they would otherwise enjoy no peace in their lives, with their lazy, unreflecting, child-like servants, the negroes."

Mrs. W.'s sister had proved a very intelligent friend during her stay at Forest Rill. Her home was in the State of Mississippi, and from her I learned a great many particulars as to the management of slaves in the more Southern States. She did not pretend to disguise the fact, that during the cotton and sugar harvests they perform extra labour, but it is usually followed by extra indulgences when the harvest is over. There are strict regulations for enforcing cleanliness; and persons are kept, on large plantations, for the express purpose of visiting the cabins, which undergo a regular purifying every Saturday, and looking after the health of the negroes. She related some instances of the easily transferred affections of negroes, which, coming from so truthful a source, afford strong proof that a vast amount of morbid sympathy is wasted upon their imposed family separations. The following case happened in her own brother's family.

Mr. A. had a negro servant whose wife lived on the adjoining plantation, the two slaves being in the habit of meeting constantly. When they had been married several years, the woman's master being about to sell his Mississippi property, and move to Missouri with all his family and servants, offered to sell Lydia to Mr. A. in order that she might not be separated from her husband. Mr. A. had already as many servants as he desired, and declined to buy her, but gave his own servant Sico permission to go to Missouri with his wife. Sico, in spite of the connubial tie, objected to leave his master. He considered a good deal, and looked very grave. "Massa Harry, I'se boun' not to lebe you, sah! I likes her mightily, an' I be right smart sorry she be a goin', but I likes dis heah place too. If my wife's got to go, she'll *have* to. Massa Harry, I can't lebe you an' Miss Liza, and all de childern." Mr. A. expostulated, and endeavoured to dissuade Sico from giving up his wife so easily. "Massa Harry, I reckon she better go wid Massa Arthur, she's a right good-looking nigger anyway, an' she'll soon find annuvver man to hab her, an' dis nigger couldn't lebe you anyhow. Dis year place is my home, an' I don' want any uvver." So Sico being inexorable, his master gave him a holiday, with permission to accompany his wife as far as Memphis, in order to enjoy her society to the last, and make an affectionate adieu. On his way home, he passed the night at Dr. C.'s, where he had acquaintances among the servants. About a week after his return, he told his master he had seen a "right pretty yaller gal" up at Dr. C.'s, and he would like to marry her, with his permission.

"What! Sico, so soon forget your wife?"

"Ah, well, Massa Harry, it's no use to 'grebe over spilt milk,' what's done

can't be undone. I see dis young 'ooman as I was a comin' home; an' I courted her, an' tole her I'd come nex' week to marry her, if you'd no 'bjection, and so she's a 'spectin' on me."

Mr. A. knowing the damsel in question to be a desirable match, and knowing also that his refusal might result in worse evils, gave his permission; so in one week from the tender parting, Sico took another holiday; but this time on a wedding trip. In a few months he received tidings that his first wife, acting on the same philosophic principles, had also solaced herself with another helpmeet.

It will be observed that in both cases the wives lived apart from their husbands, or it might be inquired how, if Mr. A. could not afford room for Lydia No. 1, he should allow Sico to contract marriage with Lydia No. 2. The negro is not, however, always so insensible to the evils of a forced separation. Here is an instance to the contrary, which occurred at a boarding-house at Richmond:

One day Mrs. Smith's favourite servant Pete, the husband of Charlotte, whom the young ladies had pronounced such a "perfect gentleman," was performing a little job of carpentering in my room. His manners and appearance, though quite negro-ish, were undoubtedly those of a superior rank; a thing one often perceived in house-servants, which may be accounted for in their strong power of imitation, and from being in contact with well-bred people all their lives. This man, "Uncle Pete," never presumed on these things, even if he were aware of his superior address. It was a gracefulness and polish of demeanour, blended with obsequiousness and humility, that was almost painful to contemplate; and his mind partook of the same refinement. I was asking him about his children, the three pretty little mulattoes who were often in the house, and always clean and well dressed. This touched a tender chord in the father's heart, and I repeat his words, not to expatiate upon the "cruel separations" so commonly censured, but to declare to my readers that this was the *only* case I met with during my whole residence in the South where I heard a negro speak so feelingly on the subject. Their wounds are generally but transient smarts, and quickly healed.

"Oh! Mistress Jones, we can none of us tell when our turn will come. I was sold away from my father when I was so young that I shouldn't know him now if I was to meet him. That's a mighty hard thing to think of. And my brother, he went to another part, an' I hain't never seen him since; and we don't know whose turn may come next."

I asked him how many brothers and sisters he had, and spoke of Charlotte; and then turned and asked Frances how old she was.

Pete said, "*She* don't know how old she is."

"Why so?"

"'Cause she's never been taught. How can *she* know, when she's never learnt anything, never had no eddication, and no one to tell her anything? Her mother knows, tho', maybe, Miss Jones, and she's got a sister older than she is, and *she's* only sixteen, so this'n can't be as old as that."

I did not permit myself to encourage Pete in this desponding mood, but the fountain of his thoughts was loosened, and he continued: "If I'd had *my* will I'd a gone to Liberia ten years ago. We can none of us tell when our turn will come, and maybe I'll lose my children as my father lost me."

It was while the author was at Richmond that secession became a "fait accompli," and that hostilities commenced. The confidence of the Yankees in being able to bring the South to submission with scarcely an effort, according to the author, who had many friends in the North, and many means of acquiring good information, was one of the chief causes of the war; while the erroneous views entertained in England of the

real condition of the "domestic institution" in the South, previous to Russell's tour through the Southern States, led to as many vexatious mistakes in politics. The dependence of the Southerners on the recognition of England and the breaking of the blockade, led to great relaxation on their part in their preparations for war and for self-sustenance. There is no doubt that our government has by the adoption of such policy been wise for the time, it is still questionable if it will prove so for the future. To have had a positive ally in the South would, perhaps, when the turn of Canada comes, have been found to have been of more avail than to have at the end of the war, whichever way it goes, no ally at all on the continent of America. The price of that alliance might for a moment have been fearful to contemplate, but great nations should be prepared for great emergencies. Neutrality, which is at once wisdom and justice on the continent of Europe, is scarcely so where we have ourselves such interests at stake as a famishing population and a broken-down trade ; with the north-east provinces, Canada, British Columbia, the West Indies, and other important possessions, all as it were in abeyance.

Our author's next place of residence was at a Mr. Quence's, a Baptist minister, dwelling at Milbank, in Caroline county. Baptists were not in favour with "Miss Jones," and Mr. Quence was not the best specimen of his class, so she was not quite as happy as she had been at the W.s, yet had she nothing to complain of in the way of kind, hospitable, courteous, and even generous treatment. "Miss Jones," a young person of decidedly good education and excellent abilities, and whom we especially sympathise with in her ardent love of nature and her exquisite appreciation of the goodness of all God's works, is manifestly one of a class most difficult to please. Her yearnings for letters, for change of circumstances, and during the blockade for extricating herself from every new position she became placed in, although, save a sad attack of sickness in Florida, and some privations from the blockade, everything that could be desired in a pecuniary point of view, as well as in respect to the most kind and considerate treatment, become at times very trying to the reader. There were at Milbank the usual "aunts," and "uncles," and troublesome "Topsies," but not, however, either so tidy, obliging, or numerous as at Forest Rill :

Our pleasantest walk at Milbank was down to a mill from which the place was named. A beautiful piece of water lay in a picturesque hollow, leading down to which a winding road opened suddenly upon the mill itself, and a very neat, pretty cabin, occupied by Uncle Junius, the miller, and Aunt Ony, his wife. Our Baptist minister combined the business of farmer and miller with his pastoral duties. He employed an overseer to manage his farm, but kept a faithful surveillance over his servants and profits. Uncle Junius came to the house every evening regularly, just as we had assembled in the parlour for family worship ; and opening the door and inserting his grey and yellow head (nothing but the head was ever visible), summed up the business of the day, which his master duly entered upon a book : "Muster Brown, two bushel—Corn. Muster Black, five bushel—Wheat. Muster Green, one sack—Flour. Miss Molly White, three bushel—Corn." These entries answered the double purpose of a check upon the products of the farm, and the amount of Junius's daily labour. Sometimes the report was varied by a message from somebody concerning an order on the miller, or some requisite repairs, which after

being made known, a surly "Go now," was followed by the retreat of the grey head, and the closing of the door. Uncle Junius was so fair, or rather "yellow," besides being quite good-looking, as to be easily mistaken for a white man. He was an intelligent and trustworthy negro, and, I used to think, deserving of a little more urbanity and sympathy than that gruff "Go now" testified. It did not seem a very likely method of securing the affection of the servant, but I never discovered that Junius felt sensitive on the subject. Mrs. Quence did not ever turn her head and eyes from the contemplation of the blazing pine stems, nor seem at all conscious whether Junius's head was admitting the cold draught or not. Perhaps she pursued the same course as the Misses Smith and their "first circles" did, never to take any notice of the servants; but I had seen many other people whom I should have placed rather in front of these "first circles," who always gave a kind and encouraging "How'dy" to the negroes, particularly the out-door servants, who were not so often visible at the house.

All slaveholders are not like the W.s—Shelbys in the country—and even at Mr. Quence's some new features in the "institution" presented themselves to an inquiring observer. Here are the results of a little conversation with Aunt Ony:

Little Molly I knew, and her son Pinto, also, whose chief business was to drive the waggons and attend to the stables. This youth was by a former marriage, and I asked Ony if she had any more children.

"Oh yes, mistis; Rose, what you see a milkin' de cows t'other night, she's my darter."

"Is she married?"

"No, mistis, she ain't married, but she's got three children tho'."

"Is her husband dead?"

"No'm, she ain't 'zactly had no husband. Phil, he dat 'tends de tan-yard down thar, her children b'longs to *him*."

"But that's not right, Aunt Ony. Does Amelia (Phil's wife) know about that?"

"Ye'es, mistis; I *tell* ye she an' Rose gits to quarrellin' mightily when they meet. Rose 'd have Phil any day, an' Phil 'd have her, but Aunt Mealy won't give him up."

"No, of course not—it would not be right; he's her husband."

"No, mistis, 'tis *not* right; I 'clar I don't think it *is* right. Do you, mam?"

"No, Aunt Ony, it is a great pity that such things happen. What do Mr. and Mrs. Quence say to such things?"

"Oh, dey giv 'm a good talkin' to, both on 'em. But Phil he won't allow he's wrong. He'd marry Rose if Mealy 'd let him, but she ain't willin' to give him up."

"Rose and Pinto are not at all alike; I should not have taken them for brother and sister."

"No, mistis, my first husband was a merlatter man, pretty nigh white, an' my second husban' was mighty black—whew! rale black nigger; den Junius, he's a yaller man agin'."

"What! you have been married three times? You are quite lucky, Aunt Ony, to have two handsome men, nearly white, too!"

"Eh—eh—eh-e-e-e," laughed Aunt Ony. "Ye-e-e-s, mistis, I gits 'em. I know how to git 'em."

"Indeed! and how is that?"

"I 'haves myself like a lady, den I gits 'em. I don't do like some o' dem nigger gals. I allis 'haves myself jes right. *Dat's* the way I gits 'em."

Returning to Richmond, the following interesting conversation ensued at the boarding-house:

"What do you think of our domestic institutions by this time, Miss Jones?" said old Mr. Tyler, at the dinner-table.

"I wish our own working classes were as well provided for and protected as your slaves, Mr. Tyler. It is almost provoking to witness their grinning faces and light-hearted indifference at this season of anxiety and alarm, which is causing so much suffering to the white class."

"Yes, madam, they are the last to suffer, always. Look here," handing me a slip of newspaper, "almost daily we read of these things."

The paragraph stated that "another family of free negroes, at Charleston, had applied to be sold into slavery in order to avoid the hardships consequent on the panic, and depression in business."

"They know that they are sure of a home, and plenty to eat, with a master to protect them," continued Mr. Tyler.

To judge by an anecdote related by the Baptist minister, the negroes were afraid of their would-be protectors, the Yankees—at all events, at the commencement of hostilities. A Mr. Talbot had to hurry away from his plantation to join his regiment. Before starting, he hurriedly assembled his servants together, and addressed them in the following words :

"Now, my people, I must go and help to drive away these Yankees, who are coming here to rob us, and to destroy our houses, and perhaps to kill us, or carry us off. But they are good friends of *yours*, so you need not be at all afraid. The Yankees are very kind to negroes, and will do you no harm at all. If they come here while I am gone, and want you to go with them, you can go if you like, any of you; because I cannot take you all with me, and perhaps they will be able to take better care of you than I shall, if they burn my house down, for we have no home in Richmond, and no other plantation to live on. So you must stay here and take care of the place, and do the best you can until I come back." Captain Talbot was absent several days, and on his return found the place just as he had left it. The house was locked up, but everything wore the appearance of order, only not a creature was to be seen. He walked all over the farm, and not a soul could be found. He felt quite sure that all the negroes had not run away, although it was possible some few might have done so. Most of the cabins were locked up, and the dogs were chained to their kennels, yelping and whining with hunger. He shouted, and whistled, and was proceeding to some more distant cabins, when he perceived a negro peeping from behind a tree on the outskirts of the woods. The man perceiving his master ran forward, exclaiming, "Halloo, mast'r, here's I."

"Why, Jim, what are you doing there? Where are all the people?"

"Dem's in de woods, mast'r."

"What are they all doing there?"

"Oh, massa, massa, we'd like to have starved, we darn't put our heads out of dem woods; fear'd de Yankees 'd cotch us."

"Why, I told you the Yankees wouldn't hurt *you*, didn't I?"

"Yes, massa; but we couldn't 'suade de wimmin to stay when you was a gone; said they afeard Yankees cotch 'em."

Every man, woman, and child had fled to the woods to hide, and there had remained until the return of the master. There was no persuading the people, no arguing with them; the master was gone, and all self-dependence vanished with him.

It had become plain from the outset that it was not sympathy with the negro, but the loss of the best states of the ci-devant Union, that was galling and goading on the North to this fearful war. One could

not, the author says, be blind to the ardour which fired the Southerners to fight for their beloved country with their life's blood :

Such courage and fortitude compelled one's admiration. During the previous winter had not thousands of white people been supported by charitable contributions in all the large towns of the South, while the slaves were untouched by public calamities? Did we not read at that very time of our own English poor being limited in their labours on account of the probability of reduced importations of cotton? While the so-called *slaves* were fattening on good food, and parading to their Sunday meetings, in such an astonishing display of flounces, feathers, and shirt collars, that it was almost impossible to recognise the "Aunts" and "Uncles" of one's every-day acquaintance, were not the legislators of my own honoured England experimentalising on *how little it was possible for a man to live upon?* What could one argue when these comparisons were made between free labour in our boasted England, and "slavery with plenty?" "Your terms of labour are to get as much as possible out of a man, for the least possible payment; you pay him for what he does, and if he is sick or maimed his payment ceases. Thus capital taxes labour to the utmost: with us capital *protects* labour. The most selfish man would argue thus: this is my labourer; he is sick; I lose his assistance; send for a doctor to cure him quickly; he is valuable to me. Selfishness alone secures aid to the enfeebled slave. But we have other ties, and stronger ones in caring for *our own*. 'Slave' is a mere political term, and while you engage a labourer by an hour, a day, or a year, and pay him so long as he is useful to you, we engage our people for life, and support them when they are no longer useful to us. Our servants enjoy more privileges and indulgences than any other labouring class in the world."

"Doubts and fears" having at length invalidated the author, it was by mutual agreement that she left the Quences once more for Richmond, and where the impossibility of getting out of the country entailed a trip to Yorktown and the camps—the narrative of which constitutes one of the most interesting chapters in the work—and ultimately the entering upon a new engagement at Warrenton College. Nothing could be more agreeable than the sojourn at this latter place, notwithstanding the privations entailed by the war. Professors, ladies, and pupils were all alike courteous and kind, there was very little work, and offers were made of an increase of salary to induce our author to stay, but the temptation of better society in the family of the Governor of Florida was too great, and change of quarters once more ensued.

The Miltons, a rather numerous progeny, were as smiling, amiable, and obliging as were all other Southerners, but the talents, manners, disposition, and character of this pretty family were, we are told, wholly untrained and undeveloped. They and their negroes were in some respects of congenial temperaments :

For a time I laboured hard to establish some system of order and tidiness, but in spite of blockade and scarcity, torn, worn, scribbled books, broken slates and lost pencils were of every-day occurrence. A great long row of books that I had arranged on the old piano, was one morning missing entirely; no one knew what had become of them, no one had touched them or seen them, but they were gone!

"I bet a dollar that Jim" (a negro boy) "has carried them off into the woods," said Johnny.

"Why should he do that?"

"Oh, just for mischief. I left my violin here one evening, and the next day it was gone. A long time afterwards, when I was hunting in the woods, I

found it smashed up under the trees; and I know Jim broke it up, just for mischief." Thus the row of books vanished, their loss borne amiably and unconcernedly, without an effort to recover them.

The author's negress attendant—Jane—is described as being uglier and more stupid than even Barnes of Milbank. Never, she declares, did she see such a hideous picture of sullen, dogged stupidity. She had never yet witnessed the infliction of corporeal punishment on the negroes of the South; but the sullen obstinacy of this Jane, and of another Arcadian negress with the ill-merited name of Flora, tried her temper so much that she was tempted to try the effects of summary chastisement; with what beneficial results we must leave her to relate in her own words:

She never would bring in firewood before a storm came on, and after keeping one waiting shivering in the sudden change of temperature, she invariably brought in three wet, straight logs, which she lay in a compact bundle on the andirons, with a few ignited pine-wood chips, spread half a foot below on the bricks. Of course, by the time she got down stairs the fire was out, and call as I might I could not induce her to bring any more. One of the young ladies, or her mistress, on hearing my voice, made her come back, which she never would do at my summons. Time after time I showed her how to lay the logs loosely, with the pine chips between them; but no, always just the same three wet, straight pieces compactly placed. Mrs. Milton thanked me more for doing my own scolding, than for troubling her to do it, and had even said, "Why don't you cuff her, Miss Jones?" I "cuff" a negro!

The incorrigible chattel was, however, so very aggravating and stubborn one day about those three wet, straight, unignitable logs, while she persisted in burning up all the little dry pieces of pine-wood, without arriving any nearer at a fire, that I thought I would try the effect of cuffing, and I got my hand quite ready, doubled my fist up, and began to study where the "cuff" could be applied most effectually. Then I moved a little so as to aim very straight, and while she remained sprawling there, playing with the chips in a most provoking manner, I gave her two great blows, just as hard as ever I could, upon her shoulder. I had so little physical strength just then that the exertion put me dreadfully out of breath, and I do not believe she would have known what touched her, if she had not turned round and caught sight of my hand still doubled up. It seemed to dawn upon her mind that she had been struck, and getting up and fixing her black eyes on me with a terrible scowl, holding up her arm, as if to defend herself from a pugilist, she growled out in her underground voice, "My missus never hooped (whipped) *me*." Of the two, I was by far the more terrified, and the more injured; but still kept my eyes on her as one would on a wild animal. I did not know whether she was going to strike me, and she certainly thought I was going to renew the "cuffing," the first having been scarcely perceptible; but it was much too fatiguing a process, and I said, "Why don't you do right without obliging me to do so?"

"My missus never hooped *me-e-e*," was repeated, with the eyes still frowning at me.

The result was that my "cuffing" was wholly ineffectual. The negro was more dogged, stolid, and stubborn than ever; and I found that it would be best to let her alone until she had quite forgotten the insult offered her, and then to seize the first opportunity of healing the wound, and henceforth try to "overcome evil with good."

That girl, in spite of her temper, respected herself, and was really unhappy, from loneliness and want of sympathy.

Some time afterwards, when very warm weather had brought on the summer tornadoes, my second case of corporeal discipline occurred.

Little Jeff's nurse, Flora, was one of the most troublesome, impudent negro specimens I ever met with. It was pleasant enough to have Jeff Davis (the baby) with Flora in my room—a beautiful apartment, with a piazza opening from it, all to myself; and there were many kinds of toys to entice little Jeff, which Flora scattered all over the floor, where Jeff crawled about to play with them.

When the room was completely covered, until there was not a stepping place left, and Flora felt inclined for a change, she had a plan of exclaiming suddenly, "Missus calls;" and snatching up the child, quick as an arrow away she darted, in spite of my calling and screaming, leaving every scrap on the floor for me to pick up.

The next time she came, pretending Jeff wanted very much to come and see me (intelligent baby of six months old!), she promised to put away the toys if I would allow them to be on the floor for Jeff. Perhaps she would collect one or two, and then contrive an excuse to run off with the baby, saying she would be "back directly," and that was the last of her.

One sultry afternoon, I was sitting by the door opening upon the piazza, opposite the room door, and between two open windows. Suddenly a summer tornado came on, and before I had time to collect my brushes—for I was copying a flower—the curtains were flapping, one chair was blown half across the room, the little table at which I sat would have been upset by the gale had I not leant heavily upon it, and my papers were whirling like feathers about the floor.

Flora was in the hall outside, and I called to her to come quickly to shut the windows, while I held the table, and kept my arms over the things upon it. Flora came as leisurely as a person walking in her sleep. "Quick, Flora! shut the door!" She was not quick by any means, and gave the door a little push, the wind instantly dashing it open as if to tear it off its hinges.

"Shut it, Flora!" (another little push). "Shut it firmly—*latch* it!" No, she would not; and I was pinned to the table, to keep paint-box, glasses, flowers, and papers together.

About the fourth or fifth time of trying, she latched the door, and then advanced in the same slow, impudent manner, staring about her without an effort to close the window, which, by this time had admitted the rain and hail two or three yards into the room, in a large pool, with everything saturated near it. The door once secured, the current of air was checked, and my hands released. As the "she imp of darkness" sauntered past me to stare at what was on the table, instead of going directly to close the window, I gave her a tremendous (to *me*) slap on the side of her head, and said, "Quick! shut the window."

"Oh, laws-a-me, Miss Jones! see what mighty big hail!"

Was I sleeping or waking? The latter; for my hand was tingling dreadfully, and my wrist was nearly dislocated by the force I had used. I was trembling all over with the effort, and she was not aware of the blow! I don't believe the creature had even felt me.

Those were the two instances in my Southern experience of punishing negroes. In both cases I came off so much the greater sufferer, that I concluded the means did not answer the purpose; and if I lived twenty years more in the South, nothing would ever induce me to strike a negro again.

These delightful specimens of black humanity monopolised all the fruit in the garden and orchard, just as some white servants do at home. Until water-melons came into season, one plateful of plums was the first and last fruit that was rescued from a whole garden and orchard full, and that in Florida—the land of flowers and fruit! It has been said that President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation was as much aimed at the combatants in the South, with the view to drive them home to their

plantations to look after their negroes, as intended to raise the negroes themselves in revolt. The following anecdote of the negro "boss," or steward, in the cotton plantations, illustrates the point in question, and is the more interesting, as occurring in Florida, the very state recently invaded by armed negroes under Federal officers:

These people, whom I used to come upon quite suddenly, on emerging from our little path in the woods upon the cotton-field, evinced the same fearless freedom of manner towards "white folk" that was so remarkable in Virginia. Whether I noticed them or not, a salutation was not long in greeting me.

"You be allers a hunting weeds, arn't you, missus? What's the use an' them?" On seeing me examine the cotton plants, and no doubt investing me with the qualities of a connoisseur, the "boss" uncle asked, "How's Muster Milton's cotton crop a comin' on, mistis?"

"It's very fine indeed—already in bloom."

That was the beginning of June, and the news did not appear very welcome to the man.

"Well! I reckon there isn't many that can beat us at making cotton. We can make more out o' one piece o' land than most folks, I reckon."

"Your field looks very fine, but General Milton's is nearly two weeks forwarder. It has been in blossom more than a week, and some of it is nearly in boll."

That was worse news still, and the man became quite self-important as he replied, "I allers likes what I do, to be just about the best as can be done. I don't like for no other hands to get a head of ours. That's what I allers aim at," he added, as he took a self-satisfied survey of his crop. That negro was one of ten thousand: such emulation is very rare among them.

Home-sickness—sickness induced by climate, despondency, and morbid anxiety—soon drove the author forth from Florida (where, by-the-by, she was within an ace of buying a noble estate at ten cents an acre) up the Chattahoochie, and across Georgia to Charleston and Richmond, at which latter city she ultimately obtained a pass to the Northern States. She thus speaks, or rather writes, of what she saw of the "down-trodden slaves" in Georgia:

Necessity compelled me to continue my journey on the Sabbath-day; and what did I see throughout that Sunday journey? Crowds of slaves in gayest attire, both men and women, getting on and off the train at every country "stopping place;" more particularly at Americus and Cuthbert, two towns of Georgia. Where were they going, in dresses more expensive than many of their own masters and mistresses, in those times of blockade and economy? Some to a distant church, some to exchange visits at a neighbouring plantation, and some merely to enjoy the ride—merry, noisy, loquacious creatures, wholly unconscious of care or anxiety; while on the platform at the roadside station stood groups of grave-looking thoughtful men, who only lifted their eyes from the ground to give a nod to the negro slave, who persisted in attracting the attention of "massa." My heart grew sick at the contrast, while I reflected that it is these very slaves for whom the whole world is now being brought into calamity. I took particular notice of the dresses of some of the negro *belles*, which were not only expensive, but in excellent taste; and so were those of their *beaux*, who sported heavy gold rings and chains, tasteful neckties, and who held the fans and parasols of their companions, assisted them into the carriages, and treated them to water-melons, with all the dignity of New York or Washington.

Once among the Federals, she both conversed a great deal about the Southerners, and heard much that was said about the prospects of the war. One Federal officer said, among other things:

"Much as it would have been against my feelings a year ago to harbour such a thought, I am now convinced that we must go on with this war until the country is cleared of them" (the Southerners).

"And you *must* annihilate them before you conquer them, for they will *never* come back to the Union," I told him.

"Oh, you need not tell us that. When we get possession of Richmond we shall bring them to their senses. We are now preparing to attack them by a concerted movement on all sides at once. Nothing can save them: look at our vastly superior numbers compared with theirs."

Just think of my listening to such things, and not being able to warn the "vastly" inferior "numbers" of devoted rebels; though I knew they possessed one advantage that their enemies could not boast, which was a spirit and courage that made up for their deficiency of numbers. But I merely said, "Excuse me, you may possess Richmond and all Virginia; Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile besides, and it will make no difference."

I said that, and a great deal more, and was quite surprised at my own boldness; but I resolved that if I *could* do anything to convince them of the uselessness of prosecuting the war, I would do so. We also talked on the emancipation question, and he asked me what the "rebels" thought of it. I told him they thought that the Northern President in this, only gave fresh proof of his short-sightedness, and total misapprehension of Southern character.

"How will Lincoln's proclamation scheme affect these people?"

"Some will never know of it, God be thanked! Some will never leave their homes and masters, if they do hear of it. But some, no doubt, will hear of it, and also take advantage of it, as the negroes of New Orleans are doing."

"Do you not think that the greater part of them will rise, and try to escape to our people?"

"How can they escape to the borders from the far-off interior without the risk of discovery, which would be certain death, or else the risk of starvation and of suffering which they have never known before? Nothing but misery can result from such a scheme; misery to the slaves and grief to their masters, when compelled to resort to such fearful extremes as will be forced upon them."

"Well, to tell the truth, there are very few of our people who approve of the scheme, nor yet that of arming the negroes to fight in the ranks. I believe three-fourths of us would resign if Lincoln persists in carrying it out."

"Besides, what right has Mr. Lincoln to send messages to the Southerners' servants any more than you have to give permission to your neighbour's coachman to take a trip in the *Great Eastern*?"

"We don't really want to interfere with slavery, it isn't *that* we care so much about; but it's this thing of having the Union broken up: we can't allow *that*. I have been in the South myself, and I don't find so much fault with slavery; but you see the niggers stay at home and work while all the white men go and fight. Now if it were not for them, their masters would be obliged to stay at home and cultivate their own land, as our men do, or starve, and that would so reduce their army that there would be no chance for them. That's what our government is up to."

"Supposing they do hear of the proclamation, as a few of them may, but with very confused notions of what it means; how are they to get away? Would any of the Southern army allow a band of negroes to pass their lines with the intention of escape without shooting them down, after such a proclamation as Lincoln's? It will simply drive the negroes to their destruction. Removed from authority the negro is a savage."

"They are so confounded proud, those Secessionists. The worst thing in slavery is, that labour is disgraced by it. Those slave-holding aristocrats

look down upon us for the very thing that we pride ourselves most upon. We respect people all the more when they help themselves."

"That is very true and praiseworthy. I have observed with regret what you mention to be the case. Slavery is certainly an obstacle to progress, both of the white and the coloured race."

"They keep their negroes ignorant, to hide their degraded position from them."

"Excuse me, I think *not*. I have met with many very intelligent negroes, slaves, and feel convinced that when left entirely under the influence of their owners, they will be educated much more than at present. The Southerners choose to manage their own servants, and have been more rigorous of late years on account of the abolition rage. Slavery will wear itself out, and this is its only remedy."

An innkeeper at Baltimore declared, that, if any of the Southern generals were to appear in that city, they would rise as one man. They were only waiting their opportunity. Of the grand Corcoran ovation, she heard one gentleman say: "They are only making a tool of him, to get up an Irish brigade." We cannot leave this interesting and decidedly very instructive work, without culling another specimen of transatlantic discussion:

Colonel or General Corcoran was being upheld by a Northern gentleman, and was represented to have been imprisoned in the "Tombs," and to have been kept "over a dead-house"—no such places existing in the South, that I ever heard of.

An English gentleman, who had not long since left the South, took up the subject, and warmly exclaimed, "I was in Richmond while Colonel Corcoran was imprisoned there, saw many persons who visited his prison, and know that this statement is entirely false, and that until his condition was changed, as a means of warning to the Federal government that it should, by undue violence to Southern prisoners, be held responsible for his life, he was treated as a gentleman and prisoner of war, and amply furnished with whatever comforts Richmond itself afforded."

A Southerner added, "These things are written in order to deepen the hatred and stimulate the revenge with which the war is now being carried on."

"If the Union party in the North are firm in proclaiming 'Death rather than dismemberment,' the Southerners are much more determined in saying 'Extermination rather than submission,'" said a gentleman from New Orleans.

The former replied, "And as to union, it is not power we crave, but peace. It is to escape the contact of 'Yankees' altogether, under any and every circumstance; and if President Davis were appointed Military Dictator, King, or even Emperor of the North, I firmly believe he would decline the privilege of ruling Yankee subjects."

"The Yankees leave no stone unturned to weaken the power of the South; and one object is to lure away the negro labourers in order more easily to 'starve their masters into submission,'" rejoined the Louisianian.

"*Starve!* that's the old story again. Can they starve us in such a country as ours? Look at Virginia and Tennessee, what large wheat-growing states they are; they would supply the English market as well as our own, so soon as our own ports are opened, as they have already done through Northern ports before the war. There will be no lack of 'bread stuffs' when peace and agriculture go hand in hand, not only for ourselves, but others. There is not much danger of our starving; we have only to plant corn instead of cotton."

"Exactly so," replied the gentleman from New Orleans; "but no cotton will be planted if there is no prospect of a sale, and another year of bloodshed, which is a disgrace to humanity, will ensue, and another year of suffering for your English factory hands."

"Let neutrality display itself in trading with all ports, or none, and then the war would soon be over—that's what I think," said the Englishman from the South.

"But we should not permit you to open our ports: the raising of the blockade would be followed by war," said the Northern gentleman; "and what would be the use of your attempting to fight us? you would only get whipped again, as you were before."

"As to that, it was our blood that fought your battles," retorted John Bull; "the States were inhabited by people of different mettle then than they are now. You have too much on your hands already, and are going headlong to ruin. Recognition of the South would be more likely to bring your government to its senses, with so large an anti-war party already rampant; and you find it too hard a matter to raise men and furnish artillery to conquer the South to attempt the conquest of England or Canada either; and what would you do between all three?"

"Excuse me, sir," said the Yankee, "you underrate our power; we have had upwards of a million in the field, and don't miss our men. We shall now raise six hundred thousand more, and as many more to back them when they are gone."

What a wholesale extermination way of talking, and how horrible that sounded! though it was but too true, as I had seen so lately, and where their armies were composed chiefly of foreigners; but I could not help wishing that they did miss their men much more, and realised the horrors of the war they were waging, which perhaps would have induced them to put an end to it without such reckless sacrifice of life. Yet I had heard the Northern people declare (among themselves) that the factories were losing their best hands; and out West, that the farmers offered three dollars a day for labourers.

Another day they were talking of slavery, and the Yankee gentleman was speaking of the Southerners leaving their negroes to take care of themselves, while they made good their own escape.

My fellow-countryman again took up the cudgels, and spoke of the sacrifice the owners were obliged to make when they had fled, with the Federal gun-boats firing on them. He said one lady had informed him that she had saved three negroes out of two hundred. Another had brought away one out of fifty, and so on. And these were carried away in preference to clothing, jewellery, or other valuables, which would have occupied less space, less care, and required no food and lodging. Valuables of all description were left to the enemy.

An English lady observed, "If the helpless and old ones were left behind, I am inclined to think that it was a sad consequence of the invasion, and not the neglect of owners."

I thought of sable Jane in Florida.

"The negro slaves are better off than our paupers," said the Englishman, "under ordinary times, but now are in a more enviable condition in every way, as they know not the want of food or clothing, while the state of our starving poor is only one of the frightful consequences of the war."

There is something very suggestive in the last remark, which we have before alluded to in other words. And yet we are told by the Manchester School that political economy is a science! Is it science that, in England, a whole nation should be encouraging idleness by continuing a prolonged support, when other fields of labour, or other regions for employment, are open to the industrious and enterprising? or is it science that, in the Southern States, the fine old families should be fighting and their families suffering all kinds of losses and privations, while their negroes and negresses are living in luxury, and wallowing in insolence, dress, and extravagance, if not wantonness?

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE TWENTIETH.

I.

MY LADY WASHES HER HANDS.

THE summer was drawing towards its close; and so was the bankruptcy of Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin.—If we adhere to the style of the old firm, we only do as Prior's Ash did. Mr. Crosse, you have heard, was out of it actually and officially, but people, in speaking or writing of the firm, forgot to leave out his name. One or two maddened sufferers raised a question of his liability in their hopeless desperation; but they gained nothing by the motion: Mr. Crosse was as legally separated from the Godolphins as if he had never been connected with them.—The labour, the confusion, and the doubt, attendant upon most bankruptcies, was nearly over, and creditors knew the best and the worst. The dividends would be, to use a common expression, shamefully small, when all was told: they might have been even smaller (not much, though) but that Lord Averil's claim on the sixteen thousand pounds, the value of the bonds, was not allowed to enter into it. Those bonds and all connected with them were sunk in silence so complete, that at length some outsiders began to ask whether they and their reported loss had not been a myth altogether.

Thomas Godolphin had given up everything, even to the watch in his pocket, the signet ring upon his finger. The latter was returned to him. The jewellery of the Miss Godolphins was given up. Maria's jewellery was given up. In short, there was nothing that was not given up. The fortune of the Miss Godolphins, consisting of money and bank shares, was of course gone with the rest. The money had been in the bank at interest; the shares were now worthless. Janet alone had an annuity of about a hundred a year, which nothing could deprive her of: the rest of the Godolphins were reduced to beggary. Worse off, were they, than any of their clamorous creditors; since, for them, all had gone: houses, lands, money, furniture, personal belongings. But that Thomas Godolphin would not long be in a land where these things are required, it might have been a question how he was for the future to get sufficient of them to live.

The arrangement hinted at by Lord Averil had been carried out, and that nobleman was now the owner of Ashlydyat and all that it contained. It may have been a little departing from the usual order of the law in such cases, to dispose of it by private arrangement; but it had been done with the full consent of all parties concerned. Even the creditors, who of course showed themselves ready to cavil at everything, were glad that the cost of a public sale by auction should be avoided. A price had been put upon Ashlydyat, and Lord Averil

gave it without a dissentient word ; and the purchase of the furniture, as it stood, was undoubtedly advantageous to the sellers.

Yes, Ashlydyat had gone from the Godolphins. But Thomas and his sisters remained in it. There had been no battle with Thomas on the score of his remaining. Lord Averil had clasped his friend's hands within his own, and in a word or two of emotion had given him to understand that his chief satisfaction in its purchase had been the thought that he, Thomas, would remain in his own home, as long—as long—— Thomas Godolphin understood the broken words : as long as he had need of one. “ Nothing would induce me to enter upon my habitation in it until then,” continued Lord Averil. “ So be it,” said Thomas, quietly, for he fully comprehended the feeling, and the gratification it brought to the conferrer of the obligation. “ I shall not keep you out of it long, Averil.” The same words, almost the same words that Sir George Godolphin had once spoken to his son : “ I shall not keep you and Ethel long out of Ashlydyat.”

So Thomas remained at Ashlydyat with his broken health, and the weeks had gone on ; and the summer was now drawing to an end, and more things beside it. Thomas Godolphin was beginning to be better understood than he had been at the time of the crash, and people were repenting of the cruel blame they had so freely hurled upon him. The early smart of the blow had faded away, and with it the prejudice which had unjustly, though not unnaturally, distorted their judgment, and buried for the time all kindly impulse. Perhaps there was not a single creditor, whatever might be the extent of the damage he had suffered by the bank, but would have stretched out his hand and given more gold, if by that means he could have saved the life of Thomas Godolphin. They learnt to remember that the fault had not lain with him : they believed that if by the sacrifice of his own life he could have averted the calamity he would have cheerfully sacrificed it ; they knew that his days were as one long mourning, for them, individually—and they took shame to themselves for having been so bitter against him, Thomas Godolphin.

Not so in regard to George. *He* did not regain his place in their estimation : and if they could have hoisted Mr. George on a pole in front of the bank and cast at him a few rotten eggs and other agreeable missiles, it had been a comforting relief to their spleen. Had George been condemned to stand at the bar of a public tribunal by the nobleman he had so defrauded, half Prior's Ash would have gone to recreate their feelings by staring at him during the trial, and made it into a day of jubilee. Harsh epithets, exceedingly unpleasant when taken personally, were freely lavished on him, and would be for a long while to come. He *had* wronged them : and time alone will suffice to wash the ever-present remembrance of such wrongs out.

He had been at Prior's Ash. Gay George still. So far as could be seen, the calamity had not much affected *him*. Not a line showed itself on his fair, smooth brow, not a shade less of colour on his bright cheek, not a grey thread in his luxuriant hair, not a cloud in his dark blue eye. Handsome, fascinating, attractive as ever was George Godolphin : and he really seemed to be as gay and light of temperament. When any ill-used creditor attacked him outright—as some did, through

a casual meeting in the street, or other lucky chance—George was triumphant George still. Not a bit of shame did he seem to take to himself—but so sunny, so fascinating was he, as he held the hands of the half-reluctant grumbler, and protested it should all come right sometime, that the enemy was won over to conciliation for the passing moment. It was impossible to help admiring George Godolphin; it was impossible, when brought face to face with him, not to be taken with his frank plausibility: the crustiest sufferer of them all was in a degree subdued by it. Prior's Ash understood that the officers of the bankruptcy "badgered" George a great deal when under his examinations, but George only seemed to come out of it the more triumphant. Safe on the score of Lord Averil, all the rest was in comparison light; and easy George never lost his good humour or his self-possession. He appeared to come scot-free out of everything. Those falsified accounts in the bank books, that many another might have been held responsible for and punished, he emerged from harmless. It was conjectured that the full extent of these false entries never was discovered by the commissioners: Thomas Godolphin and Mr. Hurde alone could have told it: and Thomas preferred to let the odium of loosely-kept books, of reckless expenditure of money, fall upon himself, rather than betray George. Were the whole thing laid bare and declared, it could not bring a single fraction of benefit to the creditors, so, in that point of view, it was as well to let it rest. Are these careless, sanguine, gay-tempered men always lucky? It has been so asserted; and I do think there's a great deal of truth in it. Most unequivocally lucky in this instance was George Godolphin.

It was of no earthly use asking him where all the money had gone—to what use this sum had been put, to what use the other—George could not tell. He could not tell any more than they could; he was as much perplexed over it as they were. He ran his white hand unconsciously through his shining golden hair, hopelessly trying his best to account for a great many items that nobody living could have accounted for. All in vain. Heedless, off-handed George Godolphin! He appeared before those inquisitive officials somewhat gayer in attire than was needful. A sober suit, rather of the seedy order, than brand new, might be deemed appropriate at such a time; but George Godolphin gave no indication of consulting any such rules of propriety. George Godolphin's refined good taste had kept him from falling into the loose and easy style of dress which some men so strangely favour in the present day, putting a gentleman in outward aspect on a level with the roughs of society. George, though no coxcomb, had been addicted to dress well and expensively; and George appeared inclined to do the same thing still. They could not take him to task on the score of his fine broadcloth, or of his neatly-finished boot; but they did bend their eyes meaningly on the massive gold chain which crossed his white waistcoat; on the costly appendages which dangled from it; on the handsome gold repeater which he more than once took out, as if weary of the passing hours. Mr. George received a gentle hint that those articles, however ornamental to himself, must be confiscated to the bankruptcy; and he resigned them with a good grace. The news of this little incident travelled abroad, as an interesting anecdote con-

nected with the proceedings, and the next time George saw Charlotte Pain, she told him he was a fool to walk into the camp of the Philistines with pretty things about him. But George was not wilfully dishonest (if you can by any possibility understand that assertion, after what you know of his past doings), and he replied to Charlotte that it was only right the creditors should make spoil of his watch and anything else he possessed. The truth, were it defined, being, that George was only dishonest when driven so to be. He had made free with the bonds of Lord Averil, but he could not be guilty of the meanness of hiding his personal trinkets.

Three or four times now had George been at Prior's Ash. People wondered why he did not remain; what it was that took him again and again to London. The very instant he found that he could be dispensed with at Prior's Ash, away he flew; not to return to it again until imperatively demanded. The plain fact was that Mr. George did *not* like to face Prior's Ash. For all the easy self-possession, the gay good humour he displayed to its inhabitants, the place had become utterly distasteful to him, almost unbearable; he shunned it and hated it as a pious Roman Catholic hates and shuns purgatory. For that reason, and for no other, George did his best to escape from it.

He had seen Lord Averil. And his fair face had betrayed its shame as he said a few words of apology for what he had done—of thanks for the clemency shown him—of promises for the future. “If I live, I'll make it good to you,” he murmured. “I did not think to *steal* them, Averil; I did not, on my solemn word of honour. I thought I should have replaced them before anything could be known. Your asking for them immediately—that you should do so seemed like a fatality—upset everything. But for that I might have weathered it all, and the house would not have gone. It was no light pressure that forced me to touch them—Heaven alone knows the need and the temptation.”

And the meeting between the brothers? No eye saw it; no ear heard it. Good Thomas Godolphin was dying from the blow, dying before his time; but not a word of harsh reproach was thrown to George. How George defended himself—or whether he attempted to defend himself, or whether he let it wholly alone—the public never knew.

Lady Godolphin's Folly was no longer in the occupancy of the Verralls or of Mrs. Pain: Lady Godolphin had returned to it. Not a day aged; not a day altered. Time flitted most lightly over Lady Godolphin. Her bloom-tinted complexion was delicately fresh as ever; her dress was as becoming, her flaxen locks were as youthful. She came with her servants and her carriages, and she took up her abode at the Folly, in all the splendour of the old days. Her income was large, and the misfortunes which had recently fallen on the family did not affect it. Lady Godolphin washed her hands of these misfortunes. She washed her hands of George. She told the world that she did so. She spoke of them openly to the public in general, to her acquaintance in particular, in a slighting, contemptuous sort of manner, as we are all apt to speak of the ill doings of other people. They don't concern us, and it's rather a condescension on our part to blame them at all. This was no concern of Lady Godolphin's. She told everybody it was

not. George's disgrace did not reflect itself upon the family, and of him she—washed her hands. No: Lady Godolphin could not see that this break-up caused by George should be any reason whatever why she or the Miss Godolphins should hide their heads and go mourning in sackcloth and ashes. Many of her old acquaintances in the county agreed with Lady Godolphin in her view of things, and helped by their visits to make the Folly gay again.

To wash her hands of Mr. George was, equitably speaking, no more than that gentleman deserved: but Lady Godolphin also washed her hands of Maria. On her return to Prior's Ash she had felt inclined to espouse Maria's part; to sympathise with, and pity her; and she drove down in state one day and left her carriage with its powdered coachman and footman to pace to and fro before the bank, while she went in. She openly avowed to Maria that she considered herself in a remote degree the cause which had led to her union with George Godolphin: she supposed that it was her having had Maria so much at the Folly, and afterwards on the visit at Broomhead, which had led to the attachment. As a matter of course she regretted this, and wished there had been no marriage, now that George had turned out so gracelessly. If she could do anything to repair it she would: and, as a first step, she offered the Folly as a present asylum to Maria. She would be safe there from worry, and—from George.

Maria scarcely at first understood. And when she did, her only answer was to thank Lady Godolphin, and to stand out, in her quiet, gentle manner, but untiringly and firmly, for her husband. Not a shade of blame would she acknowledge to be due to him; not a reverence would she render him the less: her place was with him, she said, though the whole world turned against him. It vexed Lady Godolphin.

"Do you know," she asked, "that you must choose between your husband and the world?"

"In what way?" replied Maria.

"In what way! When a man acts in the manner that George Godolphin has acted, he puts a barrier between himself and society. But there's no necessity for the barrier to extend to you, Maria. If you will come to my house for a while, you will find this to be the case—that it will not extend to you."

"You are very kind, Lady Godolphin. My husband is more to me than the world."

"Do you approve of what he has done?"

"No," replied Maria. "But it is not my place to show that I blame."

"I think it is," said Lady Godolphin, in the hard tone she used when her opinion was crossed.

Maria was silent. She never could contend with any one.

"Then you prefer to hold out against the world," resumed Lady Godolphin; "to put yourself beyond its pale! It is a bold step, Maria."

"What can I do?" was Maria's pleading answer. "If the world throws me over because I will not turn against my husband, I cannot help it. I married him for better and for worse, Lady Godolphin."

"The fact is, Maria," retorted my lady, sharply, "that you have loved George Godolphin in a ridiculous degree."

"Perhaps I have," was Maria's subdued answer, the colour dyeing her face with various reminiscences. "But surely there was no sin in it, Lady Godolphin: he is my husband."

"And you cling to him still?"

"Oh yes."

Lady Godolphin rose. She shrugged her shoulders as she drew her white lace shawl over them, she glanced at her coquettish blue bonnet in the pier-glass as she passed it, at her blush-rose cheeks. "You have chosen your husband, Maria, in preference to me; in preference to the world; and from this moment I wash my hands of you, as I have already done of him."

It was all the farewell she took: and she went out to her carriage thinking what a blind, obstinate, hardened woman was Maria Godolphin. She saw not what it had cost that "hardened" woman to bear up before her; that her heart was nigh unto breaking; that the sorrow laid upon her was greater than she well knew how to battle with.

II.

A BROKEN IDOL.

GEORGE GODOLPHIN leaned against a pillar of the terrace opening from the dining-room. They had not left the bank yet as a residence, but this was their last day in it. It was the last day they could stop in it, and why they should have lingered in it so long was food for gossip in Prior's Ash. On the morrow the house would be, as may be said, public property. Men would walk in and ticket all the things, apportioning them their place in the catalogue, their order in the days of sale, and the public would crowd in also, to feast their eyes upon the household gods hitherto sacred to George Godolphin.

How did he feel as he stood there? Was his spirit in heaviness, as was the case under similar misfortune of another man—if the written record he left to us may be trusted—that great and noble poet, ill-fated in death as in life, whose transcendent genius has since found no parallel.

It was a trying moment, that which found him,
Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,
While all his household gods lay shivered round him.

Did George Godolphin find it trying? Was his hearth desolate? Not desolate in the full sense that that other spoke, for George Godolphin's wife was with him still.

She had stood by him. When he first returned to Prior's Ash, she had greeted him with her kind smile, with words of welcome. Whatever effect that unpleasant scandal, mentioned by Margery, which it seems had formed a staple dish for Prior's Ash, may have been taking upon her in secret and silence, she had given no sign of it to George. He never suspected that any such whisper, touching his worthy self, had been breathed to her. Mr. George best knew what grounds there might be for it; whether it bore any foundation, or whether it was

but one of those breezy rumours, false as the wind, which have their rise in ill nature, and in that alone: but however it may have been, whether true or false, he could not divine that such poison would be dropped into his wife's ear. If he had thought her greeting to him strange, her manner more utterly subdued than there was need for, her grief of greater violence, he attributed it all to the recent misfortunes: and Maria made no other sign.

The effects had been bought in at Ashlydyat, but these had not: and this was the last day, almost the last hour of his occupancy of them. One would think his eyes would be cast around in lingering looks of regretful farewell—upon the chairs and tables, on the scattered ornaments, down to the rich carpets, up to the valuable and familiar pictures. Not a bit of it. George's eyes were bent on his nails which he was trimming to his satisfaction, and he was carolling in an under tone a strain of a new English opera.

They were to go out that evening. At dusk. At dusk, you may be sure. They were to go forth from their luxurious home, and enter upon obscure lodgings, and go altogether down in the scale of what the world calls society. Not that the lodgings were so obscure, taking them in the abstract; obscure indeed, as compared with their home at the bank, very obscure beside the home they had sometime thought to remove to—Ashlydyat.

George could not be prudent: he could not, had his life depended on it, been *saving*. When the time approached that they might no longer stay in the bank, and Maria, in writing to him in London, reminded him of that fact, and asked where they were to go and what they were to do, George had returned for answer that there was no hurry, she might leave it all to him. But the next day brought him down; and he went out, off-hand, and engaged some fashionable rooms at three guineas a week. Maria was dismayed when she heard the price. How was it to be paid? George did not see precisely how, himself, just at present: but, to his sanguine disposition, the paying of ten guineas a week for lodgings would have looked quite easy. Maria had more forethought, and prevailed. The three-guinea a week rooms were given up, and some taken at half the rent. She would have wished a lower rent still; but George laughed at her.

He stood there in his careless beauty, his bright face bent downwards, his tall fine form, noble in its calmness. The sun was playing with his hair, bringing out its golden tints, and a smile illumined his face, as he went on with his song. Whatever may have been George Godolphin's short-comings in some points of view, none could reproach him on the score of his personal attractions. All the old terror, the carking care, had gone out of him with the easy bankruptcy—easy in its results to him, compared to what might have been—and gay George, graceless George, was himself again. There may have been something deficient in his moral organisation, for he really appeared to take no shame to himself for what had occurred. He stood there calmly self-possessed; the perfect gentleman, so far as looks and manners could make him one; looking as fit to bend his knee at the proud court of St. James's; as ever that stately gentleman his father

had done, when her Majesty touched him with the flashing sword-blade and bid him rise up Sir George.

Once would my heart with the wildest emotion,
Throb, dearest Eily, when near me wert thou;
Now I regard thee with deep——

The strain was interrupted, and George, as he ceased it, glanced up. Meta, looking, it must be confessed, rather black about the hands and pinafore, as if Margery had not had time to attend to her within the last hour, came running in. George shut up his knife and held out his arms.

"Papa, are we to have tea at home, or after we get into the lodgings?"

"Ask mamma," responded George.

"Mamma told me to ask you. She doesn't know, she says. She's too busy to talk to me. She's getting the great box on to the stand."

"She's doing what?" cried George, in a quick accent.

"Getting the great box on to the stand," repeated Meta. "She's going to pack it. Papa, will the lodgings be better than this? Will there be a big garden? Margery says there'll be no room for my rocking-horse. Won't there?"

Something in the child's questions may have grated on the fine ear of George Godolphin, had he stayed to listen to them. However lightly the bankruptcy might be passing over George's mind on his own score, he regretted its results most bitterly for his wife and child. To see them turned from their home, condemned to descend to the inconveniences and obscurity of these poor lodgings, was the worst pill George Godolphin had ever had to swallow. He would have cut off his right arm to retain them in their position; ay, and also his left: he could have struck himself down to the earth in his rage, for the disgrace he had brought on them.

Hastening up the stairs, he entered his bedroom. It was in a litter; boxes and wearing-apparel lying about. Maria, flushed and breathless, was making great efforts to drag a cumbrous trunk on a stand, or small bench, for the convenience of filling it. No very extensive efforts, either; for she knew that such might harm her at present in her feeble strength.

George raised the trunk to its place with one lift of his manly arms, and then forced his wife, with more gentleness, into a chair.

"How can you be so imprudent, Maria?" broke from him in a vexed tone, as he stood before her.

"I was not hurting myself," she answered. "The things must be packed."

"Of course they must. But not by you. Where's Margery?"

"Margery has a great deal to do. She cannot do it all."

"Then where's Sarah?" resumed George, crossly and sharply.

"Sarah's in the kitchen getting our dinner ready. We must have some to-day."

"Show me what the things are, and I will pack them."

"Nonsense! As if it would hurt me to put the things into the box! You never interfered with me before, George."

"You never attempted this sort of work before. I won't have it, Maria. Were you in a fit state of health to be knocking about, you might do it; but you shall certainly not, as it is."

It was his self-reproach that was causing his angry tone; very keenly at that moment was it making itself heard. And Maria's spirits were not that day equal to sharpness of speech. It told upon her, and she burst into tears.

How terribly the signs of distress vexed him, no words could tell. He took them as a tacit reproach to himself. And they were so: however unintentional on her part such reproach might be.

"Maria, I won't have this; I can't bear it," he cried, his voice hoarse with emotion. "If you show this temper, this childish sorrow before me, I shall run away!"

He could have cut his tongue out for so speaking—for his stinging words; for their stinging tone. "Temper! Childish sorrow!" George chafed at himself in his self-condemnation: he chafed—he knew how unjustly—at Maria.

Very, very unjustly. She had not annoyed him with reproaches, with complaints, as some wives would have done; she had not, to him, shown symptoms of the grief that was wearing out her heart. She had been all considerate to him, bearing up bravely whenever he was at Prior's Ash. Even now, as she dried away the rebellious tears, she would not let him think they were being shed for the lost happiness of the past, but murmured some feeble excuse about a headache.

He saw through the fond deceit; he saw all the generosity; and the red shame mantled in his fair face as he bent down to her, and his voice changed to one of the deepest tenderness.

"If I have lost you this home, Maria, I will get you another," he whispered. "Only give me a little time. Don't grieve before me if you can help it, my darling: it is as though you ran a knife into my very soul. I can bear the loud abuse of the whole world, better than one silent reproach from you."

And the sweet words came to her as a precious balm. However bitter had been the shock of that one rude awaking, she loved him fondly still. It may be, that she loved him only the more: for the passions of the human heart are wayward and wilful, utterly unamenable to control.

Margery came into the room with her hands and arms full. George may have been glad of the divertisement, and he turned upon her, his voice resuming its anger. "What's the meaning of this, Margery? I come up here and I find your mistress packing and lugging boxes about. Can't you see to these things?"

Margery was as cross as George that day, and her answer in its sharpness might have rivalled his. Direct reproof Margery had never presumed to offer her master, though she would have liked to do it amazingly, for not a single condemner held a more exaggerated view of Mr. George's past delinquencies than she.

"I can't be in ten places at once. And I can't do the work of ten

people. If you know them that can, sir, you'd better get 'em here in my place."

"Did I not ask you if you should want assistance in the packing, and you told me that you should not?" retorted George.

"No more I don't want it," was the answer. "I can do all the packing that is to do here, if I am let alone, and allowed to take my own time and do it in my own way. In all that chaffing and changing of houses when my Lady Godolphin chose to move Ashlydyat's things to the Folly, and when they had to be moved back afterwards in accordance with Sir George's will, who did the best part of the packing and saw to everything, but me? It would be odd if I couldn't put up a few gowns and shirts, but I must be talked to about help!"

Poor Margery was evidently in an explosive temper. Time back George would have put her down with a haughty word of authority or with joking mockery, as the humour might have taken him. He did not to-day. There had been wrong inflicted upon Margery; and it may be that he was feeling it. She had lost the poor savings of years—the Brays had not allowed them to be great ones; she had lost the money bequeathed to her by Mrs. Godolphin. All had been in the bank, and all had gone. In addition to this, there were personal discomforts. Margery found the work of a common servant thrown upon her in her old age: an under girl, Sarah, was her only help now at the bank, and Margery alone would follow their fallen fortunes to these lodgings.

"Do as you please," was all George said. "But your mistress shall not meddle with it."

"If my mistress chooses to set on and get to work behind my back, I can't stop it. She knows there's no need to do it. If you'll be so good, ma'am," turning to her mistress, "as just let things alone and leave 'em to me, you'll find they'll be done. What's a few bits of clothes to pack?" indignantly repeated Margery. "And there's nothing else that we may take. If I was to put up but a pair of sheets or a tin dish-cover, I should be called a thief, I suppose."

There lay the great grievance of Margery's present mood—that all the things, save the "few bits of clothes," must be left behind. Margery, for all her crustiness and her out-spoken temper, was a most faithfully-attached servant, and it may be questioned if she did not feel the abandoning of their goods in a keener degree than did even Maria and George. The things were not hers: every article of her own, even to a silver cream-jug, which had been the boasted treasure of her life, she had been allowed to retain; even to the little work-box of white satin-wood, with its landscape on the lid, the trees of which Miss Meta had been permitted to paint red, and the cottage blue. Not an article of Margery's but she could remove; all was sacred to her: but in her fidelity she did resent bitterly the having to leave the property of her master and mistress, the not being at liberty to pack up so much as a "tin dish-cover."

Maria, debarred from assisting, wandered in her restlessness through some of the more familiar rooms. It was well that she should pay them a farewell visit. From the bedroom where the packing was going on, to George's dressing-room, thence to her own sitting-room,

thence to the drawing-room, all on that floor. She lingered in all. A home sanctified by years of happiness cannot be quitted without regret, even when exchanged at pleasure for another; but to turn out of it in humiliation, in poverty, in hopelessness, is a trial of the sharpest and sorest kind. Apart from the pain, the feeling was a strange one. The objects crowding these rooms; the necessary furniture costly and substantial; the elegant ornaments of various shapes and sorts, the chaste works of art, not necessary but so luxurious and charming, had hitherto been their own, hers in conjunction with her husband's. They might have done what they pleased with them. Had she broken that Wedgewood vase, there was no one to call her to account for it; had she or George chosen to make a present of that rare basket in medallion, with its speaking likenesses of the beauties of the whilom gay French court, there was nobody to say them nay; had they felt disposed to change that fine piano for a different one, the liberty to do so was theirs. They had been the owners of these surroundings, the master and mistress of the house and its contents. And now? Not a sole article belonged to them: they were but tenants on sufferance: the things remained, but their right in them had passed away. If she dropped and broke only that pretty trifle which her hand was touching now, she must answer for the mishap. The feeling, I say, was a strange one.

She walked through the rooms with a dry eye and hot brow. Tears seemed long ago to have gone away from her. It is true she had been surprised into a few that day, but the lapse was unusual. Why should she make this farewell to the rooms? she began asking herself. She needed it not to remember them. Visions of the past came crowding upon her memory; of this or the other happy day spent in them: of the gay meetings when they had received the world, of the sweet home hours when she had sat there alone with him of whom she had well-nigh made an idol—her husband. Mistaken idolatry, Mrs. George Godolphin! mistaken, useless, vain idolatry. Was there ever an earthly idol yet that did not mock its worshipper? I know of none. We make an idol of our child, and the time comes when it will turn round to sting us: we make an idol of the god or goddess of our passionate love, and how does it end?

Maria sat down and leaned her head upon her hand, thinking more of the past than of the future. She was getting to have less hope in the future than was good for her: it is a bad sign when a sort of apathy with regard to it steals over us; a proof that the mind is not in the healthy state that it ought to be. A time of trial, of danger, was approaching for Maria, and she seemed to contemplate the possibility of her sinking under it with strange calmness. A few months back, the bare glance at such a fear would have unhinged her: she would have clung to her husband and Meta and sobbed out her passionate prayer to God in her dire distress, not to be taken from them. Things had changed: the world in which she had been so happy had lost its charm for her; the idol in whose arms she had sheltered herself turned out not to have been of pure gold: and Maria Godolphin began to realise the forcible truth of the words of the wise King of Jerusalem—that the world and its dearest hopes are but vanity.

III.

MRS. PAIN TAKING LEAVE.

MRS. CHARLOTTE PAIN, in her looped-up petticoats and nicely-fitting kid boots, was tripping jauntily through the streets of Prior's Ash. Mrs. Pain had been somewhat vacillating in regard to her departure from that long-familiar town; she had reconsidered her determination of quitting it so abruptly; and on the day she went out of Lady Godolphin's Folly, she entered on some stylish lodgings in the heart of Prior's Ash. Only for a week or two; just to give her time to take proper leave of her friends, she said: but the weeks had gone on and on, and Charlotte was there yet.

Society had been glad to keep Charlotte. Society of course shuts its lofty ears to the ill-natured tales spread by low-bred people: that is, when it finds it convenient to do so. Society had been pleased to be deaf to any little obscure tit-bits of scandal which had made vulgarly free with Charlotte's name: and as to the vague rumours connecting Mr. Verrall with George Godolphin's ruin, nobody knew whether that was not pure scandal too. But if not, why—Mrs. Pain could not be justly reflected on for the faults of Mr. Verrall. So Charlotte was as popular and dashing in her hired rooms as she had been at Lady Godolphin's Folly, and she had remained in them until now.

But now she was really going. This was the last day of her sojourn at Prior's Ash, and Charlotte was walking about unceremoniously, bestowing her farewells on anybody who would receive them. It almost seemed as if she had only waited to witness the removal from the bank of Mr. and Mrs. George Godolphin.

She walked along in exuberant spirits, nodding her head to everybody: up at windows, in at doorways, to poor people on foot, to rich ones in carriages; her good-natured smile was everywhere. She rushed into shops and chatted familiarly, and won the shopkeepers' hearts by asking if they were not sorry to lose her. She was turning out of one when she came pop on the Rector of All Souls'. Charlotte's petticoats went down in a swimming reverence.

"I am paying my farewell visits, Mr. Hastings. Prior's Ash will be rid of me to-morrow."

Not an answering smile crossed the rector's face: it was cold, impassive, haughtily civil: almost as if he were thinking that Prior's Ash might have been none the worse, had it been rid of Mrs. Charlotte Pain before.

"How is Mrs. Hastings to-day?" asked Charlotte.

"She is not well."

"No! I must try and get a minute to call in on her. Adieu for the present. I shall see you again, I hope."

Down sunk the skirts once more, and the rector lifted his hat in silence. In the ultra politeness, in the spice of sauciness gleaming out from her flashing eyes, the rector read incipient defiance. But if Mrs. Pain feared that he might be intending to favour her with a

little public clerical censure, she was entirely mistaken. The rector washed his hands of Mrs. Pain, as Lady Godolphin did of her stepson, Mr. George. He walked on, condemnation and scorn lighting his face.

Charlotte walked on: and burst into a laugh as she did so. "Was he afraid to forbid my calling at the rectory?" she asked herself. "He would have liked to, I know. I'll go there now."

She was not long reaching it. But Isaac was the only one of the family she got to see. He came to her charged with Mrs. Hastings's compliments—she felt unequal to seeing Mrs. Pain.

"What's the matter with her?" inquired Charlotte, suspecting the validity of the excuse.

"She is never very well now," was the somewhat evasive answer: and Isaac, though civilly courteous, was as cold as his father. "When do you say you leave us, Mrs. Pain?"

"To-morrow morning. And you? I heard you were going to London. You have found some situation there, George Godolphin told me."

Isaac threw his eyes—they were just like the rector's—straight and full into her face. Charlotte's were dancing with a variety of expressions, but the chief one was good-humoured mischief.

"I am going into a bank in Lombard-street. Mr. Godolphin got me in."

"You won't like it," said Charlotte.

"I dare say not. But I think myself lucky to get it."

"There'll be one advantage," continued Charlotte, good naturedly—"that you can come and see us. You know Mrs. Verrall's address. Come as often as you can; every Sunday if you like; any week-day evening: I'll promise you a welcome beforehand."

"You are very kind," briefly returned Isaac. They were walking slowly to the gate, and he held it open for her.

"What's Reginald doing?" she asked. "Have you heard from him lately?"

"Not very lately. You are aware that he is in London under a master of navigation, preparatory to passing for second officer. As soon as he has passed, he will be going to sea again."

"When you write to him, give him our address, and tell him to come and see me. And now good-by," added Charlotte, heartily. "And mind you don't show yourself a muff, Mr. Isaac, but come and see us. Do you hear?"

"I hear," said Isaac, smiling as he thawed to her good humour. "I wish you a pleasant journey, Mrs. Pain."

"Merci bien. If—I say, is that Grace?"

Charlotte had cast her eyes to the rectory's upper windows. Mrs. Akeman, her baby in her arms—a great baby, getting, now—stood at one.

"She is spending the afternoon with us," explained Isaac.

"And wouldn't come down to me!" retorted Charlotte. "She's very polite. Tell her so from me, Isaac. Good-by."

The church clock boomed out five as Charlotte passed it, and she came to a stand-still of consideration. It was the hour at which she had ordered her dinner to be ready.

"Bother dinner!" decided she. "I can't go home for that. I want to go and see if they are in their lodgings yet. Is that you, Mrs. Bond?"

Sure enough, Mrs. Bond had come into view, and was halting to bob down to Charlotte. Her face looked pale and pinched. There had been no supply of strong waters to-day.

"I be a'most starving, ma'am," said she. "I be a waiting here to catch the parson, for I've been to his house, and they says he's out. I dun know as it's of any good seeing of him, either. 'Tain't much as he have got to give away now."

"I am about to leave, Mrs. Bond," cried Charlotte, in her free and communicative humour.

"More's the ill luck, and I have heered on't," responded Mrs. Bond. "Everybody as is good to us poor goes away, or dies, or fails, or sum'at. There'll be soon naught left for us but the work'us. Many's the odd bit o' silver you have give me at times, ma'am."

"So I have," said Charlotte, laughing. "What if I were to give you this, as a farewell remembrance?"

She took a half-sovereign out of her purse and held it up. Mrs. Bond gasped: the luck seemed too great to be realised.

"Here, you may have it," said Charlotte, dropping it into the shaking and dirty hand held out. "But you know you are nothing but an old sinner, Mrs. Bond."

"I knows I be," humbly acquiesced Mrs. Bond. "'Tain't of no good denying of it to you, ma'am: you be up to things."

Charlotte laughed. "You'll go and change this at the nearest gin-shop, and you'll reel into bed to-night blindfold. That's the only good you'll do with it. There! don't say I quitted Prior's Ash, forgetting you."

She walked on rapidly, leaving Mrs. Bond in her ecstasy of delight to waste her thanks on the empty air. The lodgings George had taken were at the opposite end of the town, nearer to Ashlydyat, and to them Charlotte was bound. They were not on the high road, but in a quiet side lane. The house, low and commodious, and built in the cottage style, stood in the midst of a productive garden. A small grass-plot and some flowers were before the front windows, but the rest of the ground was filled with fruit and vegetables. Charlotte opened the green gate and walked up the path, which led direct to the house.

The front door was open to a small hall, and Charlotte went in, finding her way, and turned to a room on the left: a cheerful, good-sized, old-fashioned parlour, with a green carpet, and pink flowers on its walls. There stood Margery, laying out some teacups and some bread-and-butter. Her eyes opened at the sight of Mrs. Pain.

"Are they come yet, Margery?"

"No," was Margery's short answer. "They'll be here in half an hour, maybe; and that'll be before I want 'em—with all the rooms and everything to see to, and only me to do it."

"Is that all you are going to give them for tea?" cried Charlotte, looking contemptuously on the bread-and-butter. "I should surprise them with a little dainty dish or two on the table. It would look cheering: and they might soon be cooked."

"I dare say they might, where there's conveniences and time," wrathfully returned Margery, who relished Mrs. Pain's interference as little as she relished her presence. "The kitchen we are to have is about as big as a rat-hole, and my hands are full enough this evening without dancing out to buy meats, and trying if the grate 'll cook 'em."

"Of course you will light the fire here," said Charlotte, turning to the grate. "I see it is laid."

"It's not cold," grunted Margery.

"But the fire will be like a pleasant welcome. I'll do it myself."

She caught up a box of matches which stood on the mantelpiece, and set fire to the fagots underneath the coal. Margery took no notice one way or the other. The fire in a fair way of burning, Charlotte hastened from the house, and Margery breathed freely again.

Not for long. A short space, and Charlotte was back again, accompanied by sundry parcels. There was a renowned comestible shop in Prior's Ash, and Charlotte had been ransacking it. She had also been home for a small parcel on her own account: but that did not contain eatables.

Taking off her cloak and bonnet, she made herself at home. Critically surveying the bedrooms; visiting the kitchen to see that the kettle boiled; lighting the lamp on the tea-table, for it was dark then; demanding an unlimited supply of plates, and driving Margery nearly wild with her audacity. But Charlotte was doing it all in good feeling, in her desire to render this new asylum bright-looking at the moment of their taking possession of it; to cheat the first entrance of some of its bitterness for Maria. Whatever may have been Mrs. Charlotte Pain's faults—and Margery, for one, gave her credit for plenty—she was capable of generous impulses. It is probable that in the days gone by, a feeling of jealousy, of spite, had rankled in her heart against George Godolphin's wife: but that had worn itself out; had been finally lost in the sorrow felt for Maria since the misfortunes had fallen. When the fly drove up to the door, and George brought in his wife and Meta, the bright room, the well-laden tea-table greeted their surprised eyes, and Charlotte was advancing with open hands.

"I thought you'd like to see somebody here to get things comfortable for you, and I knew that cross-grained Margery would have enough to do between the boxes and her temper," she cried, taking Maria's hands. "How are you, Mr. George?"

George found his tongue. "This is kind of you, Mrs. Pain."

Maria felt that it *was* kind: and in her tide of gratitude, as her hand lay in Charlotte's warm grasp, she almost forgot that cruel calumny. Not quite: it could not be quite forgotten, even momentarily, until earth and its passions should have passed away.

"And mademoiselle?" continued Charlotte. Mademoiselle, little gourmande that she was, was raised on her toes, surveying the table with curious eyes. Charlotte lifted her in her arms, and held up to her view a glass jar, something inside it the colour of pale amber. "This is for good children, this is."

"That's me," responded Meta, smacking her lips. "What is it?"

"It's—let me read the label—it's pine-apple jelly. And that's boned fowl; and that's *gélatine de veau*; and that's *pâté de lapereau aux truffes*—if you understand what it all means, petite marmotte. And

—there—you can look at everything and find out for yourself,” concluded Charlotte. “I am going to show mamma her bedroom.”

It opened from the sitting-room: a commodious arrangement, as Charlotte observed, in case of illness. Maria cast her eyes round it, and saw a sufficiently comfortable chamber. It was not their old luxurious chamber at the bank: but luxuries and they must part company now.

“Look here,” said Charlotte, dropping her voice to a whisper.

She was pointing with her finger to the chest of drawers. Placed back, the only object on its white covering, was the miniature red trunk which Maria had given into her charge in the summer.

“Oh, thank you! Thank you greatly for taking care of it, Mrs. Pain.”

“It is safe here now. You and the enemy have parted company. Though it were heaped full of diamonds, they’d not come and look after them here. Is it?”

“What? Full of diamonds?” Maria shook her head. “Indeed, I told you truth, Mrs. Pain, when I said there was nothing in it of value. It contains but a few letters and papers, and a lock or two of my dead children’s hair.”

“*In-deed!*” exclaimed Charlotte, with a sweetly innocent look. “Then you and I are different, Mrs. George Godolphin. Were the like calamity to happen to my husband—if I had one—I should consider it a praiseworthy virtue to save all I could from the grasp of the spoilers. Come along. We shall have Meta going into all the good things.”

Charlotte reigned at the head of the table that night, triumphantly gay. Margery waited with a stiffened neck and pursed-up lips. Nothing more: there were no other signs of rebellion. Margery had had her say out with that one memorable communication, and from thenceforth her lips were closed for ever. Did the woman repent of having spoken?—did she now think it better to have let doubt be doubt? It is hard to say. She had made no further objection to Mrs. Pain in words; she intended to make none. If that lady filled Miss Meta to bursting to-night with the pine-apple jelly and the boned fowl, and the other things with unpronounceable names, which Margery regarded as rank poison when regaling Miss Meta, *she* should not interfere. The sin might lie on her master and mistress’s head.

It was close upon ten when Charlotte rose to go. She put on her things, and bent over Maria in greeting. “Take care of yourself, Mrs. George,” she said, in a kindly tone. “Now that the worst is over, things will soon come round again. And if you should find it convenient to get rid of Meta for a bit, send her up to me. I’ll take great care of her.”

Margery stood with the door open. George was taking down his hat.

“I protest and declare you shall not, Mr. George Godolphin!” exclaimed Charlotte, divining his intention of seeing her home. “Do you suppose I am going to take you from your wife, the first evening she is in this strange place?”

“Do you suppose I am going to let you be run away with in the

dangerous streets of Prior's Ash?" returned George, with laughing gallantry.

"I'll guard against that," returned Charlotte. "I am old enough to take care of myself."

"Why, I should not be away ten minutes."

"Now, you know when I say a thing, I mean it," said Charlotte, in a peremptory tone. "You are not going with me, Mr. George. I have a reason for wishing to go home by myself. There."

George could only yield. Charlotte had spoken still in her kindness to Maria. In spite of her own attractive presence, Maria's spirits were lower than they might have been: and Charlotte generously left her the society of her husband. As to walking through the streets of Prior's Ash alone, or through any other streets, Charlotte had no foolish fears, but would as soon go through them by night as by day.

As a proof of this, she did not proceed direct homewards, but turned up a road that led to the railway. She had no objection to a stroll that moonlight night, and she had a fancy for seeing what passengers the ten o'clock train brought, which was just in.

It brought none. None that Charlotte could see: and she was preparing to turn back on the dull road, when a solitary figure came looming on her sight in the distance. He was better than nobody, regarding him in Charlotte's social point of view: but he appeared to be advanced in years. She could see so much before he came up.

Charlotte strolled on, gratifying her curiosity by a good stare. A tall, portly man, with a fresh colour and snow-white hair. She was passing by him, when he lifted his face, which had been bent, and turned it towards her. The recognition was mutual, and she darted up to him, and gave his hand a hearty shake. It was Mr. Crosse.

"Good gracious me! We all thought you never meant to come back again!"

"And I'd rather not have come back, Mrs. Pain, than come to hear what I am obliged to hear. I went streaming off for weeks from Pau, where I was staying, a confounded, senseless tour into Spain, leaving no orders for letters to be sent to me, and so I heard nothing. What *has* brought about this awful calamity?"

"What calamity?" asked Charlotte—knowing perfectly well all the while.

"What calamity!" repeated Mr. Crosse, who was rapid in speech and hot in temper. "The failure of the bank—the Godolphins' ruin. What else?"

"Oh, that!" slightly returned Charlotte. "That's stale news now. Folks are forgetting it. Queen Anne's dead."

"What brought it about?" reiterated Mr. Crosse, neither the words nor their tone pleasing him.

"What does bring such things about?" rejoined Charlotte. "Want of money, I suppose. Or bad management."

"But there was no want of money; there was no bad management in the Godolphins' house," raved Mr. Crosse, becoming excited. "I wish you'd not play with my feelings, Mrs. Pain."

"Who is playing with them?" cried Charlotte. "If it was not want of money, if it was not bad management, I don't know what else it was."

"I was told in London, as I came through it, that George Godolphin has been playing up old Rosemary with everything, and that Verrall has helped him," continued Mr. Crosse.

"Folks will talk," said bold Charlotte. "I was told—it was the current report in Prior's Ash—that the stoppage had occurred through Mr. Crosse drawing his money out of the concern."

"What an unfounded assertion!" exclaimed that gentleman, in choler. "Prior's Ash ought to have known better."

"So ought those who tell you rubbish about George Godolphin and Verrall," coolly affirmed Charlotte.

"Where's Thomas Godolphin?"

"At Ashlydyat. He's in luck. My Lord Averil has bought it all in as it stands, and Mr. Godolphin remains in it."

"He is ill, I hear?"

"Pretty near dead, *I* hear," retorted Charlotte. "My lord is to marry Miss Cecilia."

"And where's that wicked George?"

"If you call names, I won't answer you another word, Mr. Crosse."

"I suppose *you* don't like to hear it," he returned in so pointed a manner that Charlotte might have felt it as a lance-shaft. "Well, where is he?"

"Just gone into lodgings with his wife and Margery and Meta. I have been taking tea with them. They left the bank to-day."

Mr. Crosse stood, nodding his head in the moonlight, and communing aloud with himself. "And so—and so—it is all a smash together! It is as bad as was said."

"It couldn't be worse," cried Charlotte. "Prior's Ash won't hold up its head for many a day. It's no longer worth living in. I leave it for good to-morrow."

"Poor Sir George! It's a good thing he was in his grave. Lord Averil could have prosecuted George, I hear."

"Were I to hear to-morrow that I could be prosecuted for standing here and talking to you to-night, I shouldn't wonder," was the answer.

"What on earth did he do with the money? What went with it?"

"Report runs that he founded a cluster of almshouses with it," said Charlotte, demurely. "Ten old women, who are to be found in coals and red cloaks, and half-a-crown a week."

The words angered him beyond everything. Nothing could have been more serious than his mood; nothing could savour of levity, of mockery, more than hers. "Report runs that he has been giving fabulous prices for horses to make presents of," angrily retorted Mr. Crosse, in a tone of pointed significance.

"Not a bit of it," returned undaunted Charlotte. "He only gave bills."

"Good night to you, Mrs. Pain," came the next words, haughty and abruptly; and Mr. Crosse turned to continue his way.

Leaving Charlotte standing there. No other passengers came down from the station: there were none to come: and she turned to retrace her steps to the town. She walked slowly and moved her head from side to side, as if she would take in all the familiar features of the landscape by way of a farewell in anticipation of the morrow; which was to close her residence at Prior's Ash for ever.

SUNDOWN.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

EVENING approaches : the all-tired Earth
 Prepares for rest, and with a low still voice
 Praises her great Creator, who hath given
 A time for all things : after day the night,
 And after toil the blessings of repose.

Apollo lingering leaves his favourite boy,
 Bright-haired young Hyacinth,* whose violet eyes
 Are dull with sleep, yet with a loving glance
 Turns he towards the Sun-God as he smiles
 A last farewell to the half-slumbering Earth.
 Grandly he falls ! The red oaks gleam with gold,
 And the white heaving bosom of the sea
 Floats in a liquid amber ; majesty
 Sits on the face of Nature, ere she doffs
 The day-robcs of her gorgeous sovereignty
 For the grey silvered vestments of the night !
 The dew-wet apple-blossoms, robed in pink,
 Sweet-scent the misty night-haze, the white pear
 Closes her fragrant treasures from the kiss
 Of the enamoured South-wind, who anon
 Steals from her snowy riches some small store,
 And scatters perfume on the willing breeze.
 Bathed in a flush of purple gleam the hills,
 Their red crests showing 'gainst the brighter sky
 Superbly beautiful ; the pine-trees bend
 To the slow-coming night-breeze, and around
 Rest the white flocks—O God, how beauteous-fair
 The tranquil calm thou spreadest o'er the Night.

An English sundown ! Lives there on this earth
 A scene of truer beauty ? Brighter far
 May blaze the splendour of an orient sky
 In amethyst and opal, but to us,
 To us, blessed sons of England—God be thanked !—
 Gives he alone from his Almighty hand
 These scenes of truest Beauty, truest Peace !

* The metaphor is applied to the sun-rays falling on the blue hyacinth beds.

DIONYSIUS THE ELDER.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

MICHELET pauses in his narrative of the Sicilian Vespers to remark on the fate of Sicily for ages—ever the milch-cow, drained both of milk and blood by a foreign master. In her bosom it is, he reminds us, that all the great quarrels of the world have been decided—Athens and Syracuse, Greece and Carthage, Carthage and Rome, have made her their battle-field; and there too the servile wars were fought out. All these solemn battles of mankind, he says, “have been contested within sight of Etna—like the ‘Judgment of God’ before the altar.” Then came the Barbarians,—Arabs, Normans, Germans. Each time that Sicily formed a hope and desire, each time she was summoned to suffer: she turned, and then back again to the same side, like Enceladus under the volcano. Such, according to the French historian, are the “weakness and incurable irreconcilableness” of a people composed of a score of races, and so heavily oppressed by the double fatality of history and climate. In fact, he asserts, that the only hours Sicily ever had of independence and healthy existence were under her tyrants, the Dionysiuses and Gelons of old; by whom alone, too, she was rendered formidable abroad.*

So again Mr. Leigh Hunt opens a chapter of Glances at ancient Sicilian history and biography, with some remarks on the fate of the fair island, which, being one of those small, beautiful, and abundant countries which excite the cupidity of larger ones, has had as many foreign masters as the poor Princess of Babylon, in Boccacio, who, on her way to be married to the King of Colchos, fell into the hands of nine husbands. Leontius gives a pleasantly particularised catalogue raisonné of the leading celebrities of Sicily, in the old, old times, from Phalaris of the bull, and Stesichorus of the lyre, and Damocles of the sword, to Marcellus and Verres. Of course, an item or two in the list are appropriated to the Dionysiuses and their associates. And thus the Elder of the tyrants figures on the gossiping roll of names:

“Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse (the Elder). He wrote bad verses; slept in a bed with a trench round it, and a drawbridge; and, for fear of a barber, burnt away his beard with hot walnut-shells. What a razor! Dionysius had abilities enough to become the more hateful for his capricious and detestable qualities. Probably he had a spice of madness in him, which power exasperated. Ariosto has turned him to fine account in his personification of Suspicion.”

Other items, that deal indirectly with his majesty, are the following:

“Damon and Pythias, the famous friends. One of them became surety to Dionysius for the other’s appearance at the scaffold, and was not disappointed. Dionysius begged to be admitted a third in the partnership!—the most ridiculous thing, perhaps, that even the tyrant ever did.

“Damocles, the courtly gentleman, who pronounced Dionysius the happiest man on earth. He was treated by his master to a ‘proof of the

* See Michelet, *Histoire de France*, t. iii. l. v. ch. i.

pudding' which tyrants eat. He sat crowned at the head of a luxurious banquet, in the midst of odours, music, and homage; and saw, suspended by a hair over his head, a naked sword. This, it must be confessed, was a happy thought of the royal poet—a practical epigram of the very finest point. . . .

"Plato; who visited both the Dionysiuses, to induce them to become philosophers! He might as well have asked tigers in a sheepfold to prefer a dish of green peas."*

The conduct and fortunes of the elder Dionysius are referred to by Mr. Stuart Mill, as a standard illustration, from that history which men call philosophy teaching by example, of the successive stages of the "despot's progress." Here, too, he observes,† the avenging Nemesis attends; but, as usual with the misdeeds of rulers, the punishment is vicarious:—the younger Dionysius, a "weak and self-indulgent, but good-natured and rather well-meaning inheritor of despotic power," having to suffer the penalty of the usurpation and the multiplied tyrannies of his energetic and unscrupulous father.

Mr. Grote's portrait of the latter, is that of a man all whose appetites were merged in the love of dominion, at home and abroad; and of money as a means of dominion: to the service of which master passion all his energies were devoted, together with those vast military resources which an unscrupulous ability served both to accumulate and to recruit. How the tyrant's treasury was supplied, with the large exigencies continually pressing upon it, we are but little informed. We know, however, that his exactions from the Syracusans were exorbitant; that he did not hesitate to strip the holiest temples; and that he left behind him a great reputation for ingenious tricks in extracting money from his subjects.

"Both the vague general picture, and the fragmentary details which come before us, of his conduct towards the Syracusans, present to us nothing but an oppressive and extortionate tyrant, by whose fiat numberless victims perished; more than ten thousand, according to the general language of Plutarch. He enriched largely his younger brothers and auxiliaries; among which latter, Hipparinus stood prominent, thus recovering a fortune equal to or larger than that which his profligacy had dissipated. But we hear also of acts of Dionysius, indicating a jealous and cruel temper, even towards near relatives."‡

This, indeed, is a salient point in the tyrant's character. For it appears certain, as the historian amply shows, that Dionysius trusted no one—πιστεύων ὀυδενί, are Plato's own words; that though in the field he was a perfectly brave man, yet his suspicion and timorous anxiety as to every one who approached his person, were carried to the most tormenting excess, and extended even to his wives, his brothers, his daughters. "Afraid to admit any one with a razor near to his face, he is said to have singed his own beard with a burning coal. Both his brother and his son were searched for concealed weapons, and even forced to change their clothes in the presence of his guards, before they were permitted to see him." We are told, too, of an officer of the guards, named Marsyas, who dreamed that he was assassinating Dionysius, being

* A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla, pp. 29 sq.

† Mill's *Dissertations and Discussions in Philosophy, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 513.

‡ Grote, *History of Greece*, vol. xi. part ii. ch. lxxxiii.

put to death for this dream, as proving that his waking thoughts must have been dwelling upon such a project. Other examples of the like tragical freaks are to be read of in Plutarch, and in the anecdotes recounted by Cicero in his *Tusculan Disputations* and elsewhere. That about his brother Leptines, for instance, who was one day describing the situation of a place, and took a spear from one of the guards to trace the plan; a liberty which scandalised Dionysius beyond measure—and the result of which was the execution of the soldier who had parted with his spear for a few seconds, to oblige Leptines, and aid in the topographical demonstrations of that too demonstrative kinsman. Dionysius owned himself afraid of the sense and sagacity of his friends, because he knew that with sense and sagacity to put this and that together, to make deductions and draw comparisons, they could not but think it more eligible to rule than to be ruled, to govern than to obey. Their stolid ignorance would have been his bliss: in more instances than one or two, it was their folly to be wise.

Appian tells the story, and Montaigne repeats it after him, of a stranger who publicly said he could teach Dionysius an infallible way to find out and discover all the conspiracies his subjects should contrive against him, if he would give him a good sum of money for his pains. Dionysius, hearing of it, had the man sent for, and desired at once to be made master of a secret so precious. What was the art the man had to communicate? Quick! Let him name his terms. Well, his terms were a talent. That was a good deal of money. But Dionysius would not haggle—but would comport himself *en prince*. So the man should have the talent. And now, what was the art that cost so round a sum? All the art was, that, giving the ingenious gentleman a talent, his majesty should afterwards boast in all quarters that he had obtained a singular secret from him. Dionysius liked the idea—paid down a thousand crowns for it—and made political capital of it, from that day forth. It was not likely, as Montaigne, who relishes the idea too, remarks, that the king should give so great a sum to a person unknown, unless as a reward for some extraordinary and very useful discovery, and the belief of this served to keep his enemies in awe. “Princes,” adds the shrewd old essayist, “do very wisely, however, to publish the informations they receive of all the practices against their lives, to possess men with an opinion that they have such good intelligence, and so many spies abroad, that nothing can be plotted against them but they have immediate notice of it.”* But this stroke of practical policy would have hit the taste of Dionysius less, by a good deal, than the theory that cost him an ungrudged talent. He was of a turn of mind to appreciate the expansive powers of imaginative suspicion. A miserable turn of mind, but one that with him was at once beyond participation and beyond relief. A blighting, palsyng presence, this of stealthy Suspicion; but a presence that was not to be put by.

But thus it is with kings; suspicions haunt
And dangers press around them all their days;
Ambition galls them, luxury corrupts,
And wars and treasons are their talk at table.†

* *Essais de Montaigne*, livre i. ch. xxiii.

† H. Taylor, *Edwin the Fair*, Act IV. Sc. 4.

So answers Dunstan his sovrán when the latter intimates his apprehension of poison in his food, and is bluffly told by the blatant churchman that his food is poisoned by his own suspicions :

'Tis your own fault. Tho' Gurmo's zeal is great,
It is impossible he should so exceed
As to put poison in your food :—

an impossibility about which there may be two opinions ; but there can be only one as to the wretchedness of royalty environed by such conditions of mistrust. When Philip Melanchthon, on the authority of a person who had filled an important post at the court of Clement VII., mentioned that every day, after the Pope had supped, his cup-bearer and cooks were imprisoned for two hours, and then, if no symptoms of poison manifested themselves in their master, were released—Luther, at whose table the story was told, burst out with the exclamation, “What a miserable life ! 'Tis exactly what Moses has described in Deuteronomy: ‘And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear, day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life. In the morning, thou shalt say : Would God it were even ! and at even, thou shalt say : Would God it were morning !’ ”* The feeling of such perturbed potentates may be expressed in the terms of Goneril's answer to Albany, when he opines, “Well, you may fear too far.”

Gon. —Safer than trust :
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken.†

Lewis the Eleventh, in his last days, is a grimly grotesque personification of this crowned (but cross-bearing) suspicion, as Comines pictures him at Plessis-les-Tours : “Voudroit-on dire que ce roy ne souffrit pas aussi bien que les autres, qui ainsi s'enfermoit et se faisoit garder, qui estoit en peur de ses enfants, et de tous ses prochains parents, et qui changeoit et muoit de jour en jour ses serviteurs qu'il avoit nourris, et qui ne tenoient biens ne honneur que de luy, tellement qu'en nul d'eux ne s'osoit fier, et s'enchaînoit ainsi de si étranger chaines et clostures ?”‡ It is to no purpose, says Montaigne, to have a guard of foreigners about a man's person, or to be always fenced around with a pale of armed men ; for “whoever despises his own life is always master of that of another man.”§ And, moreover, as Montaigne goes on to teach, this continual suspicion, that makes a prince jealous of everybody, must, of necessity, be a marvellous torment to him : whence it was that Dion, being warned that Calippus watched an opportunity to take away his life, had never the heart to inquire more particularly into it, but said he had rather die than live in the misery of always being on his guard, not only against his enemies but his very friends.|| Those who preach to princes so circumspect and vigilant a jealousy and distrust, do, in Montaigne's judgment, under colour of security, preach to them ruin and dishonour. But,

As Catoun saith, he that guilty is,
Demeth al thing be spoke of him, I wis ;¶

* Luther's Tischreden, 448.

† King Lear, Act I. Sc. 4.

‡ Mémoires de Philippe de Comines, l. vi. ch. xi.

§ Seneca, Epist. 4.

|| Essais de Montaigne, I. 23.

¶ Chaucer, Prologue of the Chanounes Yeman.

which is Chaucer's philosophy of character in the instance of his *heautontimoroumenos* of an ill-thinking canon,

—for suspeccioun
Of mennes speche ever hadde this Chanoun.

Every such self-tormentor bears about with him the penalty of his distrust—not the remedy. Not that he is at all the sort of poor creature popularly known as Nobody's enemy but his own;—for to every living creature he is potentially hostile, and to an improper fraction of them actually so. But he is emphatically his own enemy as well; and is ever punishing himself in the prodigious pain he takes to pre-judge others, and, by *pre-payment*, to pay them out.

Iago can affirm the subjective inconvenience, the internal and eternal discomfort, to which a temperament of this kind renders its owner liable,—

As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not.

And Othello can think scorn of and cry shame on a life so hampered and beset with vile misgivings:

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No! . . .*

Addison comments on it as a characteristic of great and heroic minds, that they not only show a particular disregard to the unmerited reproaches cast upon them, but are altogether free from what he calls "that impertinent curiosity of inquiring after them, or the poor revenge of resenting." To the histories of Alexander and Cæsar he points, as full of this kind of instances. And then he proceeds to remark that vulgar souls are of a quite contrary character,—and here is his flagrant instance ready made: "Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, had a dungeon, which was a very curious piece of architecture; and of which, as I am informed, there are still to be seen some remains in that island. It was called Dionysius's Ear; and built with several little windings and labyrinths in the form of a real ear. The structure of it made it a kind of whispering place, but such a one as gathered the voice of him who spoke into a funnel, which was placed at the very top of it.

"The tyrant used to lodge all his state criminals, or those whom he supposed to be engaged together in any evil designs upon him, in this dungeon. He had at the same time an apartment over it, where he used to apply himself to the funnel, and by that means overhear everything that was whispered in the dungeon."†

Mr. Addison, before getting out of Ear-shot of Dionysius, ventures to affirm, that a Cæsar or an Alexander would rather have died by the treason, than have used such disingenuous means for detecting it.

When the Maid of Orleans was immured in that loathsome cell in the donjon-keep of Crotoy, which had long been covered by the sands of the Somme, and from which, looking out upon the sea, she could sometimes

* Othello, Act III. Sc. 3.

† Spectator, No. 489.

descried the English down,*—added to the wretchedness of being linked to a beam by a large iron chain, and under the personal watch by night and day, *within* the cell, of three of the brigand ruffians called “houspilleurs,” she was also subjected to espial from *without*. Winchester, the inquisitor, and Estivet, promoter of the prosecution (Cauchon’s right-hand-man of business), had each a key to the tower, and watched her hourly through a hole in the wall. Each stone of this infernal dungeon, says Michelet,† had eyes. Cauchon and his crew found their account in this Argus-eyed policy. If stone-walls have ears, and eyes, at least let them be used to the gaoler’s profit, not the prisoner’s.

Shakspeare makes Richard III., who had more than a touch of Dionysian cleverness and sinister statecraft in him, extemporise a mechanical Ear, for all practical purposes, in the folds of his officers’ tents, as they are encamped on Bosworth field :

It is not yet near day. Come, go with me,
he bids his trusty tool and confidant, Sir Richard Ratcliffe ;

Under our tents I’ll play the eavesdropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.‡

As to the Ear of Dionysius, *that* was a worthy device to give almost literal truth to the rhetorical hyperbole of the Preacher, the son of David, King of Jerusalem, when he said,§ Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought ; and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber: for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.

The science of acoustics enabled his Sicilian majesty to do without bird-carriage for the vocables, or winged agency to tell the matter. The words uttered, however whisperingly, inside his Ear, were themselves *ἑνέα πτερόεντα*, *winged words* ; and winged their way straight to their destination, among the secrets of his royal, his most *unroyal* heart.

Need the reader be reminded of the Scottish Solomon’s emulation of the Dionysian Ear, in Sir Walter’s story of the Fortunes of Nigel? How James remembers him of having read “that Dionysius, King of Syracuse, whom,” quoth the pedant-prince, parenthetically, “historians call *τύραννος*, which signifieth not in the Greek tongue, as in ours, a truculent usurper, but a royal king who governs, it may be, something more strictly than we and other lawful monarchs, whom the ancient termed *βασιλεῖς*—Now this Dionysius of Syracuse caused cunning workmen to build for himself a *lugg*—D’ye ken what that is, my Lord Bishop?” the Winchester prelate is asked ; who answers, “A cathedral, I presume to guess.” But the Scotch dialect being a topic upon which the bishop cannot pronounce *ex cathedrâ*, a cathedral happens to be entirely beside the mark. And his majesty resumes, in impatience at Southron stolidity : “What the deil, man—I crave your lordship’s pardon for swearing—but it was no cathedral—only a lurking-place called the king’s *lugg*, or *ear*, where he could sit undescried, and hear the converse of his prisoners. Now, sirs, in imitation of this Dionysius, whom I took for my pattern,

* Michelet, *Histoire de France*, t. v. l. x. ch. iv.

‡ King Richard III., Act V. Sc. 3.

† Ibid., A.D. 1431.

§ Ecclesiastes, x. 20.

the rather that he was a great linguist and grammarian, and taught a school with good applause after his abdication (either he or his successor of the same name, it matters not whilk)—I have caused them to make a *lugg* up at the state-prison of the Tower yonder, more like a pulpit than a cathedral, my Lord Bishop—and communicating with the arras behind the Lieutenant's chamber, where we may sit and privily hear the discourse of such prisoners as are pent up there for state offences, and so creep into the very secrets of our enemies."* At which pawky exposé of pusillanimous kingcraft, Prince Charles casts a glance towards Buckingham, expressive of great vexation and disgust; and the duke shrugs his shoulders in appreciative response, but with a motion discreetly imperceptible, so far as James's goggle eyes are concerned.

But to return to Dionysius himself. The conditions of his existence—perpetual mistrust, danger even from the nearest kindred, enmity both to and from every dignified freeman, and reliance only on armed barbarians or liberated slaves—these are conditions which, in the language of Mr. Grote, "beset almost every Grecian despot, and from which the greatest despot of his age enjoyed no exemption." Yet, although philosophers emphatically insisted that such a man must be miserable, Dionysius himself, as well as the great mass of admiring spectators—mob and majesty uniting in contempt of ideology men, and Messieurs les Philosophes—would probably feel, as the historian says, that the necessities of the king's position were "more than compensated by its awe-striking grandeur, and by the full satisfaction of ambitious dreams." But the Syracusans, over whom he ruled, enjoyed no such compensation for that which they suffered from his tax-gatherers—from his garrisons of Gauls, Iberians, and Campanians, in Ortygia—from his spies—his prison—and his executioners.†

For himself, again, were there not the compensations of authorship, the consolations of literature? Was not Dionysius also among the poets, even as was Saul also among the prophets? Woe to the wight that should be caught whispering to the contrary, in the Ear of Dionysius! It was made a Star-Chamber business of, in Sicily, to mis-estimate or under-estimate the royal verses. Montaigne has a long paragraph on the phenomenon, yet a stubborn fact, that Dionysius valued himself upon nothing more than his poetry; and tells how, at the Olympic Games, with chariots surpassing all others in magnificence, he was represented by poets and musicians, who brought his majesty's verses thither wholesale, to be recited in the ravished ears of thousands on thousands. When the verses came to be declaimed by these "professionals," with all the emphasis and discretion, all the fluent grace and effective accentuation of practised elocutionists, the people were at first pleased and plauditory. But it soon struck the listeners that the matter, the substance, to which these experts were thus doing a deal more than justice, was wishy-washy stuff—the utter worthlessness of which not even so artfully artistic a delivery could long conceal. Even a real *maestro* in operatic composition, aided by a star to warble his sweetest on the boards, will not always avail to save a twaddle of namby-pambyism in the *libretto* from condign

* The Fortunes of Nigel, vol. ii. ch. xvi.

† See Grote, History of Greece, XI. ch. lxxxiii. *passim*.

perdition. The people who gave ear to the Dionysian lyrics, were first of all attracted by the masterly skill at recitative in the performers. Then the suspicion crept in that the words were a trifle rickety or so. Next came an entire conviction that the words were unmitigated and redemptionless trash. They laughed, and hooted, and jeered, accordingly, to their hearts' content; and from derision they worked themselves up to wrath and vengeance, and in a frenzy of resentment the hooters proceeded to acts of riot, pulling down his majesty's royally gilt and tapestried pavilions, and tearing *them* to pieces, as the Roman mob was for doing to Casca the poet, in person, for *his* bad verses.

At any rate, the king had furnished the Olympic critics with a "sensation" piece, and taught them a new Game to play, in that highly select circle of theirs.

But Sicilia was in frowns when the ill news came. Mr. Grote says that, when we are told that the badness of the poems caused them to be received with opprobrious ridicule, it is easy to see that the hatred intended for the person of Dionysius was discharged upon his verses. That of course the hissers and hooters would make it clearly understood what they really meant, and would indulge in the full licence of heaping curses upon his name and acts. That neither the best reciters of Greece, nor the best poems even of Sophocles or Pindar, could have any chance against such predetermined antipathy. And that the whole scene would end in the keenest disappointment and humiliation, inflicted upon the Syracusan envoys as well as upon the actors, this being the only channel through which the retributive chastisement of Hellas could be made to reach the author. "Though not present in person at Olympia, the despot felt the chastisement in his inmost soul. The mere narrative of what had passed plunged him into an agony of sorrow, which for some time seemed to grow worse by brooding on the scene, and at length drove him nearly mad. He was smitten with intolerable consciousness of the profound hatred borne towards him, even throughout a large portion of the distant and independent Hellenic world. He fancied that this hatred was shared by all around him, and suspected every one as plotting against his life. To such an excess of cruelty did this morbid excitement carry him, that he seized several of his best friends, under false accusations, and surmises, and caused them to be slain."*

But Mr. Grote is noway disposed to let his voice swell the common cry of mockers at a despot's bad verses. He recognises in Dionysius not only a triumphant prince but a tragic poet; competitor, as such, for that applause and admiration which no force can extort. Since none of his tragedies have been preserved, the historian can form no judgment of his own respecting them. But when he learns that Dionysius had stood second or third, and that one of his compositions gained even the first prize at the Lenæan festival at Athens in 368-367 B.C.—the favourable judgment of an Athenian audience is held, by the modern critic, to afford good reason for presuming that the despot's talents in poetry were considerable. It is freely allowed, however, that, at the vexatious time of the Olympic Games, which was some twenty years earlier, Dionysius the poet was not likely to receive an impartial hearing anywhere: for while

* Grote, *XL* 46.

on the one hand his own circle would applaud every word—on the other hand, a large proportion of independent Greeks would be biased against what they heard by their fear and hatred of the author. If we believed the anecdotes recounted by Diodorus, we should conclude not merely that the tragedies were contemptible compositions, but that the irritability of Dionysius in regard to criticism was exaggerated even to silly weakness.* Philoxenus, a dithyrambic poet of some mark, who was either visiting or residing at Syracuse, was asked his opinion, after hearing one of his majesty's tragedies privately recited. Philoxenus gave what he was asked for,—his opinion; which, happening to be what it was, should have been the last thing for him to think of giving. So he thought, perhaps, when he found himself at the Quarries for speaking his mind. Next day, however, he was let out again: the more speedily, perchance, because Dionysius had a copy of verses to read to him, upon which the labour of the file had been so diligently exercised, that the despot was sanguine of propitiating the fastidious critic, this time. The story goes, that Philoxenus made for the palace, escorted by a body of guards,—in whose presence, then and there, the royal bard recited the poem on which he plumed himself—and, that done, forthwith desired Philoxenus to pronounce a true verdict. Instead of complying with a request that, to an honest man, would infallibly produce as ugly a sequel as before, and might bring something worse still, Philoxenus turned abruptly to the guards, and, with a dry air of decision that must have tickled all but the king, bade them take him back to the Quarries at once.

Haply, however, the king was tickled too; for it does not appear that the poet had a fresh term of imprisonment, with hard labour. On the contrary, he got on very well at court; having received a lesson for life, well learnt by heart; and thenceforth contriving as neatly, by "delicate wit and double-meaning phrases," to express an inoffensive sentiment without openly compromising himself, as the celebrated worthy in the "Spectator," who assumed such a very limited liability by the adjudicatory sentence, solemn and serene, that there was a great deal to be said on both sides of the question.

Mr. Grote, however, as we have seen, is not at all satisfied with the air of ridicule which Diodorus has cast over the Dionysiac émeute at the Olympic Games, and its effect on his majesty's mind, by recognising nothing except the despot's vexation at the ill success of his poem, as the cause of his mental suffering. It is improbable, the historian argues, that the poem of Dionysius—himself "a man of ability, and having every opportunity of profiting by good critics whom he had purposely assembled around him"—should have been so ridiculously bad as to disgust an impartial audience. Still more improbable is it, Mr. Grote thinks, that a simple poetical failure, though doubtless mortifying to him, should work with such fearful effect as to plunge him into anguish and madness. To unnerve thus violently a person like Dionysius—deeply stained with the great crimes of unscrupulous ambition, but remarkably exempt from infirmities—some more powerful cause is, in the historian's judgment, required. And to his critical scrutiny that cause stands out conspicuously, in the actual circumstances of the Olympic festival of 384 B.C.

* Grote, XI. 36.

Dionysius, then, we are to bear in mind, had accumulated for this occasion all the means of showing himself off, "like Kroesus in his interview with Solon," as the most prosperous and powerful man in the Hellenic world; means beyond the reach of any contemporary, and surpassing even Hiero or Thero of former days, whose praises in the odes of Pindar he probably had in his mind. He counted, probably with good reason, Mr. Grote continues, "that his splendid legation, chariots, and outfit of acting and recitation for the poems, would surpass everything else seen on the holy plain; and he fully expected such reward as the public were always glad to bestow on such men who exhausted their purses in the recognised vein of Hellenic pious ostentation. In this high wrought state of expectation, what does Dionysius hear by his messengers returning from the festival? That their mission had proved a total failure; and even worse than a failure; that the display had called forth none of the usual admiration, not because there were rivals on the ground equal or superior, but simply because it came from *him*; that its very magnificence had operated to render the explosion of antipathy against him louder and more violent; that his tents in the sacred ground had been actually assailed, and that access to sacrifice, as well as to the matches, had been secured to him only by the interposition of authority. We learn, indeed, that his chariots failed in the field by unlucky accidents; but in the existing temper of the crowd, these very accidents would be seized as occasions for derisory cheering against him." To this must be added explosions of hatred, yet more furious, elicited by his poems, putting the reciters to utter shame. At the moment when Dionysius expected to hear the account of an unparalleled triumph, he is thus informed, not merely of disappointment, but of insults to himself, direct and personal, the most poignant ever offered by Greeks to a Greek, amidst the holiest and most frequented ceremony of the Hellenic world. Never in any other case do we read of public antipathy, against an individual, being carried to the pitch of desecrating by violence the majesty of the Olympiac festival.

"Here, then," the historian concludes, "were the real and sufficient causes—not the mere ill success of his poem—which penetrated the soul of Dionysius, driving him into anguish and temporary madness. Though he had silenced the *Vox Populi* at Syracuse, not all his mercenaries, forts, and ships in Ortygia, could save him from feeling its force, when thus emphatically poured forth against him by the free-spoken crowd at Olympia."*

But even granting that chagrin merely at the failure of a poem cost him so dear, by entailing the loss of reason, a long-subsequent success in another poem cost him yet dearer, by entailing the loss of life. Grant that the mortification of the Olympiac festival in the year 384 B.C. drove him mad. Extremes meet. The rapture he felt at gaining the first prize for tragedy, at the Lenæan festival of Athens, in 367 B.C., made an end of him altogether. Dionysius offered sacrifice to the gods when the good news reached him, and something more substantial than "happy man" was the dole of the messenger. The king made a great feast, and bade

* Grote, XI. 50 sq., cf. pp. 35 sq., 44 sq.

many; and with them he rejoiced and made merry, and not only drank more than he was used to, but more than he could away with; for the more was enough to make away with him. He died of wine and excitement and (*post hoc, propter hoc*) of fever, after a reign of eight-and-thirty years, in that fatal Lenæan year, 367.

Advisedly said we, more wine than he was used to. For Dionysius the Elder was notably a temperate man. His sobriety and continance were beyond impeachment. And in this regard, his good example became the more note-worthy, because it was not followed by those who came after him. We find that of all the princes descended from him, not one inherited the temperance which had contributed so much to his success.* Not one of them but has a bad name for lechery and sottishness; rakes and revellers all.

It may well be said, as respects the hurried-on termination of the elder despot's course, that, after all, thirty-eight years, of a career so full of effort as his, must have left a constitution sufficiently exhausted to give way easily before acute disease. Throughout this long period, says Mr. Grote, he had never spared himself:—he was a man of restless energy and activity, bodily as well as mental; always personally at the head of his troops in war—keeping a vigilant eye and a decisive hand upon all the details of his government at home—yet employing spare time (which Philip of Macedon was surprised that he could find) in composing tragedies of his own, to compete for prizes fairly adjudged.

It is one of Plutarch's anecdotes, that one day, when Philip of Macedon and Dionysius the Younger were mellow with drink, the former, with a *soupçon* of sneer in his face and tone, introduced some remarks on the odes and tragedies which Di senior had left behind him, and affected to doubt how the old gentleman could possibly find leisure for that idle trade. *When* could such things have been written by him? Di junior answered, with a spirit, "They were written in the time which you and I, and other jolly good fellows, spend over the bowl."†

Notwithstanding his bondage of fear against any attempts on his life, the personal bravery of the head of the family was beyond dispute. Twice we hear of his being severely wounded in leading his soldiers to assault. The historian has to note, as remarkable features in the character of Dionysius, his effective skill as ambitious politician—his military resource as a commander—and the long-sighted care with which he provided implements of offence as well as of defence before undertaking war. We find the Roman Scipio Africanus singling out Dionysius and Agathocles, both of them despots of Syracuse, with an interval of half a century, as the two Greeks of greatest ability for action known to him—men who combined, in the most memorable degree, daring with sagacity. This criticism, coming, as Mr. Grote says, from an excellent judge, is borne out by the biography of both, so far as it comes to our knowledge. No other Greek, he observes, can be pointed out, who, starting from a position humble and unpromising, raised himself to so lofty a pinnacle of dominion at home, achieved such striking military exploits abroad, and preserved his grandeur unimpaired throughout the whole of a long life. Dionysius boasted that he bequeathed to his son an empire fastened by

* Grote, XI. 186, 273.

† Plutarch, Life of Timoleon.

adamantine chains;* so powerful was his mercenary force—so firm his position in Ortygia—so completely had the Syracusans been broken in to subjection.

There cannot, Mr. Grote further remarks, be a better test of vigour and ability than the unexampled success with which Dionysius and Agathocles played the game of the despot, and to a certain extent that of the conqueror. Of the two, Dionysius he pronounces the most favoured by fortune. For although both of them profited by one auxiliary accident, which distinguished Syracuse from other Grecian cities, namely, the local speciality of Ortygia—which islet was so fortified as to provide the despot with an almost impregnable stronghold,† and seemed indeed expressly made to be garrisoned as a separate fortress, apart from, as well as against, the rest of Syracuse, and having full command of the harbour, docks, naval force, and naval approach;—yet had Dionysius, in addition to this, several “peculiar interventions of the gods in his favour, sometimes at the most critical moments;” such was the interpretation put by his enemies (and doubtless, by his friends also) upon those repeated pestilences which smote the Carthaginian armies with a force far more deadly than the spear of the Syracusan hoplite.

On the whole, if Dionysius succeeded, in the face of obstacles that might have seemed insuperable, in fastening round his free-born, free-bred countrymen, as history shows him to have done,‡ those “adamantine chains” which they were well known to abhor—we may be sure, with Mr. Grote, that his plan of proceeding must have been dexterously chosen, and prosecuted with consummate perseverance and audacity. But we may also be sure that it was nefarious in the extreme. “The machinery of a fraud whereby the people were to be cheated into a temporary submission, as a prelude to the machinery of force whereby such submission was to be perpetuated against their consent—was the stock-in-trade of Grecian usurpers. But seldom does it appear prefaced by more impudent calumnies, or worked out with a larger measure of violence and spoliation, than in the case of Dionysius. He was indeed powerfully seconded at the outset by the danger of Syracuse from the Carthaginian arms. But his scheme of usurpation, far from diminishing such danger, tended materially to increase it, by disuniting the city at so critical a moment. Dionysius achieved nothing in his first enterprise for the relief of Gela and Kamarina. He was forced to retire with as much disgrace as those previous generals whom he had so bitterly vituperated; and apparently even with greater disgrace—since there are strong grounds for believing that he entered into traitorous collusion with the Carthaginians. The salvation of Syracuse, at that moment of peril, arose not from the energy or ability of Dionysius, but from the opportune epidemic which disabled Imilkon in the midst of a victorious career.”

Himilco—to use the common way of spelling his name whom Mr. Grote writes Imilkon—escaped to Carthage with such of his men as pestilence and Dionysius spared, after paying a large sum to the despot for permission to retire on any terms. Anon there arrived, B.C. 392, a new Carthaginian army under Mago. These were forced to re-embark

* Plutarch, Dion, c. 7.

† Cf. Grote, vol. x. pp. 636 sq.; vol. xi. p. 65.

‡ See Grote, XI. 66 sq.

almost as soon as they had disembarked, and to pay the expense of the war. Next, Dionysius defeated the allied towns of Magna Græcia; and about this time is said* to have received an embassy from the Gauls, fresh from and flushed with the burning of Rome. His was now

———a name of fear,
Unpleasing in a Grecian ear.

Both in Italy and Sicily he was an object of apprehension and mistrust, and to the dominion of both countries he seems at one time to have aspired. We read that, in order to raise money—for he had quite anticipated, ages beforehand, the practical philosophy of Horace's *quocunque modo, rem*, and of Iago's equivalent "Put money in thy purse"—he allied himself with the Illyrians, and proposed to them the joint plunder of the temple of Delphi. The enterprise was undertaken, but failed. He consoled himself, however, by plundering several other temples, including that of Proserpina, at Locri; and as he sailed back with a fair wind, laden, almost to his heart's content, with sacrilegious spoils, he remarked to his friends, no doubt with something like a chuckle in his tones, and a merry twinkle in his eye, "You see how the immortal gods favour sacrilege." And indeed the example of Dionysius—his long career of success, ending in a quiet death—is among those cited by Cotta, in Cicero,† to refute the doctrine of Balbus as to divine providence, and his vindication of the ways of gods to men.

From no theological stand-point, ancient or modern, but with the calm judgment of a political philosopher, Mr. Grote recognises in Dionysius a man not only of talents to organise, and boldness to make good, a despotism more formidable than anything known to contemporary Greece, but also systematic prudence to keep it unimpaired for nearly forty years. "He maintained carefully those two precautions which Thucydides specifies as the causes of permanence to the Athenian Hippias, under similar circumstances—intimidation over the citizens, and careful organisation, with liberal pay among his mercenaries. He was temperate in indulgences; never led by any of his appetites into the commission of violence."‡ This abstinence is justly alleged by the historian§ to have contributed materially to prolong his life, since many a Grecian despot perished through desperate feelings of individual vengeance provoked by his outrages. A rationalistic, and not perhaps the less rational, attempt to explain how it came to pass that a tyrant of such dimensions, after a tyranny of such duration, managed at the last to die quietly in his bed.

* Justinus, XX. 5.

† Cornel. Nepos, De Regibus, c. ii.

‡ De Naturâ Deorum, III. 33, 81, 85.

§ Grote, XI. 68.

RECENT PROGRESS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA AND VANCOUVER ISLAND.*

THE impressions received of a new country are invariably more or less influenced by the temperament of the individual, and descriptions are in a similar manner affected by the idiosyncracies of persons. The land and climate may be everything that is desirable, but if there is not safe anchorage a sailor will grumble, and portray the country accordingly. The settler complains because the rich soil of centuries of decaying forests require to be cleared before it can be turned to profit, while the successful gold-finder yearns for the comforts of first-rate hostelry. Thus it is that so many contradictory accounts of British Columbia and Vancouver Island have reached this country. It is impossible to say what particular turns of mind will not find to depreciate. Dr. Wood, for example, who has contributed part of the natural history to Commander Mayne's book, describes many varieties of grouse as abounding both on the island and mainland, but they are so tame, he says, as to afford no sport! The blue grouse, for example, which attains the weight of four pounds and a half, may often be seen perched on the topmost branch of some tall pine-tree, from whence he refuses to move for repeated charges from an ordinary fowling-piece. "As," however, the doctor adds, "the country becomes cleared, their habits will probably change, and Vancouver Island will be as noticeable for good sport as Scotland." In the mean time, the hungry colonist or prospector may, perchance, rejoice that the grouse will sit still to be blazed away at. Persons of good sense will know how to estimate these different and contradictory accounts at their just value. There can be no doubt as to the future of British Columbia, albeit persons may starve in attempting to reach that country by the Rocky Mountains; there may be rain and frost, mosquitoes and other tormenting flies, isolation and dearth; there are drawbacks of climate in all countries, and there are always trials in newly colonised and unsettled regions; but to some these very drawbacks constitute part of the zest of enterprise and adventure, and only serve to stimulate to new exertions, and further conquests and successes. Of such a stamp were those, no doubt, who first trod the shores of the Disunited States, or penetrated into the dark pine forests of Canada, and of such a stamp will those be who brave the difficulties of British Columbia, and help to found families that will, possibly, be rolling in wealth when the death-knell of prosperity may have sounded for the old countries. Our particular weakness is impatience to see the land cleared, the inlets navigated, the greedy thirst for gold superseded by the more enduring toils for silver, lead, copper, iron, and other useful metals, known to abound in the rocky districts; the numerous coal mines worked, the traffic in lumber fully opened (a beginning has, we are happy to find, been successfully made), the inland lakes and prairies settled, the ports filled with shipping, the

* *Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island. An Account of their Forests, Rivers, Coasts, Gold Fields, and Resources for Colonisation.* By Commander R. C. Mayne, R.N., F.R.G.S. Murray.

overland route carried out, and the fertile valley of the Saskatchewan, or Bow River, converted into a line of prosperous stages and halts on the highway from the Atlantic and the Pacific—a line which our children will live to see traversed from one end to the other by iron rails.

In the mean time the manifest advantages held out to colonisation by these new regions, and the movement to which the discovery of gold imparted a sudden and adventitious impulse, has been sufficient to excite not only the rivalry of individuals, but also of nations; and we are indebted to the overbearing cupidity of the Yankees, in attempting to establish their claim to San Juan Island by force, for the exploratory expedition of her Majesty's ship *Plumper*, Captain G. H. Richards, the Arctic explorer, in command, Commander R. C. Mayne happily acting as lieutenant. We say happily, for he has been at the trouble of placing the vast amount of new and valuable information, obtained by the new surveys effected, within the reach of all. New inlets vying in interest, and possibly of greater future importance than those of Norway, have been discovered, both on the island, and especially on its western coast, previously supposed to be one long line of black, repulsive volcanic cliffs; and on the mainland, where these deep inlets now open the shortest roads to the interior. Dean Inlet, for example, to Fraser Fort, and Fort St. James, in New Caledonia; Salmon or Belhoola Islet to the Cariboo diggings, far up in the interior; Butte Inlet to Alexandria and the Upper Fraser; Jervis Inlet and Howe Sound to Cayoosh, or Lillooet—the probable future capital of the country.

Entering the Strait of Juan de Fuca, which separates Vancouver Island from Washington, and which is from eleven to thirteen miles in width, densely wooded hills rise gradually to a considerable height on the shore of the island to the north; while on the southern, or American shore, the rugged outline of the Olympian range of snow-clad mountains, varying in elevation from four to seven thousand feet, and in breaks of which peeps of beautiful country may be seen, extend for many miles. The Strait may be said to terminate at the Race Islands, as it there opens into a large expanse of water, which forms a playground for the tides and currents, hitherto pent up among the islands in the comparatively narrow limits and the Gulf of Georgia, to frolic in. Off Neah Bay is a fishery, much frequented by the Indians, of halibut, cod, and other fish, which will, no doubt, Commander Mayne says, prove a source of considerable profit to the colony. It was, he adds, some time doubted by the governor and others, whether the true cod was to be caught on this bank; but "some years later, when we were here with the *Escaut*, we settled this in the affirmative, beyond a doubt."

Eight miles north of the Race Islands, in the harbour of Esquimalt, and three miles northward of that, lies Victoria, the capital of Vancouver Island, and the present seat of government for both that colony and British Columbia. As a harbour, Esquimalt is by far the best in the southern part of the island. We have upon a previous occasion animadverted upon the neglect which this admirable harbour has met with at the hands of government. Commander Mayne joins in the same recrimination. Each new admiral, he says, that is appointed to the North Pacific station, appears to be more and more impressed with the evident value and importance of Esquimalt as a naval station. "Had a floating dock

been built here it would by this time have more than paid for its construction, and we should not be dependent, as we are now, upon the American dock at Mare Island, San Francisco, for the repair of our ships of war. Considering, indeed, the uncertain state of our relations with the Disunited States, and more especially with California, such a state of things is more than disgraceful. Had war—which was at one time imminent, whilst this very survey was going on—broken out, the services of the *Hecate*, a powerful steamer, would have been lost to the country, from the absence of all means of repairing her.

Esquimalt has seen, and is still likely to see, many startling changes. Commander Mayne first made its acquaintance in 1849, when the *Inconstant* used to fire shot and shell as they liked about the harbour, and send parties ashore to cut as much wood as they needed. Now the said shore was occupied by rows of respectable, well-kept buildings, with pleasant gardens in front of them; the growth of the present town of Esquimalt is even of still more recent date. It sprang into existence whilst the survey was going on. "Nine years back we had to scramble from the ship's boat on to the most convenient rock: now Jones's landing-place received us; and in the stead of forcing a path over the rocks and through the bush to the Victoria Inlet, whence, if a native should happen to be lounging about in the Indian village of the Songhies, and should see us or hear our shouts and bring a canoe over we might hope to reach Victoria, a broad carriage-road, not of the best, perhaps, and a serviceable bridge, were found connecting Esquimalt Harbour with Victoria."

When Victoria was founded, no one ever dreamt then of the mineral wealth of the valleys that sloped from the Rocky Mountains to the sea, or that in a few years cities would spring up upon shores almost unknown to the civilised world. But, long before the present rush of immigrants to these regions, Victoria, as a port, had been virtually superseded by the adjacent and admirable harbour of Esquimalt. Very possibly, Commander Mayne observes, could the future have been foreseen, Victoria would not have been selected as the chief commercial port of Vancouver Island. But the selection has been made, the town is built, or building, the commerce already attracted. The fact must be regarded as accomplished beyond the possibility of change, and the only thing that can now be done is to connect it with the harbour of Esquimalt, towards which task the natural formation of the country lends itself admirably. But local jealousies unfortunately interpose here. The landholders of Victoria, believing that the elevation of Esquimalt into the harbour of the colony would lower the value of their property, persistently oppose the project of facilitating the connexion of the two. Time will do justice to such a selfish spirit of opposition to an irresistible progress.

The first and most important thing to be done on arriving was, after the determination of the exact spot where the boundary-line of 49 deg. north latitude met the sea, to settle the channel by which it was intended, by the treaty of 1844, that the boundary-line should pass to the Strait of Fuca. The point where this line came down to the sea, in Semiahmoo Bay, was found to differ only eight feet from that fixed upon by the American commissioners. Thence the *Plumper* proceeded to Nanaimo to coal. Commander Mayne says of this place, which has now passed

out of the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company into that of an enterprising British company, that with a more liberal outlay of capital, under judicious and enterprising management, it might drive a very flourishing trade at home and with California, where coal might be delivered at twelve to fifteen dollars a ton, which would be almost as desirable as the Welsh coal, which is seldom below twenty dollars, and sometimes fetches as much as thirty dollars a ton. "For domestic consumption, and for use in the factories," he adds, "I believe the coal of Nanaimo to be almost equal to that brought at such an immense expense and labour from the Welsh mines. Indeed, when I happened to be at San Francisco, I was informed by one of the leading iron-manufacturers there that they preferred mixing Nanaimo with Welsh coal when they were able to obtain it."

The whole of the summer of 1858 was taken up with making an accurate chart of all the disputed islands and channels, the first of which are all included in the Haro Archipelago. The treaty of 1844 appears to have been made under the impression that there was only one channel between Vancouver Island and the continent, and in ignorance that any islands existed there at all. Practically, at that time there was only one channel, for the *eastern*, or Canal de Rosario, was the only one about which anything was known, and had been used by all the navigators who had entered the Gulf of Georgia. Yet when the foundation of Victoria led to the use of the western channel, or Canal de Haro, the Yankees wished to carry the line, which was, by the treaty, to continue to "the centre of the Gulf of Georgia, and thence southward, through the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver Island, to the Straits of Juan de Fuca," along the *western* channel, thus giving to them the whole of the archipelago which lay east of that channel!

Commander Mayne says that his official position in the survey precludes his entering into a discussion which is as unsettled now as it was then; but he says quite enough for any person of common sense to form an opinion upon the matter, supposing the facts as above stated not to be as conclusive to some minds as they are to ours. Which was the channel known and in use at the time of the treaty? Undoubtedly the eastern, and that was therefore "the channel" meant. The distance between this eastern channel and the westerly, which came afterwards into use, is about twenty miles, full of islands, varying in size from ten or twelve miles long, to a mere heap of trap with two or three pines upon them. The generality of these islands are, indeed, covered with pine-trees to the water's edge, through which knobs of trap show in places. The central and disputed group consists of the three important islands—San Juan, Orcas, and Lopez—and about thirty smaller ones. Of these, Orcas, the most northern, is the largest, and contains the finest harbours. It is mountainous, and in most parts thickly wooded, although in the valleys there is much land available for farming. On the east side of the island Mount Constitution rises nearly five thousand feet, and is a very conspicuous object from all parts of the Gulf of Georgia. Deer also abound more in Orcas than in any other of the islands.

San Juan, the best known by name, and in size the second of these islands, is eleven miles long, by an average of three miles wide. There is more land available for agriculture here than on any other of the group; and of this the Hudson

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Bay Company took advantage some years ago, and established a sheep-farm upon it. This farm has ever since its establishment been in charge of Mr. Griffin, a gentleman whose kindness and hospitality render him every one's friend. It is situated on a beautiful prairie at the south-east end of the island, which, rising one hundred and forty feet above the water, looks most attractive to the emigrant passing onward towards the Fraser. I have never seen wild flowers elsewhere grow with the beauty and luxuriance they possess here. Perhaps I cannot illustrate the attractions of San Juan better than by saying it was the spot selected by his excellency the governor's daughter and niece in which to spend their honeymoon.

At one time the Company had as many as three thousand sheep on the island. Mr. Griffin's house is very pleasantly situated, looking out on the Straits of Fuca, and commanding a magnificent view of Admiralty Inlet. Directly in front of it lies a bank, which is a very favourite fishing station of the Indians, and where they catch a large number of salmon and halibut. This spot was, in 1859, the scene of a murder, which excited no little speculation, that will probably never be satisfied in this world.

Mr. Griffin told the story thus: He was sitting in his balcony one summer afternoon watching a vessel working her way up the Strait, when he saw two boats, each containing one man, pull past in the direction of Victoria. He was rather surprised at seeing them thus single-handed, but at that time, when the gold-fever was raging fiercely, every sort of boat was employed to cross the Strait, and he concluded that they were two Americans, making their way from Bellingham Bay to Victoria. They had hardly rounded the point, just beyond the farm, and passed out of his sight, when a small canoe with a single Indian shot past in the same direction. There was nothing in all this to attract particular notice, and Mr. Griffin was surprised when, an hour or so later, two boats, which he at once recognised as those that had so lately passed, drifted into view, floating back, to all appearance, empty. A canoe was at once sent out to them, when one was found empty, and in the other lay the body of a white man, shot, but not pillaged, even the provisions that were in his boat being untouched. Who shall say who his murderer was? Had his white companion shot him, landed, and pushed off his boat?—for, except in the boat in which the murdered man lay, not a drop of blood could be seen—or had the Indian killed him, and had his companion, on seeing the fatal shot fired, leaped overboard and been drowned? If so, it was in revenge, for nothing was taken from the boats; perhaps in performance of that duty which is still considered "sacred"—if one may use the word—among the Indians, of taking a life for a life.

San Juan Island is the only one of the whole group worth anything for purposes of colonisation, while it only contains a few thousand acres of good land. To allege, therefore, Commander Mayne pertinently remarks, that an island of such paltry extent is of any real value in this respect, either to a country possessing the adjacent island of Vancouver and territory of British Columbia, or still more to one possessing the hundreds of miles of fertile prairie in Washington Territory, Oregon, and California, is manifestly absurd. A study of the chart, however, will show quite clearly why the country that holds Vancouver Island and British Columbia must also hold San Juan Island, or give up the right of way to her own possessions. It will be seen at once that the party that holds this island commands the canal of Haro. The narrowest part of the channel from shore to shore is five miles. This distance from San Juan can certainly be kept by steamers, but they must be thoroughly

acquainted with the navigation to do so, as they must pass inside several reefs, and west of Sydney Island. To go up the centre of the channel—as big ships should do—San Juan must be passed at two miles' distance; so must Henry and Stuart Islands also, both of which would belong to the nation holding the east side of the canal of Haro.

“San Juan can be of no use to any country but Great Britain, except for *offensive* purposes; and, on the other hand, it cannot be of any use to her but for *defensive* purposes, as its eastern shore in no way controls or affects the Rosario Strait, from the western side of which it is eight miles distant at the nearest point, with Lopez Island between.”

The same argument might be used against our holding possession of the islands which form the western side of the Rosario Strait, but here Nature befriends us; for, during our survey, we found there was a middle channel passing eastwards of San Juan, and a small island north of it, called “Waldron Island,” which channel, though not so wide as either of the others, is quite safe for steam navigation. A boundary-line, therefore, passing down the middle channel would give to the nations on either side a road to their dominions perfectly free of interruption, and well out of shot of each other, for some years to come at least; and this certainly appears the simplest and best solution of the difficulty.

The alternative is good in a strategic point of view, but it is not flattering to a just sense of right. The Yankees possess all the vast mainland south of San Juan de Fuca Strait and of the forty-ninth parallel, of which as yet mere fragments, of the most limited extent, are under cultivation, or in any way turned to profit; and it is only a few years ago that Washington and Oregon Territories were ceded to a grasping and overbearing policy; yet they must now claim such portions of the archipelago in the Gulf of Georgia as command the passage between the harbour and capital of Vancouver Island and British Columbia, and that not for defensive purposes, for the Yankees have as yet no possessions on the shore of Washington Territory that would be worth attacking if any one should dream of such folly; nor yet for the value of the island, which is almost null, and certainly not to be compared with the mainland, but only for *offensive* purposes in the two senses of the word. This is not conduct worthy of a great power; it is a grasping, officious, and unprincipled system of proceeding, which will one day lead to the same reprisals on the part of the nations of the north as they grow up in number and prosperity, as it has done in the south, where the French eagles have planted themselves with the avowed purpose of controlling the utter disregard shown by the blustering advocates of the Monroe doctrine to the feelings, interests, or rights of the rest of the human family.

The *Plumper* remained exploring the Haro Archipelago till the 16th of May, and, on its return to Esquimalt, its crew found themselves in the midst of the gold-fever. Everything was bustle and movement. Many, Commander Mayne tells us, must have lost their lives attempting to cross from Victoria to the Fraser in boats and canoes, and many from exposure, want, and hard living at the mines. But even these were few in comparison to the hundreds lost in trying to cross the continent to California in 1849, whose bones are now bleaching in the Sierra Nevada. Although there was no revenue for the purpose, save the license for mining, the governor set to work opening up a route to the upper country, by which

the miners might journey with comparative safety, and supplies be conveyed to them. This route has been since known as the Harrison-Lilloett trail. The difficulties of the work, we are told, can scarcely be estimated by any one who has not seen British Columbian bush. "Cities" sprang up at the same time in Washington Territory, consisting of a liquor-store, a post-office, and two or three huts at Semiahmoo and Point Roberts. These "Bogus" cities, as the more staid Yankees call them, are to be found all over their country, and many of them, to use their own phrase, "cave in;" and this was soon the fate of Roberts and Semiahmoo cities, for in less than six months they were deserted.

The governor of British Columbia appears to have been a man quite up to the mark at such a crisis. Few, indeed, could have been more so. A blustering Yankee went to him one day with the notion of bullying him, and began by asking permission for a number of citizens of the Dis- united States to settle on some particular spots of land. They would be required, he was informed, to take the oath of allegiance.

"Well," said he, "but suppose we came there and squatted?"

"You would be turned off."

"But if several hundred came prepared to resist, what would you do?"

"We should cut them to mincemeat, Mr. ———; we should cut them to mincemeat."

The story is not only good in itself, but it also shows the *animus* by which the Yankees are actuated in America. They think anything can be done by force, and that all that is done by force is justifiable. Her Majesty's government has been too considerate to press the San Juan question while the States have been embarrassed by domestic broils, but it is probable that if they had settled the question, Yankee-fashion, we should have heard nothing more about it.

Winter brought with it an exodus of the mining population to California. Those who remained at the mines, and braved a British Columbian winter, had much to suffer, and many privations to undergo. It was at one time, indeed, feared that the whole inland population would be starved outright. The report of disturbances at Yale, ninety miles up the Fraser, took Commander Mayne up that river in a canoe in the month of January. These disturbances were fomented by a Yankee of a very characteristic type—a man who had been a judge in California, had himself murdered many men, and has since been elected to the House of Representatives of one of the border states that lie east of the Rocky Mountains.

It was at this epoch that Colonel Moody, R.E., chief commissioner of lands and works, selected New Westminster, or Queenborough, as it was first called, for the capital of British Columbia—it having been decided that Derby, or New Langley, the spot first selected, was not desirable. The site of New Westminster is, we are told, so far as its geographical position is concerned, very good indeed, as it is also in a strategical point of view; but the bush there is very thick, while at Derby there was a large space of clear ground. It has many natural advantages, however, in which Derby is wanting, not the least being sufficient depth of water to allow the largest class of vessels capable of passing the sand-heads at the Fraser mouth to moor alongside of its wharves.

In the spring of 1859 a new difficulty arose from the immigration of the Northern Indians, a much finer and more warlike race than the Songhies, the tribe living at and in the neighbourhood of Victoria, or, indeed, than any of the Southern tribes. These Indians were quiet enough when sober, but they got drunk, whenever they had a chance, upon the produce of the sale of furs and skins, and then became quite unmanageable. They were all armed, having had to travel among hostile tribes. At first an attempt was made to send them back, but this having been found to be impracticable, they were settled in camps of their own, their muskets were taken away, a school was built for them, which was well attended, and they passed the summer quietly enough.

Commander Mayne was employed in the spring of 1859 on a survey of the Fraser River, the sand-bank at the entrance of which is called the Sturgeon Bank, from the number of those fish caught by the Indians upon it. The navigation at the entrance presents, however, no difficulties like the Columbia, and it is not uncommon to hear a settler of British Columbia, between which and Vancouver Island much rivalry already exists, make the assertion that the sole use evidently intended by nature for that island was to form a breakwater for the Fraser River and the other inlets of the mainland! The banks of the river for some seventy miles from its mouth are in places low, and liable to being flooded in the spring and summer. They are, however, very fertile, and a great deal of fine hay is sent hence to Victoria for forage. At New Westminster the bank rises, and forms an admirable position for the new town. Mary Hill, upon which it is proposed to plant the citadel, rises some three or four hundred feet. The town had already a thriving aspect. A church had been built, together with a treasury and a court-house. Its streets boasted also of two or three very fair "restaurants," some good wharves and stores, and several private houses. But, as Commander Mayne remarks, if, as seems most probable, the tide of colonisation continues to flow northward, and a route to the mines should be discovered up and from the head of one of the numerous inlets north of the Fraser, New Westminster may never repay the labour that has already been spent upon it. This, however, may be open to doubt, for supposing the future population to concentrate upon some more central spot, as Lilloett, New Westminster might still remain the port of the country. Fifteen miles higher up is Langley, where the steamers from Victoria are stopped by the shallowness of the river, and their cargoes, human and material, transferred to the stern-wheel steamers and the boats and canoes, which from this point do battle with the swift, uncertain stream, rendered a hundred times more difficult of navigation by the numerous snags.

At a distance of sixty-five miles from the mouth of the Fraser the Harrison river is reached, up which runs the Harrison-Lilloett route, which has now become the principal road to the inland settlements. The journey is accomplished first by steamer up the Harrison River and Lake to Port Douglas, thence by a broad waggon-road to Port Lilloett, a station at the south end of Lilloett Lake. From Lilloett, the lake affords a means of transport to Pemberton, whence another road is opened to the south-west end of Lake Anderson, which is almost connected with Seton, a lake of similar size, from the upper end of which the route to Cayoosh, or Lilloett, upon the Fraser, is only three or four miles. By this route

the dangers of the Fraser above Yale are avoided, and a distance of some one hundred and twenty miles of the most perilous travelling saved.

Hope, which is at the end of the steam navigation in the Fraser, is perhaps the prettiest town on the river. Indeed, until Cayoosh, or, as it is now called, Lilloett, is reached, there is no other settlement that will bear comparison with it. Yale, fifteen miles above Hope, is at the head of canoe or boat, as Hope is of the steam navigation. Above it are the rapids, known as the "Canons." These "Canons," of which there are two between Yale and Lytton, are narrow passes, through which the river forces its way between steep, in some cases perpendicular, banks, from three or four hundred to one thousand feet high. Miners will dare anything; and when Governor Douglas was at Yale, in 1859, he saw a man who had actually come down through the "Canons" lashed on to a large log of timber! The trails which lead alongside of these Canons are sometimes stopped by bulging and overhanging cliffs, the trail coming up to them on one side, and continuing again on the other. The difficulty is, of course, to pass the intervening space. This is managed by the Indians thus: they suspend three poles by native rope, made of deer-hide and fibre, from the top of the cliff, the inner end of the first and third resting on the trail, and the middle one crossing them in the front of the bluff. Of course there is nothing to lay hold of, and the only way is for the traveller to stretch out his arms and clasp the rock as much as possible, keeping his face close against it; if he gets dizzy, or makes a false step, the pole will, of course, swing away, and he will topple over into the torrent, which rolls hundreds of feet beneath! The landlips in the mountain crevices are also very dangerous. The Bishop of Columbia has, however, travelled in person by this perilous route. A road has since been begun from Hope to Boston Bar, at the mouth of the Anderson River, and forty miles above Yale, which will avoid the "Canons" altogether. At Boston Bar the Fraser valley opens out a little, and between it and Lytton several flats occur, which will some day, no doubt, be converted into pretty little farms. These flats, or benches, as they are called, are all covered with a long, sweet grass, of which cattle and horses are exceedingly fond, and which has a wonderful effect in fattening them.

Lytton consisted, at this epoch, of an irregular row of some dozen wooden huts, a drinking-saloon, an express-office, a large court-house, and two little buildings near the river. Commander Mayne turned off from this point up the Thompson River, by a succession of valleys sufficiently clear of timber to make settling easy, well watered, and covered with long, sweet grass. The scenery presented by this river and the Nicola is described as being most lovely, and as presenting a remarkable contrast with the coast, lined as it is with dense, almost impenetrable, forests. Here, also, they first met with the mounted Indians of the interior, who were very friendly. A small chain of lakes stretched from the Nicola to the Thompson River, which they joined at Kamloops, one of the forts of the Hudson Bay Company. The party started hence for Pavillon, on the Fraser, accompanied by St. Paul, the old chief of the Shuswap Indians. They had to ford several rapid rivers, and just before reaching Pavillon came to a small river which joins the Fraser some twenty miles above Lytton, the valley of which has become the high road

from Lytton to the Cariboo diggings. Near Pavillon Lake was a farm—the first that they had seen ploughed in British Columbia; the land was good, and the owners—Yankoes, by-the-by—were chiefly occupied in growing vegetables for the miners. Pavillon—so called from a large white flag having been kept flying there, after the fashion of the Indians; over the grave of one of their chiefs—consisted at that time of a score or so of miners' huts, but it has since become a much more important place, forming a sort of head-quarters for the miners and the mule-trains, who, from Pavillon, branch north and south to the diggings at Alexandria, Cariboo, and Kamloops. At Pavillon, as at Lytton, the travellers were much tormented by the dust.

The party returned hence by the Harrison-Lilloett route to the mouth of the Fraser. The first station met with was Fountain, a much prettier site than Pavillon, and sheltered by the river-bend from the gusty north and south winds, which were so uncomfortable both at Lytton and Pavillon. Beyond this was a river, over which two enterprising "citizens" had constructed a bridge, for crossing which they charged the miners twenty-five cents. Sharp practice in a new country!

Lilloett, below this, is described as a very pretty site; decidedly the best, Commander Mayne says, that he saw on the Fraser River. It has now grown into a somewhat important town. On the opposite side of the river is another large plateau, on which the Hudson Bay Company were building a fort, to be named Fort Berens, after one of their directors. Hence there are "restaurants" on the trail down. The places so designated are simply huts, where the traveller can obtain a meal of bacon, beans, bread, salt butter, and tea and coffee for a dollar; while if he has no tent with him, he can select the softest plank in the floor to sleep on. At those on the Lower Fraser, sometimes eggs, beef, and vegetables can be got. In the Lilloett valley, the level spots were covered with wild peas, vetches, lettuce, and several sorts of berries. Several agricultural settlers were already there, and it is described as a lovely spot for settlement. Port Pemberton consisted at this time of a couple of "restaurants" and half a dozen huts, occupied by muleteers and boatmen. Eight miles from Port Lilloett is a hot spring, called St Agnes's Well, after one of the governor's daughters. The scenery on the Harrison Lake is described as much finer than on the upper lakes, and here were also many splendid cedars of the country, so called, as also in Japan, but in neither country are there true cedars. On the 19th of June the party rejoined the *Plumper* at Esquimalt.

It was at this epoch that, while the boundary commissioners were hard at their work, General Harney, who had lately been appointed to the command of Oregon and Washington Territories, suddenly landed soldiers on San Juan Island without any previous notice, and who still remain there. The island being at present held by equal bodies of troops (about one hundred men of each nation) of Great Britain and America. A greater and more uncalled-for insult to another nation's honour can scarcely be imagined. If the Yankoes wish to act by reason, the difficulty might be submitted to arbitration; if they wish simply to establish their right by force, it will undoubtedly lead some day or other to an arbitrament of a more disagreeable character, and for which British Columbia and Vancouver are scarcely well prepared; but neither are the

Yankees in that remote quarter. There are, as we have before endeavoured to make clear, three channels: that of Rosario Strait (most in use, and "the channel" *par éminence*) to the east; Haro Strait, with a devious course, between Moresby and Stuart Islands; and Middle or Douglas Channel. It would be better, then, to make the boundary-line course along the middle of the latter, which gives all the large islands to the Yankees, with the exception of San Juan, than to fight about such unimportant territories, the possession of which has been disputed in so truly a Yankee fashion.

The inlets which stretch inland at comparatively small intervals along the coast of British Columbia possess certain general characteristics. They run up between steep mountains three or four thousand feet in height; the water is deep, and anchorages far from plentiful; while they terminate, almost without exception, in valleys—occasionally large and wide, at other times mere gorges—through which one or more rivers struggle into the sea. Burrard Inlet, the most southerly, is, however, remarkable for its good anchorage and for its coal mines. When the Fraser is frozen up, the only access to British Columbia is by Port Moody, in this inlet, and which is only five miles from New Westminster. A right to construct a direct road to Alexandria by Bute Inlet has also been conceded to a company. Two other routes have been proposed from Belhoola Inlet; but, considering the probable extension of the Cariboo diggings northward to the Peace River, Commander Mayne thinks that the line of route proposed by other adventurers, running from Dean's Canal to the Nachuten Lakes, and along the river of the same name to Fort Fraser, will still bear off the palm, particularly if, as is very probable, Stuart River be found navigable for steamers from that place to Fort George, where it meets the Fraser. In the summer of 1859, Mr. Downie explored a still more northward route from Port Essington, but this route is so far north as to be unavailable for the greater part of the year. Port Essington is not a lucky name in the history of colonisation.

The *Plumper* received so much damage in these various and laborious surveys, that she was obliged to go to San Francisco in the spring of 1860 to refit, the British having, as we have before seen, no docks or repairing place in all Vancouver or British Columbia, the shores of which are covered with forest timber! This accomplished, the remainder of the summer was devoted to the survey of the north-east of Vancouver Island, and of Fort Rupert and Queen Charlotte Sound. There is more variety than would be imagined in the details of these surveys—overland expeditions to Nanaimo, ascents of mountains, shooting elk (*wapiti*) and deer, and, not least remarkable, the account of the earnest labours and successes of the Roman Catholic missionaries among the Indians. After an overland journey to Pemberton, during which they were nearly devoured by mosquitoes, the *Plumper* was joined by the *Alert* and *Termagant* in her labours.

The year 1861 opened by the crew of the *Plumper* being turned over to the *Hecate*, newly arrived, and in which they proceeded to explore the west coast, including Nootka, Barclay, and Clayoquot Sounds. These sounds are of the utmost importance, opening as they do a way to the interior of Vancouver Island, in a coast previously supposed to be iron-bound and unapproachable. Barclay Sound is, like all the sounds of the

west coast of Vancouver Island, subdivided into several smaller sounds or arms, some of which are very curious, running in a straight line, or very nearly so, five or six miles, between mountains three to four thousand feet high, with a breadth in many places of not more than fifty yards, and yet thirty or forty fathoms deep up to the head, which is invariably flat, with a river running through it. This surpasses anything yet met with even in Norway, the land of fiords and inlets, and holds out great promises to the future. Already a settlement called Alberni has sprung up at the head of this remarkable inlet, in which both coal and limestone are met with. Previous to the discovery of the latter, the colonists were dependent on clam-shells for lime. The soil is also very rich, and the timber magnificent—the Douglas pine, growing to an enormous size, and the white pine, oak, and yellow cypress also abounding. Alberni itself is reached by a natural canal, twenty miles long, which opens out into a large harbour. It is utterly impossible, indeed, to describe all the natural advantages of these different places. Those interested must go to the fountain-head—the excellent work of Commander Mayne. A tract of country has been granted in this sound to the Saw-mill Company, who are carrying on a brisk trade in spars and lumber with America, China, and Australia. It was here that the flagstaff which is erected in Kew Gardens was cut.

On the 15th of August, the *Hecate* had the misfortune to run upon the rocks, in making the Strait of Fuca, in a dense fog; but was luckily got off only with such damage as to necessitate the usual expedition to San Francisco—a cruise which, in as far as Commander Mayne was concerned, he having received the welcome news of his promotion in Clayoquot Sound, terminated in Southampton docks. In summing up the resources of her Majesty's dominions in the Pacific, Commander Mayne begins by disposing of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose pretensions to any further tenure of such vast and important territories he says should be rightly unheeded. That a waggon-road will some day be carried over the passes of the Rocky Mountains that lie beyond the Red River Settlement, and between that point and British Columbia, he entertains no doubt, and it may, he says, indeed be, that before long the whistle of the locomotive will be heard among them.

Besides gold, silver, lead, copper, iron, and plumbago have also been met with. Coal, we have seen, abounds in various places. The natural resources of British Columbia are, however, such as to give to it the greatest importance, quite independent of its mineral wealth. After the Cascade, or coast range of hills, all forest-clad down to the shores, are passed, and from Lytton upwards, the country assumes an entirely different aspect from that of the coast. The dense pine forests cease, and the land becomes open, clear, and in the spring and summer-time covered with bunch-grass, which affords excellent grazing for cattle. Several farms are now established in different parts of this upper and interior country. The position of the Cariboo diggings will soon lead to its settlement, as well as hasten the opening of a feasible road across the Rocky Mountains. Land may now be obtained in British Columbia, under the enactments of the new pre-emption system, readily, and at a very low rate, in those parts of the country as yet unsurveyed; which include, indeed, all but that immediately surrounding the settlements.

An intending settler has merely to fix upon the site of his farm, and give such a description of its locality and boundaries as he is able to the nearest magistrate, paying, at the same time, a fee of eight shillings for its registration. These regulations extend, however, to one hundred and sixty acres only. A settler desiring to pre-empt a larger quantity than that, must pay down an instalment of 2s. 1d. per acre. This payment entitles him to possession of the land until it is surveyed by the government, when the full value at which it may be assessed—which cannot, however, exceed 4s. 2d. an acre—becomes payable. In speaking of the resources of these colonies, the immense supplies of timber, fish, and game of many kinds, must not be omitted or lost sight of. There are also many wild fruits and edible roots and plants. Hops grow very well, and a species of tobacco and tea are indigenous in British Columbia, and are in common use among the natives. A more self-sufficing country it is difficult to imagine.

Lastly, the numerous tribes of natives are, thanks to the discriminating conduct of the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies, friendly and well disposed. The missions among them have hitherto been most successful. Upon this subject we find the following interesting remarks made by Mr. Duncan, the most successful of all the missionaries: "During my conversation with Captain Richards, he said the business he had just had with the Indians convinced him that it was not our ships of war that were wanted up the coast, but missionaries. The Indian's ignorance of our power, and strong confidence in his own, in addition to his natural savage temper, render him unfit to be dealt with at present by stern and unyielding men of war, unless his destruction be contemplated, which of course is not. 'Then,' asked the captain, 'why do not more men come out, since your mission has been so successful? or, if the missionary societies cannot afford them, why does not government send out fifty, and place them up the coast at once? Surely it would not be difficult to find fifty good men in England willing to engage in such a work? And their expenses would be almost nothing compared with the cost which the country must sustain to subdue the Indians by force of arms!' Such are the earnest sentiments of one of her Majesty's naval captains while among the Indians." "And such," says Commander Mayne, "I may add, are the sentiments of myself—in common, I believe, with all my brother-officers—after nearly five years' constant and close intercourse with the natives of Vancouver Island and the coast of British Columbia.

ASCENT OF MONTE ROSA IN 1862.

BY A PRIVATE OF THE 38TH MIDDLESEX (ARTISTS).

LEAVING Courmayeur in a voiture we proceeded to Aosta (my second visit), where I again inspected the Roman antiquities, the bridge, the triumphal arch, amphitheatre, &c., all very interesting; but not being now the object of my mission, we passed on to Chatillon, where, leaving the voiture; I took to a mule, half way up the Val Tournanche, to a village bearing that name, and lunched at the little inn of Monte Rosa, kept by an old soldier, who deserves every encouragement, as he supplies all one's wants at moderate charges, and with great good will. I said a word or two in his favour in his "*Livre des Etrangers*," with which he seemed highly pleased, but it was no more than he deserved.

Soon after quitting this spot we passed a remarkable cascade, which found its way through a deep chasm in the rocks, truly a scene of savage grandeur, and reminding me of many a similar sheet of water in dear old Norway.

From the village of Val Tournanche I walked to Breuil, where I passed a few hours of the night, intending to leave before daybreak to cross the pass of the Col de St. Théodule. At the little inn at Breuil, surrounded by lofty mountains, conspicuous above all of which is the seemingly inaccessible Matterhorn, raising its defiant head unlike any other mountain, I fell in with Professor Tyndall, who was nevertheless about to attempt the ascent. It was late in the evening when he entered the *salle à manger* (if I may dignify the apartment by that name), and deeply interested as I was with his conversation about the glaciers, would have gladly sat up the greater part of the night with him. As it was, however, I took an abrupt departure at nine P.M., intending to rise at one A.M., and breakfast at two, which gave me four hours rest out of the four-and-twenty, which intention I carried into effect, starting ere break of day with three young men (brothers) from Wadham College, Oxford, who, with their guide, were bound for Zermatt by the St. Théodule. From what I had read of this pass in Murray—viz. "that it is the easiest of the high glacier passes of the Alps,"—"when the snow is firm mules are taken across," I thought I was about to have an easy, agreeable little tramp over the summit, which is nearly eleven thousand feet above the sea-level. But I found myself mistaken, as we had to flounder through the snow knee-deep, and to pass two or three rather ugly places, which Professor Tyndall the previous night cautioned us that we should find. As for any four-footed beast crossing it in its present state—even a chamois—I should doubt the possibility, and should strongly advise any one proposing to escort ladies across, to make inquiries first as to the condition of the Pass. How any female could have crossed it in its present state I am at a loss to conceive. After passing the summit, we were frequently sinking up to our thighs in snow. If this wading through the soft snow was anything but pleasant, I must not omit to say that the first part of the ascent on terra firma (from Breuil) was most charming and attractive.

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We started in the dark, or nearly so. There was no moon, but the stars were out, and as they began gradually to fade away, the morning star still shone bright, and the dawn of day was most lovely, with its exquisite roseate tints lighting up the snowy peaks of the mountains which surrounded us. I never saw anywhere, in any part of Europe, nor on any mountain-side, hill, or dale, so great a variety and wonderful profusion of the most beautiful wild flowers. It might well be called a carpet, and that, too, of the most lovely mixture of colours.

On the summit of the St. Théodule is a little hut, in which one or two men pass a few weeks during the summer months, and where we got some mulled wine, which was most acceptable. It was a beautiful day, and the Breithorn, glistening in sunshine with its sparkling ice and snow, looked most inviting.

Three hours was all that would be required to make the ascent from this point. There was, moreover, the inducement of accompanying three "fine young English gentlemen, all of the present time;" highly educated, agreeable, good humoured, and with any amount of pluck, but, alas! I failed in the latter to-day. I had been ill at Aosta, probably from the sudden change of climate, for there is a vast difference of climate on one side of Mont Blanc and on the other, and particularly so from the glacier to the valley, and having been only four hours in bed at Breuil, I voted the Breithorn a bore, and declined the pressing invitation of my young friends. They were novices in the work, and seemed rather surprised at my suggesting that they should mount veils, and more so when I recommended them to grease their faces with a tallow-candle. The latter they declined to do upon any terms, but they got some kind of makeshift for the veils. Away they started with their guides, all tied together with the rope, and it was a pretty sight to watch them as they progressed, getting smaller and smaller, and looking like little black specks in the snow on the side of the mountain. After resting a short while on the summit of the St. Théodule, I proceeded with my guide, and arrived at an early hour in the afternoon at Zermatt, delighted beyond measure with the one grand feature of the route, the noble, lofty peaked Matterhorn, that majestic mountain and mass of rock, so angular and so precipitous that the snow cannot lodge long upon it, and envelop it, as it does on nearly all the other mountain peaks which surround it, and which shows its bold, uncovered head in a most remarkable and, as I have said, defiant manner. Professor Tyndall, however, will, I think, accomplish the ascent next season; bad weather frustrated him this last summer. He made the attempt the same day that I ascended Monte Rosa, on which occasion I noticed how the clouds clung like a belt round the Matterhorn all the day, the top, however, being generally entirely clear. I nevertheless doubted his success.

Zermatt itself is disappointing, and but for the Matterhorn would have little to interest me. The Riffelberg is the point of attraction. At Zermatt, however, I remained the night, and passed the following day (Sunday).

A friend of mine, a member of the Alpine Club, and a private of the 21st Middlesex (Civil Service), Lord Bury's corps, who made the ascent of Monte Rosa in 1859 (and from whose journal I shall hereafter quote), gives so clear an account of the formation of glaciers that I cannot do

better than insert it here for the information of my readers, as it is the best and most concise of any I have read :

“ Where a glacier is much below the snow-line its surface will be clear ice, free from all overlying snow, which is melted by the summer sun and mild showers. Accordingly, its actual surface is exposed, its cracks and inequalities, its crevasses and its dangers, are open to the view, and if but moderately level there is no better or safer walking.

“ If, however, the traveller ascends to higher levels and altitudes, he will find the surface of the glacier changed in its aspect. He will now find it entirely covered with snow (this, in the technical language, is called the *nevé*); and although it looks beautifully smooth, and much easier than its rougher but more honest face lower down, it is here that there are those dangerous hidden crevasses that have of late given to glaciers so bad a name. Under this crust of snow lurk exactly the same crevasses as show themselves openly in the lower portion of the glacier. In its crisp, frozen state in the early morning, the bridges of snow over the deep cold gulfs offer a firm and secure footing, and scarcely show the print of the nails that stamp a foothold upon them. But a few short hours afterwards, however, under the influence of a summer sun, they will crumble like dust under the pedestrian's weight, and but for the indispensable rope (to be tied securely round the waists of all, guides especially), he would be precipitated down the cold, blue, icy abyss some sixty, hundred, or more feet down ; from which, as experience has now but too often shown us, no one must look again to emerge alive. Such was the unhappy fate of an English traveller in the Tyrol last September, from the shameful ignorance and neglect of his guide ; and the year before, on the Fendelen glacier, near Monte Rosa, where a Russian gentleman perished yet more miserably, after several hours of peculiar agony, wedged in his icy prison. With a good rope, however, good practised guides, and some personal readiness and experience, there is, I believe, no real danger.”

As regards this latter remark, I am sorry that I cannot altogether agree with my friend. I think the danger real unless there are at least five or six attached by the rope ; then, and then only, is the danger reduced to a minimum.

It may be of use to others if I mention what befel the young Oxonians. They made good their ascent of the Breithorn, and arrived five hours after myself at the hotel. I observed that their faces were already much disfigured ; but at night they were all three seized with dreadful pain in the eyes, one of them in perfect agony, so bad that he told his brother that he thought he could not live the night. This young man was next day all but totally blind, the others had their eyesight greatly affected. The landlady was used to this kind of thing, and like the generality of the fair sex, was most kind and attentive and assiduous in her endeavours to afford them relief. Their faces were terribly blotched and disfigured the following day. Two of them soon recovered, but the third was not able to see for two or three days. I have never had a particle of skin off my face, although I have not altogether escaped inflamed eyes.

This “snow blindness” is an extraordinary affection. It requires but an hour or two on the glaciers to produce it. Neutral tinted spectacles

are the best preservative, I believe, but I have never used them, finding the veil sufficient in my case; but as it is necessary to remove this in dangerous places, as it impedes the vision, I have in so doing got my eyes inflamed. Two gentlemen at the Riffel, who had been up the Cima de Jazzi, returned in a similar plight. One of them told me that he could not at first distinguish day from night, but he recovered in a few hours.

It was on a Sunday afternoon, in the summer of 1861, when at Chamonix, that I suddenly resolved to try the ascent of Mont Blanc. It was on a Sunday afternoon at Zermatt, the following year, that, after resting a night there, I suddenly determined upon the ascent of Monte Rosa. Jean Marie Couttet and his nephew, Mark Tiarraz, were most desirous that we should go up by ourselves, unattended by any guide of Zermatt. Couttet had made the ascent once, and was perfectly confident that he could lead me safely to the summit, as he knew the route; but I did not feel myself justified in running the risk, which, if it came on to be bad weather, might (even with the most experienced guide of the locality) be serious enough. To be caught in a thick mist, or in a snow-storm, either on Mont Blanc or on Monte Rosa, or, indeed, upon any of the High Alps, would be a position of extreme peril at all times, and one I always shudder to contemplate.

I therefore determined to have one of the best known guides of Zermatt to accompany us, leaving the selection to Couttet.

At four P.M. he came to me to inquire my final determination, "as the weather," he said, "was on the change, and that it was desirable to profit by it, before it broke up." "It's like myself," I remarked, "on the balance, quite unsettled; but engage a first-rate guide that you can depend upon, and in a couple of hours we will start off, to sleep at the Riffel at all events." Shortly afterwards he brought into my apartment one Jean Krönig, whose services I engaged. He must have thought me a man of few words, for I was tired and bored, and was poring over a little book, descriptive of all the horrors of the ascent of Monte Rosa; so I only took a glance at him, and said, "Oh, he'll do, I suppose," or some such curt, uncivil remark.

It took about a couple of hours to ascend the Riffel. We met an Oberland guide coming down, who had accompanied my nephew and myself on a tour in 1860, and we were mutually pleased to greet each other with a hearty shake of the hand.

One gets much attached to these guides when they are men of the right stamp; and they, too, are no less attached to you, and would do anything to serve you. I hold them in the greatest admiration and esteem.

Their humble virtues, hospitable home,
And spirit patient, pious, proud and free :
Their self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts :
Their days of health, and nights of sleep : their toils
By danger dignified, yet guiltless.

I have found them highly intelligent, courageous, devoted, and unselfish, ready to do anything in their power to contribute to one's safety or personal comfort, and to supply you with all the information in their power, and to meet your wishes in every way. And yet, some men

will tell you that they "have found guides an encumbrance rather than an assistance." They must have had some of the worst, I should think, and if so, they would indeed be an encumbrance. A traveller cannot be too careful in selecting his guides, if he means to do work. There are men of all sorts among them—some perfect rubbish, worse than useless, "an encumbrance" truly! Happily, I have escaped them, but good guides are beyond all praise.

Arriving in the evening at the little *châlet* on the Riffel, I obtained a comfortable meal, and retired to bed at nine P.M., intending to take three hours' rest, to rise at twelve o'clock, and start punctually at one A.M. But owing to Couttet being obliged to sleep in an adjoining house, and not being able to rouse the inmates and gain admittance, it was near two A.M. when he tramped into my room, and three o'clock before we were able to get fairly off on our errand. The delay of these two hours was a serious loss to us, and greatly prolonged our ascent of Monte Rosa, as will be seen in the narrative, adding not a little, too, to our labour in making good our return. Perhaps, however, it was the means of saving our necks in descending the Riffelberg to the glacier, the path being narrow and precipitous, and there was no lantern forthcoming at the *châlet* to guide us in the dark.

Fortunately the day was beginning to dawn; it only required a little caution. But I would here advise all travellers to provide themselves at Zermatt with this very necessary article; that is to say, if they follow my advice, and start at midnight, or as soon after as possible, which would be the best way, though not the usual one, I believe, in making the ascent.

Leaving the Riffelhorn, a very remarkable rock (of extraordinary shape), on our right, our party, consisting of Jean Marie Couttet, Jean Krönig, Mark Tiarraz, and myself, reached the Gorner Glacier at the foot of the Riffelberg without any dislocated limbs, and, at this early hour of the morning, found it hard frozen; but there were occasional treacherous spots, where the thin coating of ice gave way and soused one's feet into pools of water. This should be most studiously avoided. To start with wet feet might end in their being frostbitten, and if bad weather set in they would most assuredly become so. Many such casualties have occurred on the High Alps. My shoes (like my face) were so well greased, and came so much above the ankle, with the tongue stitched to the sides of the shoe, that, happily, I sprung no leak, and suffered from no excoriation of visage.

"If you want a thing well done, do it yourself," is a good maxim. I generally greased my own shoes. In early life, "*nolens volens*," I had to grease many a cricket-ball, so, as we never forget any accomplishment we acquire in our youth, I found the greasing of shoes quite a natural occupation. As regards the greasing of the face with tallow, it requires, I admit, a strong mind; but I take to it kindly, as most men of sense would do when recommended by the faculty to swallow a black dose. Touching a tallow-candle, however, I must not mislead any one. I met a gentleman who had made the ascent of Monte Rosa just before myself, whose face was something the colour of a boiled lobster; but when I descanted on the merits of a dip, by which he might have preserved his beauty, he told me that nothing could be more dangerous, as it was no-

torious that arsenic was often mixed with the tallow to make it white, and that if it got into the system, it would be certain death. On naming this to Couttet, he said that "they did not know of such things here." The arts and sciences have not yet reached them. Poor benighted mortals! living on pure unadulterated food, when will the light of civilisation dawn upon you all!

As the study of the glaciers is one of deeper interest, however, than the study of defrauding your neighbour, even in the matter of a tallow-candle, I will now call the attention of my reader to a somewhat remarkable formation on the Glacier du Gorner Grat, which lies at the foot of Monte Rosa; I allude to what, for want of a name, I shall call the "Slab Structure." I do not find, nor does my memory serve me to have read, any allusion to it in the works of Agassiz (who made the glaciers of Monte Rosa his particular study), nor in those of Professors Forbes, Tyndall, or Wills, or other eminent men, although I think that they must have noticed it.

I found the whole surface of that portion of the Gorner Grat, which lies immediately at the foot of Monte Rosa, studded with innumerable slabs of ice, varying from six or eight inches in height, to twelve or eighteen, with *vertical sides facing due north*, and rising above the level surface of the glacier like so many tablets, which, with the light upon them, presented a very singular appearance, like a vast burial-ground; they were rounded off on the obverse side, and, in point of fact, were sections of cones, which, as every one knows, are common to all glaciers. In front of these tablets I found, without a single exception, a small reservoir, or basin of water in the ice, all partaking of one form, viz. the segment of a circle, at the bottom of which was a deposit of grit. The formation struck me as singular, being wholly unlike anything that I had ever observed on other glaciers, upon which for the last three years I had passed the summers, making them my study. Not being able to account for the formation, nor why the vertical sides of these semi-cones, with the basin at their foot, should invariably face *due north*, I merely call attention to the fact in the hope that others will take notice of it, and enlighten me upon the subject. Some of our small drinking-fountains placed against the wall of a building will convey some notion of the ice structure I allude to. I never saw a precisely similar formation on any of the glaciers I have visited.

Of all these there is not one, not even excepting the turnpike-road over the Mer de Glace from Chamounix by the Mauvais Pas to the Chapeau, which is so easily traversed as the Gorner Grat. It appeared to me, as I crossed it at this early hour of morning, to be entirely free from crevasses.

Viewed from the glacier, Monte Rosa is visible (as Professor Tyndall says) "from top to bottom." There it stands directly in front of you, and so deceived is the eye, that you think it can be but a small matter to reach its summit. Surrounded by gigantic mountains of snow and ice, there is no standard of comparison; but if St. Paul's stood at its foot, or one of the great Pyramids, it would not, I take it, appear quite so easy of access as it does, and would prepare the aspirant for a more difficult enterprise than he perhaps had contemplated.

The ascent of Monte Rosa commences directly from the glacier. We

climbed up some smooth polished rocks on to the snow, and soon afterwards reached some other rocks, after which our entire ascent was up the snow-fields. As on Mont Blanc so on Monte Rosa, there is a "grand plateau;" the latter, however, though a grand and comparatively level piece of snow, is quite insignificant as compared with the far-famed plateau of Mont Blanc, where I first found my respiration affected in ascending that mountain.

Here I did not suffer at all, and only in a modified degree afterwards, just enough to be disagreeable, as on the Col du Géant, but not to impede my progress, as it did on Mont Blanc. The sensation, however, was of a precisely similar character.

One of my guides, Jean Krönig, of Zermatt, suffered awfully in the head, and was constantly calling out. By way of cure (on our descent) he repeatedly placed large masses of snow or ice on the top of his felt "wide-awake," which, being soft and pliable, retained it in a cup. "O ma tête, ma tête," he would exclaim in great suffering, as he occasionally halted. This terrible kind of brow ague attacked all the guides on my ascent of Mont Blanc, but, strange to say, I felt nothing of it on either occasion.

From the grand plateau it is a continual ascent up the snow-slope. We were all attached to the rope, and it was necessary to cut steps in the ice occasionally, as it was hard frozen, and the footing insecure.

During my ascent of Monte Rosa I repeatedly looked back upon the Matterhorn, and thought of Professor Tyndall's bold attempt. The clouds clung all round it, as I have said, about two-thirds of the way up, and I feared that he had lost all chance of success this year, as afterwards proved to be the case. The Lyskamm and the whole of the connecting range were entirely free from clouds, but as we ascended, all mountains beyond were obscured, except the summit of Mont Blanc, which for ten minutes or more rose most majestically above the clouds, towering above the Lyskamm, and apparently just over it, though some thirty miles off at least.

I have often thought, even at Chamounix, that one realises the stupendous height of Mont Blanc much more when its summit only is seen rising in its majestic grandeur above the clouds.

The principal difficulty in the ascent of Monte Rosa is in the last portion of it—that part which is sometimes called the cone. It consists first of an exceedingly precipitous snow-slope, which can only be ascended by breasting it. To do this, it is of course necessary to cut steps in the ice all the way up. At the foot of this is a level spot of ice, where the guides leave what little provision they may have brought thus far, and where we all took a little repast. How different from the ascent of Mont Blanc, where we took nothing, and could not have eaten it if we had! Even the rope and bâtons were here deposited, and we had nothing but our ice-axes, which were also left when the rocks were reached, all of us being prepared for a stiff climb with hands and feet. The last step out in the ice brought us on to the Arête. I found it to be like walking on the ridge of a very steeply pitched church roof, with a smooth precipice of ice slanting off almost vertically on one side, many hundred feet below, while on the other was a sheer descent into a fearful abyss.

The space on which we walked was not, as I found it, more than the width of a good sized plank.

Mr. Wills has most accurately described it in his work, "The Eagle's Nest, and Excursions among the great Glaciers." "In many places," he says, "at a couple of feet to our left, all was hard as ice and *smooth as glass*" (this is *literally* as I found it). "To our right was a few inches width of snow, and then a rocky precipice. The precipice was sometimes absolutely perpendicular, and of course quite bare of snow, and for scores of feet marked by the sheer descent, sometimes merely so steep as to be the next thing to perpendicular. Nowhere, however, could we see more than a dozen feet down the wall of rock, and then the next object was the glacier, a good thousand feet beneath. We trudged slowly up the snow," he continues, "for the ridge was very steep. I measured it in descending, and found the angle thirty-six degrees, and there was no room to zig-zag. At length the snow ended, and we took to a narrow ledge of rocks. The description usually given is literally true. It was in no place more than three feet wide, in many places not a third of that width. On the right is a precipice, on the left a bank of snow, so steep as to be just as bad."

Safely passing the Arête, some protruding rocks are reached, round which we dodged, sometimes on one side of this frightful precipice, sometimes on the other, and so sharply cut out in parts, that a mere twist of the body brought you from one side to the other—in our case, from summer to winter, for the sun had been shining on the rocks, which were agreeably warm to the touch on one side, and icy cold on the other, so much so as instantaneously to benumb the fingers. After a little more climbing and holding grimly on to the rocks, we had the great gratification of reaching the Höchste Spitze of Monte Rosa, where I hoisted my colours—my blue veil—holding it extended in my hands in a strong breeze, having left my flagstaff (my bâton) below.

I confess it was with no small delight that I found myself now standing on the second highest mountain in Europe, at an elevation of 15,284 feet above the level of the sea, being less than five hundred feet lower than Mont Blanc.* Having, on my return last year, been elected a member of the Alpine Club, in consequence of my ascent of Mont Blanc and other glaciers, the satisfaction was thereby increased.

My friend, to whose successful ascent of Monte Rosa I have previously alluded, thus accurately describes in his private journal the last climb, which makes the accomplishment so difficult and trying:

"We left, on a small level part of the snow, the knapsacks and remaining bottles and provisions, and got into our rope harness. We had a good English rope, which we had brought with us, some seventy-five feet long. This was fastened securely round each of us, with a firm knot under the left arm. First went one guide with a hatchet, then my companion, then our chief guide with crampions on his feet, then myself, and the rear was brought up by our third and youngest guide. In this order we climbed yet a little farther, and, turning to our left, were at once introduced to the real difficulties which make Monte Rosa so

* Tyndall.

striking a day's walk, and which, for a long period, made the highest peak to be deemed inaccessible. The route here rises so steeply that it is necessary to cut steps in the ice, all the way, with the hatchet, and at the same time to keep on the verge of the tremendous precipice, which goes sheer down, some fifteen hundred feet, to a glacier below, in order to get the advantage of a little loose snow and level path, some foot or foot and a half broad; whilst on the left is a steep slope of hard ice, so steep that, when once launched on its surface, there could be no stop, and the lower end of it lost in rocks or crevasses. In short, here commenced a very remarkable walk, of nearly two hours, along an exceedingly narrow ridge, steeply inclined, of alternately rocks and intervals of snow: these latter often barely one foot wide, with, on one side, a drop of some thousand or fifteen hundred feet, sheer down on to lower glaciers, and on the other, though perhaps less awful, quite as dangerous an ice-slope.

"I will not for one moment disguise the truth; I was exceedingly struck with the prospect. In fact, I was decidedly startled at the route which thus lay before me. I had expected some trial to both head and nerves; but the reality exceeded expectation, and my first impression was that the undertaking was far beyond me.

"I, however, braced myself up for the task, determined, if possible, not to add cowardice to rashness, and taking a deliberate look down the abysses, right and left, so as thoroughly to take in all their features, and remove any subsequent longing to take a furtive glance when it were better not to do so, I gave my undivided attention to the path we had to follow. Slowly and cautiously we crept over or round the sharp ridges of rocks, or intervening spaces of snow. In many of the worst places, but one of the five moved at a time, so that the rope held by those who had a firm footing, and were stationary, gave considerable confidence to the one in action. Still much caution and steadiness is of course required in this portion of the route. It is extraordinary, however, how soon after the first necessary effort, steadiness of head, nerves, and muscles may be commanded. The snow intervals, with the fearful depth on each side, were to me by far the most trying; but the rocks are more disliked by others. Going over a ridge is not so difficult; but worming round some projecting corner with the whole body actually overhanging the precipice, and feeling for a hold with hands and feet in the sharp angular inequalities on the rock, turning a corner which cannot well be craned round for personal inspection, clinging all the time to the face of the cold damp stone, is thought by some to be the worst bits. I, however, always think it a great point to get a firm hold with the hands, and therefore much preferred the rocks to the ice.

"Such is the upper or finishing touch of the route of Monte Rosa," says my friend, from whose manuscript I have, with his kind permission, been making extracts—his description being extremely accurate. "Slowly and cautiously," he continues, "we wound our way to what appeared to be the actual summit. That point attained, however, we found a considerable and precipitous descent in the rock, which we got down one by one; then another and a final ice-ridge, inclining steeply upwards; and at last the actual peak, which is reached by an all but

perpendicular climb up many feet of rough weather-split rock, in a kind of natural cleft, where the lower man's hands follow close upon his predecessor's feet: and a striking effect it was in perspective for myself, looking up at my three singularly fore-shortened comrades, one above the other, right overhead. About two hours are required for the whole of this ridge, or *Arête* as it is called, of Monte Rosa, which time is quite out of proportion to the ascent in feet, or actual distance gone over; but it is impossible to go very quick, and the various ascents give, I believe, little variation in the time occupied in this portion.

"A sharp scramble up the final rocks, and we were at last on the 'Aller Höchste Spitze' of Monte Rosa!"

I have alluded to the gathering clouds which surrounded the Matterhorn, and excluded from our view the intervening snowy peaks beyond the Monte Rosa range, the summit of Mont Blanc being alone visible for about ten minutes, as I have stated, and showing out beautifully.

This will prepare my readers for the disappointment of seeing nothing but a thick seething caldron of clouds below us to the westward. The magnificent panorama described so well by Alfred Wills was lost to us, just as the no less grand panorama seen by me from the summit of Mont Blanc was lost to him on his ascent.

However, we consoled ourselves with the uninterrupted view of the Monte Rosa range, which is very superb. After we had been about a quarter of an hour on the summit, up came some of the clouds, and assailed us roughly with a pelting shower of hail, or fine icy particles, which stung the face sharply.

As there was no prospect of any improvement in the weather, but a certainty of its becoming worse, and as it is no joke to be caught in bad weather on the summit of Monte Rosa, we unanimously agreed with Falstaff that, on some occasions at least, "discretion is the better part of valour;" so, after partaking of some strongly diluted cognac, and drinking the health of the fair lady who gave me my colours, we beat a retreat, not, however, without obtaining a trophy. We found in a bottle a card left by Professor Tyndall on the occasion of his first ascent, which I brought away, and have had framed, as a certificate of my own ascent, as no register is kept at the Riffel or at Zermatt. It contains these few words:

John Tyndall.

Christian Lauener.

10th August, 1858.

Sun and Cloud. Water boils 184 deg., 92 Fahr.

I value it greatly. Of course I replaced it by my own, and shall be very much pleased if any one brings it back to me. I also brought a fragment of rock from the very *summit*, on which it has been truly said not more than two persons can stand together. The first successful ascent of Monte Rosa was made only seven years ago, while Mont Blanc has been assailed these eighty years.

For my own part, I found no difficulty whatever in retracing our steps, either through the rocks which crop out of the ice and snow, or by the steps cut in the steep side which we had breasted on our ascent, and

which elicited from Jean Krönig the remark that I had marched across the Arête "comme un soldat"—a greater compliment than which, as a private of the 38th Artists, he could not of course have paid me!

Any one by proper and judicious training might, I imagine, be equally cool and collected, but Jean Krönig asserted, and I do not doubt the truth of his statement, that he had experienced the greatest difficulty and danger in ascending the cone with men who, losing all nerve, have trembled from head to foot. No man ought to attempt it who is apt to turn giddy. It is more difficult, I think, than anything encountered in the ascent of Mont Blanc, but the latter is infinitely more trying, and requires an amount of endurance far beyond that of Monte Rosa. I would rather make six ascents of Monte Rosa than one of Mont Blanc, granting me the same circumstances attending my ascent.

The distressing sensations were in so modified a form as scarcely to deserve notice. On Mont Blanc they are terrible to most people. In bad weather on Monte Rosa they might perhaps be the same. The cold is at times quite as intense, and the liability to be frostbitten of course the same under such circumstances. Mr. Wills suffered much; so did my friend. "After a quarter of an hour on the summit, I began," he says, "to feel very cold, for a high wind was blowing up there, and the thermometer stood at only 24 deg., which is at any time a low temperature for sitting in *al fresco*." His beard and moustache had been long frozen, and very heavy from pendant icicles, his teeth began to chatter, and altogether he was not sorry when they rearranged the preparations for their descent. Happily for me the cold was not very great, and I found two pair of socks sufficient for the feet, with extra under clothing, viz. two pair of flannel waistcoats and two pair of drawers, the guide carrying an overcoat in case of need. My beard, too, was not frozen as on Mont Blanc.

My descent of Monte Rosa was not marked by any particular incident, further than that I twice lost my footing (which I prided myself on not having done even once on Mont Blanc).

The snow was hard and slippery, and we were obliged to keep to the steps we had cut in ascending. I think the nails in my shoes were worn flat. I fell, and was held by the rope, or should have slid down about a thousand yards. So slippery was the snow, that I could get no hold to raise myself, but that the guides assisted me. No sooner was I on my legs, than after going a few paces I was down again, and hung by the rope a second time, rendering it hopeless to proceed. I suggested whether we might venture upon a glissade. The chief guide assented. We all seated ourselves one behind the other. Watching the steady course of my bâton descending induced me to believe that it was the best mode of progress. Away we all went, straight as an arrow, and soon found ourselves upon a more easy and gradual descent. We shortly came to soft snow, and afterwards to a more slushy substance. I here regained my alpenstock.

The afternoon sun, notwithstanding the clouds which encircled the mountain, had produced its effect. For two mortal hours or more we floundered through the snow knee-deep, and not unfrequently up to our thighs, while some of us would plunge in to the waist. On one occasion

I thought my friend Mark would vanish altogether, for he got well-nigh up to his armpits. We were none of us roped together. What footing he had, I know not, but his ever merry countenance indicated no alarm on his part. I need scarcely say this was killing kind of work, and that it greatly retarded our arrival at the Riffel; but we all took to it cheerily, and stuck to it right manfully. *Nulla dies sine limine.*

Poor Jean Krönig continued his exclamations, "O! ma tête! ma tête;" but as we approached the rocks above the Gorner Grat Glacier, and sat down to an agreeable repast, and to a bottle of bon vin—viz. a bottle of St. George—Krönig all at once got rid of his headache, and shook the ice from the top of his wide-awake. All our difficulties were fairly at an end. We recrossed the Glacier du Gorner Grat, and saw a lot of people on the Gorner watching our return. After an absence of seventeen hours we arrived at the chalet on the Riffel at eight p.m. I did not feel much fatigued, and, after enjoying a quiet supper in my own apartment, retired to roost.

The following day I took it easy, ascending only the Gorner Grat and scanning our route up Monte Rosa; and in the afternoon descended to Zermatt with my young friends, the Oxonians, who had come up to the Riffel to look at Monte Rosa, and who were not a little surprised to find that I had left my card on the summit, for I had not informed them that I had even contemplated paying this visit. The next day I walked from Zermatt to Viège (or Vispe), through the fine wild valley of Zermatt and St. Nicolai. It is a stiffish walk, but it was my last, as I proceeded by carriage to Siou, and by rail to Martigny.

And now farewell, gentle reader! and if you ever visit the High Alps, may you witness the glorious scenes which it has been my good fortune to do, and may you pass safely through them; but let me urge you to take every possible precaution in your power, and not to place too much reliance upon those who tell you that there is little or no risk. I have incurred enough to justify me in saying that there is great risk, and should you find it so, and "come to grief," neither you nor your friends can blame me for *underrating* it, at all events. On the other hand, should you happily incur none, and think that I have *overrated* the danger, there will be no harm done to any one.

Remember, too, to be prepared for the cold. Couttet tells me that two of the guides who were with him when Captain Forbes ascended Mont Blanc in 1858 were frostbitten, and both are since dead—but that the temperature on that occasion was higher than it was when he went up with me in 1861—"the degree of cold being then more terrible than he had ever experienced."

LORD STANHOPE'S MISCELLANIES.*

SOME men can make everything they say agreeable, and everything they write interesting. Lord Stanhope is an instance. We do not pretend to speak of him in private intercourse. In public we have listened to him with pleasure. And as a writer he comes distinctly under our description. His "Life of Condé," while it satisfies the scholar, is read by all classes with the same interest as Southey's "Life of Nelson;" and we know that many have gone through his "Life of Pitt" (though it is in four volumes, and extends to seventeen hundred and eighty pages) with as much avidity as if it had been a popular novel.

Even his latest publication, small as it is in size, cannot be said to be

Of slender volume, and of small account.

If it only consists of a hundred and twenty pages, there is not one of them that does not contain something curious in itself, or curiously illustrative. It commences with some interesting letters of Pitt, which the possessors of his "Life" will regret had not formed part of its appendices. They may possibly appear in future editions. The first (which we consider as, perhaps, the best specimen of the great statesman's letter-writing that we possess) is to the Duke of Rutland upon the "Irish propositions" brought forward in 1785. Lord Stanhope had already shown us with what anxiety they were regarded both by Pitt and by the nobleman whom he addressed as a colleague and a friend. To himself their rejection was "a deep disappointment, a bitter mortification." It has been said by Lord Macaulay that he was "the first English minister who formed great designs for the benefit of Ireland." He had applied himself for almost a twelvemonth to their details, and, instead of attaining his object, the jealousy of both nations was excited afresh, and his own popularity for a time declined. His attempt to give freedom to the trade with Ireland was much like the attempt to give political liberty to the Neapolitans. The Irish could not then appreciate it, and even for our own mercantile classes the statesman was immeasurably in advance of his age. After a second letter on the same subject, we have others on the "Irish appointments of 1794-5." They refer to the appointment of Lord Fitzwilliam as Lord-Lieutenant, and to his strange disregard of every arrangement that had been entered into upon his taking office. Few men were so unselfish on these occasions as Mr. Pitt himself. "The task on our hands," he wrote to his colleague, Lord Westmoreland, "is difficult enough for all our joint efforts; and every sentiment of jealousy or resentment ought to be lost in a sense of its importance and urgency." If every man could thus think and feel, government would become an easy task. A republic would be as practicable, even for England, as a constitutional monarchy, and one half of our existing laws might be abolished. In the poet's single aphorism, that "we are *selfish* men," lie

* Miscellanies: Collected and Edited by Earl Stanhope. Murray. 1863.

all the difficulties in the way of purer and more rational institutions than we are ever likely to possess.

The next of the *Miscellanies*, in point of interest, are the letters which show the estimation in which Mr. Pitt was held by those with whom he came into contact in daily and constant intercourse. The foibles of a hero can as little be concealed from his valet, as the disposition of a statesman from his private secretary. They must be adepts in dissimulation who can avoid the scrutiny of either. Mr. Pitt inspired the men who thus came near him with a feeling of regard that lasted during more than the usual period of human life. Mr. Adams, who died last year at Sydenham, at a very advanced age, wrote to Lord Stanhope only two months previous: "In thinking of him, I am too apt to dwell less upon the loftier qualities of his mind, and upon the great objects to which they were successfully directed, than upon the milder virtues of his delightful disposition, and his unvarying kindness of heart; which so much endeared him to all those who knew him well, and inspired them with the warmest feelings of attachment." And he again writes: "He was surely a man whom it was quite impossible to know without loving him. During his last administration—forsaken by old friends, which he bitterly felt; with declining health, and almost the whole weight of the government upon his own shoulders—so delightful was his temper that with all my shortcomings no harsh word or look ever escaped him, but all towards me was kindness and indulgence."

There was nothing in which the nobler qualities of his disposition were more strikingly shown than in his anxiety to obtain an adequate provision for the declining years of Burke. The great orator had often been his opponent; sometimes, as in the debates on the King's first illness, he had opposed him bitterly; but Mr. Pitt's only feeling towards his rival was to secure him the reward which his public services for thirty years deserved. In the present volume we have a copy of the "Memorandum" in which he himself set them forth. He urges his claim upon the ground of labours in parliament unrecompensed by admission to power; upon the difference in this respect between his own position and that of Barré, or of Dunning, or of Lord Auckland; and upon the losses necessarily attendant upon that "neglect of a man's private affairs," which is the inevitable consequence of an engrossing devotion to public life. The pension granted to him was sufficient for all the wants that he had then to satisfy. His letters acknowledging it have a melancholy interest. He had once had higher views. He was to have been raised to the peerage, with an adequate provision to sustain his rank. "Already" (Lord Stanhope tells us*) "was the title chosen as Lord Beaconsfield. Already was the patent preparing. Just then it pleased Almighty God to strike the old man to the very earth by the untimely death of his beloved son, his only child. There ended Burke's whole share of earthly happiness. There ended all his dreams of earthly grandeur." His proudest hopes "lay buried in the grave."

Two pages of the volume are next occupied with the origin and etymology of the "Martello Towers," a mode of defence considered, at

* Life of Pitt, vol. ii. p. 244.

one time, as second only to our navy. We are indebted to Sir George Lewis for the explanation. When piracy (he writes to Lord Stanhope) was common in the Mediterranean, the Italians built watch-towers near the sea, and gave warning of the approach of a pirate by striking on a bell with a hammer (Martello). "Hence these towers were called *Torri da Martello*;" and his lordship finds this explanation confirmed by passages in Ariosto; of which we may quote the following:

E la campana martellando tocca
Onde il soccorso vien subito al porto.
(*Orlando*, canto x. stanza 51.)

Sir John Harrington does not seem to have understood the passage in its peculiar significance, when he translated it

For straight a watchman standing in a tower,
So high that all the hills and shore was under,
Did ring the larum-bell that present houre
He saw her fleet though distant farre asunder.
(Ed. 1607, p. 76.)

Instead of *ring* it should have been "hammering *strike* the bell." We have not Stewart Rose's translation by us.

Following this is a letter from Sir John Moore to Lady Hester Stanhope, dated November 23, 1808; about six weeks before the battle of Corunna. It is in every way of value; and its closing sentence is touchingly connected with his fate.

"Farewell," he writes, "my dear Lady Hester: if I extricate myself and those with me from our present difficulties, and if I can beat the French, I shall return to you with satisfaction; but if not, it will be better that I should never quit Spain." We well remember seeing part of the wreck of his army arrive in England. How changed from the "good spirits" and "appearance" which he describes in his letter! and yet some of them were still as gay as if only returning from a review.

Amongst the most important of the correspondence preserved by Lord Stanhope are several letters by the late Sir Robert Peel. One of them, addressed to Lord Harrowby, immediately previous to the passing of the Reform Act, expresses an opinion that it would be better to compel the government to resort to the *coup d'état* of a fresh creation of peers rather than that the House of Lords should yield, against its conviction, on the second reading of the bill. This was in his days of high conservatism. "The nature of popular concessions, their tendency to propagate the necessity for further and more extensive compliances;" the loss of "all reverence and care for remaining institutions;" and an "appetite whetted for a further feast at the expense of the Church or the Monarchy," were dangers that he afterwards regarded with less of fear. His masterly defence (at the request of Lord Stanhope) of the character of Sir Robert Walpole is a valuable paper, and written with a clearness and impartiality that show no ordinary talent for historical composition.

We have next some still more valuable communications from the Duke of Wellington. First a comparison between his own position—its advantages and difficulties—and that of the Duke of Marlborough, whom he considers as "the greatest man that ever appeared at the head of a

British army." He, at the same time, sends to Lord Stanhope a letter preserved in the French *Dépôt général de la Guerre*, which shows that, in 1674, the young Churchill had applied for a commission as colonel of infantry in the army of Louis XIV.; and, in a memorandum on the Moscow Retreat, he gives an opinion "that the loss of the French army under Napoleon would have been accelerated, more disastrous and disgraceful, if the season had been wet instead of having been frosty." "In truth," he adds, "the army could not in that case have moved at all in the state to which all its animals were reduced at the time."

From these we turn to lighter subjects: to inquiries not altogether useless, as to the origin of the red uniforms of our soldiers, and the blue and buff of the Whigs. Lord Stanhope (then Lord Mahon) writes to Macaulay, "'Pray when was the British army for the first time clothed in red?' was the inquiry addressed to me yesterday by no less a person than the Duke of Wellington." Lord Mahon thought in the time of Charles the Second. The Duke thought it was earlier; "that Monk's troops, for example, were *Redcoats*." Macaulay says the Duke was right. The army of the Commonwealth wore red: and he quotes *Hudibras* in proof.

The uniform of the Whigs is not so easily accounted for. It was supposed, by some, to have been copied from the army of Washington; but Mr. Jared Sparks says that, on the contrary, the Revolutionists, as was much more probable, borrowed it from the Whigs. Others have traced it to a mixture of the Tory blue with the orange of William III.; and Lord Sidney Osborne thinks that the political followers of the Duke of Richmond adopted it from the uniform of the Goodwood Hunt, and that it thus became the distinguishing dress of his nephew, Charles Fox. Like many party distinctions, however, its origin cannot be very distinctly traced.

Out of consideration for the intellectual character of fallen royalty, we leave the verses by the Pretender unnoticed.

There is a short and very characteristic letter from Lord Macaulay, written on his return from his last tour in Italy; and the volume finishes with a discussion and correspondence between Sir Robert Peel, Macaulay, Lord Mahon, and Hallam, as to the question, "Were human sacrifices in use among the Romans?" Sir Robert Peel (with a knowledge of authorities that seems marvellous) rather leans to the affirmative; and the amount of learning that is brought to bear upon the controversy could have been retained by no ordinary men in the midst of very different, and often harassing, pursuits.

We might have dwelt longer upon Lord Stanhope's volume; but the subjects we have already indicated will sufficiently show that it must be estimated by a higher standard of value than the number of its pages.

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

I.

HOW FREEDOM CAME AT LAST.

WHEN De Vigne went back to the hotel, he found a letter from his steward, asking him to go down to Vigne, where business matters required his absolute and personal attention. He read the letter, put it down, and thought a minute over its contents. Vigne was hateful to him: he had never been there since he had quitted it on that fatal New Year's Day which had bound him to Constance Trefusis. Every association connected with it was one of keen and stinging pain, interwoven as they were with the one great irremediable mistake and misery of his life. One place, indeed, was dear and sacred to him—that one green grave under the shadowy elms, where his mother lay; but even there lingered and haunted bitter regret and vain remorse, since it was his folly, his headstrong and wilful passion, which had sent her there—the mother whom he had loved so tenderly from the early hours when, as a young boy, he had loved to lean against her knee, sitting under the very shadow of those elms that now sheltered her grave under their fostering foliage. Vigne was full of dark and bitter memories to him: he had not visited it now for eleven long years, exiled from his ancestral home by the gaunt spectre of the folly which there had first clung around his life, to bear him such after-fruits of misery. Yet now, whether Alma's love had made life bear a different colouring, he felt a vague wish and longing to see the old home where his careless childhood and his happy youth had passed; the home where so many of his forefathers had lived; the home—nearest and holiest tie of all—the home where his mother had died. Alma would not be in England, whither she was coming with the Molyneux, for two days; if he should go and dwell with her in Italy or Southern France, he wished to see the old elm woods of Vigne before he left the country; he wished to see his mother's grave—his mother, the only woman that had ever loved him purely, devotedly, unselfishly, till Alma, poor child! spent all her wealth of love on him. Something impelled him to go down to Vigne as strongly as he had before loathed even the mention of revisiting it. That day he threw himself into the train, and went down to spend twenty-four hours under that roof where he had once slept the sweet, untroubled, dreamless sleep of childhood ere he knew the bitter sorrow and the delirious joys of manhood. They did not know he was coming, and there was no welcome for him (so best, he could ill have borne it, remembering how he had quitted it); there was only the flag flying from the west turret because he was returned in safety from the Crimea, and the old lodge-keeper's recognition of him as she looked into his face and burst into tears, for

she had worshipped him from his birth (though De Vigne, in his wayward, mischievous, high-spirited, care-for-nothing childhood, must have been a very troublesome divinity), and had never thought to see him again before she laid her aged bones to rest. The old familiar things came with a strange thrill of memory upon him. Every turn of the approach—the shadowy double avenue, with its giant elms swaying their massive boughs backwards and forwards in the sunlight; the great sweep of park and woodland, forest and pasture, stretching away farther than the eye could reach; the clear, sweet ripple of the river, rushing under the hawthorns, white as new-fallen snow; the scamper of the startled hares under the fan-like ferns; the distant belling of the rare red deer, trooping under the arching trees, in the blue distance; the grand front of that magnificent pile that his ancestors had left him in heritage, with its stately terraces and turrets, its stretching lawns and gardens—a home too fair to be deserted by its lord and left to silence and to solitude—a home that should have had revelry in its halls and sweet laughter ringing to its stately roof, and love and joy filling its forsaken chambers with their soft silvery chimes—all came back upon him with a very anguish of memory, such a tightening of the heart, as we feel looking on the face of an old friend long parted, and tracing the difference in him and us since the joyous days of old gone by for ever. He loved the place, for its own sake; he had been proud of it, for its grand beauty and its historic aroma, when he was yet a child, playing light-hearted, free, and careless under the shade of its stately woods. He had loved it until it was cursed with the shadow of his unhappy marriage; till the dark memory of the woman who had taken his name haunted and poisoned the air, and filled every well-remembered scene of his home with the relentless ghost, ever pursuing, never eluded, following in the full glare of a noontide sun, as in the voiceless silence of the midnight hours; the spirit of an error in judgment, repented of, but irremediable: no sin, but what costs us dearer as the world goes—a folly.

That ghost pursued him at each step through all the old familiar scenes. He could not enter the great hall where he had seen her the first night she came to Vigne, standing under the gas glare in her dazzling, voluptuous, but ever coarse beauty, with her scarlet wreath over her raven hair, and her scarlet cloak flung half off from that divine form that had won and tempted his eye-love; he could not mount the wide staircase where he had seen her on his marriage-day, her eyes flashing in triumph under her bridal veil, that diamond ceinture round her waist that was now turned into gold at the Mont de Piété; he could not enter his home, so fair, so stately, with its wide windows opening on to the sloping lawns and sunny woods beyond, that were all, far as the eye could reach, his; the ghost of the Past—the Past which his own madness had made, and no power of his could now unmake—haunted and pursued him too bitterly! Still less could he have entered his mother's room, undisturbed by his order from the day she died; the chamber sacred to the memory of one who had loved him with so rare, so self-denying, so infinitely patient, unwearying, and tender a devotion; the mother whom the fruit of his own headlong madness had slain from the very depth and strength of her love for her wayward and idolised son.

How fair Vigne looked that day, with the sunlight of the budding

summer on its white terraces and green woodlands, all around silent and hushed, save the murmur of the leaves and the soft rush of the river, and the distant belling of the deer that came on the warm, hushed air! It was a strangely sad and silent return—a return for twenty-four hours!—to his noble ancestral home after an absence of nine years. It was not so that the lords of Vigne in bygone time came back to their stately manor after fighting a good fight at Acre or Antioch, Worcester or Edgehill, Blenheim or Ramillies. Alone he turned slowly from the house and walked across the park, leaving the grand old pile behind him standing on its knoll of velvet turf, with its famous elms closing around it, and waving their green tree-tops up to the blue clear heavens above—a home worthy of a royal line, forsaken by its master, and left to hirelings and servants in all its fair and stately beauty—with its legends of honour, and its memories of glory and of greatness. He left the house and walked across the park alone, save an old staghound, well-nigh blind, who had leaped upon him at the first sound of his step, and who now followed him with measured tread across the soft-yielding grass, and under the chequered shade that the great forest-trees of Vigne flung across his path. He walked across the stretching sunlit park, where he had passed so many happy hours as a boy, riding, shooting, fishing, lying under the elm-boughs in the dreamy beauty of such another summer day as this, thinking to himself what a brilliant, glorious, shadowless thing he, De Vigne of Vigne, would make of life when he should grow to man's estate. He walked along, strange commingling thoughts rushing through his brain of his mother, of Constance Trefusis, of Alma Tressillian, of his life, so full as it had been of adventure and excitement, revelry and sport, daring and pleasure—his life so brilliant before that one fatal mistake which marred and darkened it, which now but for that one error would have been so cloudless, crowned as it was with the strong, deep love of manhood, and the passionate devotion, the unswerving fidelity of such a heart as few men win to beat response to theirs. There rose before him the two women who had had so much influence upon his life; the one coarse, insolent, lost to shame, to mercy, and to decency, who had tempted with fifty devils' force in the dark gloom of the Royal Forest, goading him with insult, twitting him with brutal jeer, and luring him to murder; the other delicate, refined, loving, impassioned, with not a thought he might not read in her clear eyes, not a throb of her young heart that did not beat for him, leading him with her soft voice, and her noble trust, and her unselfish love to a higher, fairer, purer life, teaching him faith in human nature. They rose before him as he walked along, cutting the ferns and grasses as he passed, thought, and memory, and passion all at work, his nature as fiery, restless, wayward, impassioned, as when, years before, under the elms of Vigne, he had wooed the milliner of Freston-hills, the scrub and protégée of old Fantyre. He walked on under the great trees that had watched over his race for centuries, bitter thoughts rising in him at every step, and stung to keener pain rather than softened at the knowledge of the warm, loving heart that was so wholly his, and would be his, let him try it how he might, or ask what sacrifice he would; walked on until he came to the low ivy-clad fence which parted the churchyard from the park of Vigne, and there, under the great waving elm-trees, tossing their bows in the summer air, with the lilies and the

purple violets clustering round its pure white stone, he saw his mother's grave, the simple headstone bearing her name, lying in the soft summer sunshine, with the birds singing sweet low requiems around, and the church bells swinging slowly through the air, and the great elm-boughs sighing a *Miserere* for her whose life had been pure as the lilies, and sweet and humble as the violets that clustered round her tomb. And here even the living were forgotten in the memory of the dead, and De Vigne threw himself down beside the grave, calling on her name, as though his voice must waken the woman who had loved his slightest whisper, and never been deaf to any prayer of his. All the love he had borne his mother, all the love she had borne him, rushed upon his mind with an anguish of regret; if he had listened to her counsel, ever gentle, never ill timed or unwise, she might have been now living, and the curse of his marriage would not have been on his life, nor its stain upon his name.

If—ah, *if*! How much of our life hinges upon *if*! She had been very dear to him. The sound of her voice, the tenderness of her smile—the voice that had never spoken harshly to him, that smile that had never failed to welcome him; her gentle nature that his wayward will so often had tried; her unwearying affection, which would so fain have guarded him from every adverse fate; all that had made his mother beloved and reverent and precious to him; all that had made her words have weight with him in his high-spirited, dauntless, self-willed boyhood, when he would listen to no other; all that had made her death a remorse and a regret that a lifetime would not efface—came back upon him in a flood of memories, as he saw the summer sunlight glistening on her grave, and felt the bitterness, the sharpness, the keen, lasting, cruel sorrow of that mystery of Death which wrenches a human life so strangely from those who would so fain hold it back from that dark and ruthless tomb, where no regret, however bitter, can follow to atone for wrong, and no voice, however loved, can hope to waken a response.

The sunshine streamed around him, playing fitfully on the marble as it fell on it through the parted foliage of the overhanging elms. The violets and the lilies of the valley filled the air with their fragrance; the chimes tolled out slowly from the old church tower; all was silent around him, save the carols of the birds and the myriad nameless hushed murmurs and whispers that stir the solitude of a summer's day, with the low and solemn voices of the earth. In the stillness—where no human eyes looked on him—he lay there on the green sods, with the bitterness of a yearning and futile remorse heavy upon him, as he remembered the words of her prophecy, “You will love again, to find the crowning sorrow of your life, or drag another in to share your curse!”

And like the cut of a lancet on fresh-opened wounds fell words spoken beside him:

“You are thinking, Major, of what a mistake you made eleven years ago, and what a fortune you would give to be able to undo it!”

Such an intruder in such a place—coarse insult by his mother's grave—he, who held his dearest friends at a distance from his deeper feelings, to be broken in upon thus rudely by such an intruder! He started up, and swung round to meet his ex-valet, Raymond. A deep flush of anger rose over his face; the man quailed before the fire that flashed from his eyes,

and the chill and bitter fury with which his features seemed to change into the set coldness of stone, as he motioned him away, too low and too contemptible a foe to honour by laying his hand upon him.

"Begone, or your insolence will cost you dear. How dare you, you hound, come before me again."

"Hound! Humph! Wasn't it true what I said, Major?" asked Raymond, with a smile. "Wouldn't you give a good deal to anybody who made a free man of you again?"

Without stopping for a minute to consider what might be the import of his words, stung past endurance by the impudent leer with which the man dared to address him, De Vigne, ever quick to make his muscle do battle for him, and apt to revenge insults as his ancestors had used to do in ages less polite and—perhaps—less cowardly, seized Raymond by his coat-collar—the man's presence was sacrilege beside his mother's grave—lifted him up, and flung him across the fence on to the grass and ferns and wild thyme of the churchyard beyond.

"Learn how I bear insult from curs like you! A month at the treadmill will do you good."

"Bien obligé, monsieur," muttered Raymond, as he gathered himself slowly up from his turfy bed. "Your grasp is no child's play, Major! But listen one moment, sir; do listen. I mean you no insult, by Heaven I don't! I ask, because I can tell you what may be of great importance. If I could make your wife *not* your wife, would you listen to me then, sir?"

Like lightning the blood leapt through his veins at the words "your wife not your wife." The simple thought put suddenly before him brought with it too strong a rush of possible joy, too delicious a vision of what *might be*, for him to hear it calmly or retain his self-possession and reserve!

"Not my wife!" he muttered, his voice hoarse and stifled in its agony of suspense. "Good God! Have you warrant for what you say?"

"Full warrant, Major. I can do for you what no divorce laws can, thanks to the timorous fools that frame them. If those gentlemen were all fettered themselves, they'd make the gate go a little easier to open. I *can* set you free, but how I won't tell you till we come a little to terms."

Free! Not to Bonnevard, pining in the darkness and wretchedness of Chillon, did freedom, even in its simple suggestion, bring such a flood of delirious joy as it brought to him. Free! Great Heaven! the very thought maddened him with eager, impatient, breathless thirst for *certainly*, mingled with the cold, chill, horrible doubt that the man was cheating, misleading, and deceiving him. He sprang over the fence to his side, and seized him in a grasp that he would have vainly striven to shake off.

"Great Heaven! If you have truth in what you say, tell me all—all—at once; do you hear?—all!"

"Gently, gently, Major," said Raymond, wincing under the grasp that held him as firmly as an iron vice, "or I shall have no breath to tell you anything. I can set you free, sir; and I don't wonder you wish to be rid of her! But before I tell you how, you must tell me if you will give me the proper price for information."

De Vigne shook him like a little dog.

"Scoundrel! Do you think I will make a compact with such as you? Out with all you know, and I will reward you for it afterwards; out with it, or if it be a hoax it will be the worse for you!"

"But, Major," persisted the man, halting for breath, "if I tell you all first, what gage have I that you will not act on my information, and never give me a farthing?"

"My word!" gasped De Vigne, hurling the answer down his throat. "Do you think me such another scoundrel as yourself? Speak; do you hear? Is she not my wife?"

"No, Major; because she was mine first!"

"*Yours?* Then——"

"Your marriage is null and void, sir."

De Vigne staggered against the fence, dizzy and blind with the delirium of his sudden liberty, the unloosing of those cruel fetters fastened on him by Church and Law, which had clung to him, festering to his very bone, and bowing him down with their unbearable weight. Free! from the curse that had so long pursued him; free from that hateful tie that had so long made life loathsome to him; free from that she devil who so long had made him shun all of her sex, as men shun poisons they have once imbibed to the ruin of health and strength! Free, his name once more his own, purified from the taint of her claim upon it; free!—his home once more his own, purged from the dark and haunting memories of an irremediable past; free from the bitterness of his own folly, so long repented of in agony and solitude; free to cast from him by law, as he had long done from heart and mind, the woman whom he loathed and hated; free to recompense with honour in the sight of men the strong and faithful love which would have given up all for his sake, and followed him whithersoever he should choose to lead, content if she were by his side to go with him to any fate.

Dizzy and blind and breathless with the strength of the new-born hope, he staggered against the grey and ivy-tangled wall of the church, and forgetful of Raymond's presence, seeing, hearing, heeding nothing, save that one word—free! the blood flowing with fever-heat through all his veins, every nerve in his body throbbing and thrilling with the electric shock.

He covered his eyes with his hand, like a man dazzled with the sudden radiance of a noontide sun. Then he grasped Raymond's arm again.

"Will you swear that?"

"Yes, sir, on the Bible, and before all the courts and judges in the land, if you like."

De Vigne gave one quick, deep sigh, flinging off from him for ever the iron burden of many years.

"Tell me all, then, quick, from beginning to end, and give me all your proofs."

He spoke with all the eager, wayward, restless impatience of his boyhood; the old light gleamed in his eyes, the old music rang in his voice. The chains were struck off; he was free!

"Very well, sir. I must go back a good many years, and make a long story of it. Nineteen years ago—'tisn't pleasant to look back so long, sir—Lucy Davis, the handsome milliner of Frestonhills, was a very dash-

ing-looking girl—as you thought, Major, at that time—and I was twenty-two, always weak where women were concerned, and much more easily taken in than I was when I had seen a little more of human nature. My name was Trefusis, sir, not Raymond at all. I took an *alias* when I entered your service. My father was a Newmarket leg, and he made a good pot of money one way and another; and he had more gentlemen in his power, and more of your peerage swells, sir, under his dirty old thumb, knowing all that he knew, and having done for 'em all that he had done, than you'd believe if I was to swear it to you. He wanted to make a gentleman of me. 'Charlie, my boy,' he used to say, 'with brains and tin you may be as good as them swells any day; they hain't no sort of business to look down on you. I've done dirty work enough to serve them, I reckon.' He wanted to make a gentleman of me, and he gave me a capital education, and more money and fine clothes than any boy in the school. But what's bred in the bone, sir, will come out in the flesh. He went to glory when I was about eighteen, sir, leaving me all his tin to do just whatever I liked with, and not a soul to say me nay. I soon spent it, sir; every stiver was gone in no time. I bought horses, and jewellery, and wine. I betted, I played; in short, I made ducks and drakes with it in a very few years with a lot of idle young dogs like myself; for though the money would have bought me a very good business, or kept me straight if I'd lived closely and quietly, it wasn't enough to dash with as if I'd had a fortune at my fingers' ends, like yours, sir. But I was a weak young fool in those days, specially weak about women; a handsome woman might turn me round her finger just however she chose, and I'd no strength whatever against her. High and low, Major, men are all alike for the beaux yeux. Jimmy Jarvis—you will have heard of him, sir?—Jimmy was going to have a mill with the Brownlow Boy, at Greystone Green (perhaps you remember that's only two miles out of Frestonhills), and I went down with two or three others to see the fight. While I was in Frestonhills, sir, I saw Lucy Davis in the milliner's shop in High-street, and I fell straight in love with her for her great black eyes and her bright carnation colour. I thought I'd never seen anything half so handsome in all my days; and she was a magnificent girl at that time, sir—magnificent without a doubt. If she'd been a duchess's daughter people would have made a fine row about her. I went to church to see her the next day, and bowed to her coming out; and so we got acquainted, sir, and I fell more and more in love, and I wouldn't have stirred from Frestonhills just then to have made my fortune. That was a year after you had left, sir. But I knew nothing about *your* affair, sir, then—trust her!"

(Oh! for the woods of Vigne to hear a valet talk as rival to their lord. Yet in the olden times, in their hot youth and their inflammable passions, I dare say those haughty gentlemen had whispered love-vows to their mother's fair-faced handmaiden, and looked into the soft brown eyes of Sybil, the forest-ranger's daughter, under the cool shadows of those very elms, long midsummers before; for a young man's taste is easily pleased, and, in youth, we ask no more than the bloom on the lip and the tint on the cheek.)

"I was in love with her; I made myself out a gentleman; I talked

grand of marble halls and gorgeous doings, like Claude Melnotte; I bought her presents fit for a countess; I set all my wits to work to win her, and she was a very hard-mouthed, touchy young filly at that time, sir, with a very careful eye to her own interests, and very sure not to do anything till she thought it was for her own advantage. At seventeen, sir, Lucy was a shrewd, calculating, hard-hearted woman of the world, an intrigante to do young fellows by the dozen. Half the women that go to the bad, sir, do it because bad is their bias—because they like vice better than virtue, find it more lucrative, and it pleases their vanity or their avarice. *Love* has very little to do with it, sir; there are bad women as well as bad men, I take it, though the papers and the preachers do term them all innocent angels! Well! I was in love with Lucy, and she thought me a man of fashion and of fortune, and married me; the register is in the church of Frestonhills; you can see it, sir, any day you like. In six months I thought myself a very great fool for having fettered myself—most people think so, sir, some time or other, poor folks even more than rich. Lucy's temper was that of a devil—always had been—and when she found out that all my riches would very soon make themselves wings and flee away, you may suppose it was not softened very much. She helped me to spend my money, sir, for twelve months, leading me about as wretched a life as any woman could lead a man. We lived chiefly abroad, sir, in Paris, and at the German Baths; then the tin was all gone, and Lucy grew a very virago, and, as she had taken me only out of ambition, it was a hard cut to her, I dare say, to find me a mere nobody, with nothing at all to speak of in the way of money, much less of rank. She led me a shocking life, sir. We parted by mutual consent; we could not get on at all, and we hated each other cordially. I left her at Wiesbaden, and went my own ways; she had spent every shilling I had. Some time after I was fool enough to forge a cheque; it was found out, and they shipped me off to the colonies, and Lucy was free of me. Some years after, I learnt what she did with herself; at Wiesbaden old Lady Fantyre was staying, rouging, gambling, and living by her wits, as you know she always has done, sir, ever since anybody can remember her. She saw Lucy at the Kursaal, and Lucy had improved wonderfully in twelve months: she could get up a smattering of things very fast; she could dress well on little or nothing; she had quick wits, and a haughty, defiant, knock-me-down manner that concealed all her ignorance, and carried everything before her. Old Fantyre took a fancy to her; she wanted to have a companion, somebody to make her up well for the evenings, and read her dirty novels to her, and humour her caprices, and amuse the young fellows at her little card-parties while she fleeced them at *écarté* or *vingt-et-un*. Lucy seemed just fit for her place. She didn't know she was married; Lucy made herself out an innocent, unprotected girl, whom you, sir, had deserted in an abominable way, and old Fantyre took her into her service. She thought Lucy's handsome black eyes would draw plenty of greenhorns to her supper-table and her cards, and you know, sir, the cards have always been the old lady's bankers, and very good ones, too, or I mistake. Now, Lucy was an uncommonly clever girl, hard-hearted and sharp-sighted; she humoured the old woman, she made herself necessary to her, she chimed in with all her sayings, she listened

to all her stories, she got into her good graces, and made her do pretty well what she chose. You remember, sir, perhaps, that when you and Lucy parted at Frestonhills she told you she'd be revenged on you. She isn't a woman to *forget*: if a cat scratched her; and she met that cat again ten years afterwards, she'd recognise it, and punish it. She'd kept you steadily in her mind, and meant to pay you off for it one fine day, whenever occasion served. She'd set her heart on punishing you the bitterest way she could, and thought, and planned, and schemed till she'd got it all complete. She told Lady Fantyre about you, and she induced her to think that if she could catch you and marry you, what a capital thing it would be for both of them, and how royally they could help you to spend your fortune.

"I must tell you, Lucy had heard that the government ship that had taken me out to Botany Bay had foundered, and she didn't know that I and a few others had managed to drift in the jolly-boat till an American cruiser picked us up. She thought I was drowned, or else she would have been a vast lot too wide awake to go in for bigamy. Old Fantyre listened, agreed, and took her to England, and introduced her as her niece. There, as you know, sir, you met her, and fell into her toils again. I don't wonder you did not know her; I never should. Years and society and dress, and the education she'd given herself, made such a difference. And how should you think of Lady Fantyre's niece being the same with the milliner girl of Frestonhills High-street? And she was far handsomer then than she had been at sixteen. She caught you, sir—you know how better than I; and at the church her devilish nature came out, and she took the worst revenge she could on you, by proclaiming who she was before all your friends. She knew if you'd only found it out afterwards, you'd have hidden it in your own heart; the world would have been none the wiser, and she'd have been cheated of half her revenge. Four years after you had married her, I came to Europe. I'd been staying in the United States, till I thought all fear of my being recognised for that bygone little affair had blown over; and I went as valet to the Duc de Vermuth. I often wondered what had become of my wife; till one Sunday, when I went to the Pré Catalan, I saw a lady in a carriage, talking and laughing with a number of young fellows round her. She was a remarkably fine-looking woman, and something in her face struck me as like my wife. At that minute she saw me. She turned as white as her rouge would let her, gave a sort of scream, and stared at me. Perhaps she thought she saw my ghost. At any rate, she pulled the check-string, and drove away from me as fast as she could, whether I was in the spirit or the flesh. Of course I didn't let her give me the slip like that. I followed her to a dashing hotel in the Champs Elysées, and just as she stepped on the pavé, after her grand green and gold chasseur, I stepped up to her, and just said, 'Well, old girl, how are you?' Horrible she looked—as if she longed to kill me—and, indeed, I dare say she did. She signed me to silence, and said, 'Not now; come at eight this evening.' I went; and she told me all her story, and offered me, if I would keep quiet and tell nobody she was my wife, to go shares with me in the money you allowed her provided she lived out of England. I thought about it a little. I saw I should get nothing by proclaiming our marriage. I closed with her, and I lived at my ease. But she grew screwy;

she didn't pay up to time. She used to anticipate the money, and then defraud me of my share. At last it came into my head, when I heard you had come back from India, to see what sort of gentleman you were, and whether you wanted your freedom bad enough to pay me a high price for it. You required a valet. I entered your service; and when I was sent down to Richmond with the parrot and the books and the flowers, and so on, for that little lady—no, Major, don't stop me, I mean no offence to her, and I must bring her name in to make my story clear—I thought the time would soon come, sir, when you'd give *any* price for your freedom, for I heard plenty of talk, sir, at that time, about you and her; servants trouble themselves more about their master's business than they do about their own. The day you dismissed me from your service, I was going to tell you, if you had only listened. But you were so impatient and so haughty, that I thought I'd let you go on in ignorance, and free yourself, if ever you wanted, as best you might. I entered Lord Vane Castleton's service then. You know he hated you bitterly, because he was gone quite mad about Miss Tressillian; had set his heart upon her, just because he thought she belonged to you, and was not to be had. It seems, sir, he had been very good friends with Lucy in Paris, and he wrote and told her you were in love again, and with somebody who, he thought, didn't know you were married, and that if she wished to put a stop to it, she should come over and tell Miss Alma. Over she did come, saw him first, and then went to St. Crucis; and after she'd been—I didn't see her, and didn't know she was in London—he sent me to bring Miss Tressillian to Windsor, while you were sitting in court-martial on Mr. Halkett. It was a dirty job, sir, I know, and a rascally one. Don't look at me so fiercely, Major, for God's sake. I am sorry I did it now, for she'd sweet blue eyes, that little lady, and I was never quite easy till I knew she'd got out of Lord Vane's clutches; she must have done it by some miracle, for no other woman ever got away from him before. Then you went to the Crimea, and Lucy paid worse and worse; to be sure, she gave me that diamond ceinture she wore on her wedding-day, your present to her, sir, I think, and it was good for a 1000*l.*, but they wouldn't give me so much at the Mont de Piété, and I owed more than half what they did give me. At last I thought I would try you again, if only to spite Lucy, who was living in splendour, and grudging me every shilling. I wrote to you at the Crimea—I called to speak to you at Mivart's—finally, I tracked you here. Now I've told you all my tale, Major. I know you well enough to know your word is as sure a bond as another man's cheque; and if you'll go with me, sir, to Trinity Church, Frestonhills, I'll show you the register of my marriage, sir, which makes yours null and void."

De Vigne leant against the old grey stone; his face was white with the intensity of the sudden joy, his breathing came short and thick, his eyes were dark as night, with the rapture thrilling through every nerve, till it seemed to stifle him in its intensity; his strong frame trembled like a woman's. The ecstasy of that hour! No criminal, condemned to death and suddenly reprieved, felt the warm rush of fresh air welcoming him as he issued—a free man—from the darkness of his prison-cell of doom, with deeper, more bewildering joy, than he realised and welcomed his liberty from the festering and bitter chains that so long had dragged

upon him—his liberty from the weary weight, the repented folly, the bitter curse of an Early Marriage.

He was silent, breathing fast and loud, struggling to realise this possibility of freedom. Then—he threw back his head with a proud, joyous gesture; he looked up to the glad summer sun shining above his head; he drew in with a deep long breath the free sweet air that streamed around him. He turned his eyes upon the man, flashing with their old, proud, brilliant, shadowless light.

“Right! I would pay *any* price for freedom. Let us go at once. I will not lose an hour—a moment!”

He went—and the sunlight played over his mother's grave, seeming to linger fondly there, touching the fragrant violets to a deeper blue, and the lilies to a purer silver. It was pitiful that the gentle and loving heart, stilled there for ever, could not awake to throb in unison with her son's joy, and know his freedom from that deadly curse whose blow had sent her to her tomb? Her love had been with him in his grief; it was cruel that her love could not be with him in his joy. Cruel? ah, truly!—on earth there is no more bitter thing than the death that is in the midst of life.

* * * * *

Frestonhills, unchanged, lay nestling among the green pastures and fresh woods of Berkshire, and all the old familiar places struck strangely on him as he passed them. There flowed the silver Kennet, bright and rapid as of old, rushing on its swift sunny way under the graceful bridges; and past the wild luxuriant hedges; and through the quiet, silent country towns and villages. There, on its banks, were schoolboys lying among the purple clover and under the fragrant hawthorns, as poor little Curly had done long years ago. There were the dark palings, and the great forest-trees of the park of Weivehurst, long changed to other hands before its rightful owner was laid to rest, his grave marked only by a simple wooden cross, under the southern skies of Lorave. There, against the blue heavens, rose above its woods the grey pinnacles of the old house where Alma Tressillian had made the roof ring with her childish laughter, playing on the dark galleries, or out under the golden laburnums that flung the same shadows on the lawn, now, as then. There was the old Chancery, its gable roofs and its low ivy-grown walls, as he passed. A lady glanced up, gardening among her geraniums and heliotropes—it was Miss Arabella—the ringlets very grey now. A little farther on, in the old playing-field, there were the wickets; and the bats, and the jumping poles, and four or five boys, in their shirt sleeves and their straw hats, enjoying their half-holiday, as we had done before them. So life goes on; when one is bowled out, another is ready to step into his shoes, and, no matter how many the ball of death may knock over, the cricket of life is kept up the same, and players are never wanting.

The register lay on the table under the arched Norman window of the vestry of the church where, twenty years before, we had fidgeted through the dreary periods of the rector's cruel sermon full an hour long, and cast glances over our hymn-books at the pastrycook's pretty daughters.

The great old register, ponderous and dusty, lay on the table, the sunbeams from the stained glass above falling on its leather binding and

its thickly-written leaves, full of so many records of man's joy and sorrow, crowded with so many names that now were empty sounds; penned by so many hands that were now crumbled to dust under the churchyard sods near by. The great register lay on its table in the dark, quiet, solitary vestry—the last he had seen was the one in which he had signed his doom, eleven years before, in the church at Vigne. The old sexton unlocked the book, and with shaking infirm hand turned over the leaves one after the other. De Vigne leant against the table, watching for the entry, his breath short and laboured, his pulse beating with fever-heat, a mist before his eyes, a great agony of dread—the dread of *deception* tightening his heart and oppressing him to suffocation. If the man's story were not true!—if this, too, were a hoax and a fraud! Breathless, trembling in every limb with fear and hope, he bent over the book, pushing the old man's hand away; his agony of impatience could not brook the slow and awkward fumbling of leaf after leaf—by the palsied feebleness of age. He thrust the pages back one after another till he reached the year 18—. Entry after entry met his eye; from lords of the manor, their ancestral names dashed across the page; from poor peasants, who could only make their mark; from feminine signatures, trembling and illegible; marriage after marriage met his eager glance, but not yet the one which was to loosen his fetters and set him free. He turned the leaves over one after the other, his heart throbbing thick with wild hope and irrepressible fear. At last the setting sun, shining in through the rich hues of glory, the rubies and the ambers, the heads of saints, and the golden scrolls, and the blazoned shields on the stained window above his head, flung radiant colours on one dim yellow sheet, illumining with its aureole of light the two signatures he sought—the words that gave him ransom—the names that struck off his chains—

CHARLES TREFUSIS.

CONSTANCE LUCY DAVIS.

And as his eyes fell upon the page that freed him from the wife that had so long cursed his life, and stained his honour, and made his name abhorrent in his sight because she bore it, De Vigne staggered forward, and, flinging the casement open, leant out into the calm, fresh evening, stunned by his sudden deliverance as by some mortal blow, and gasping for breath, while the warm westerly wind swept over him, like a man who has escaped from the lurid heat and stifling agony of fire into the pure, sweet air of a breaking dawn.

He was FREE! The life that he had so madly sought to spend like water, and fling off from him as an evil too bitter to be borne, among jungles of Scinde and on the steppes of the Crimea, was once more rich, and precious, and beloved;—he learned at last what his wayward nature had been long ere it would believe, that the fate we deem a curse is oftentimes an angel in disguise, if we wait patiently for the unfolding of its wings from the darkness that enshrouds them.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

OF the seven Ionian Islands—the Heptanisos—which now in a united federal league are under the protection of the great and unconquered Albion, how many are the classic associations—the interesting sites of scenes which, either for their present matchless beauty or for their antecedents, are viewed with such feelings of admiration by all those who love what is beautiful in nature, or characterised in history, as being the subjects dwelt upon with enthusiasm by classic writers?—the Phœacia, where Ulysses suffered shipwreck, and where, even now, the figure of his ship is asserted by the present Greeks to stand, there being a rocky island in the form of a ship, which is invariably shown to the visitor as such, near the harbour of Corfu; the marshy Leucadia, where you are shown the beetling cliff from which Sappho is said to have leaped; the famed Tetrapolis, where the Cyclopean ruins of Samos, in their colossal magnitude, still arrest the gaze of the traveller—where the remaining stones of Palé, Proné, and Kranü, the other three great ancient cities, still present the mouldering ruins of grandeur—where the frequent mountains, gloomy and grand, though barren in appearance, are most prolific in their produce of grapes; the classic Ithaca, the spot most favoured of any of them, where yet you are shown the school which Homer was said to have studied at, and the castle which Penelope inhabited; the beautiful Zacynthus, now called the flower of the Levant, immortalised by Virgil:

Jam medio apparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthus;

the sequestered Cerigo, where Venus was born—the ancient Cythera; and the small rocky islet called Paxo—all these, under the modern names of Corfu, Cephalonia, Santa-Maura, Ithaca, Zante, Cerigo, and Paxo, are called the Septinsular Republic, and united in one government, whose parliament and house of judicature is at Corfu, which is much the most important of all of them, and the best locality, whether as regards climate, civilisation, number of inhabitants, produce, or presence of English residents. It is true that the appearance of Zante is strikingly fine, presenting in the interior a vast plain, where the richly-cultivated soil produces in the greatest abundance the grape, the passolini, or Zante currant, the mulberry, the orange, and lemon—where the wild myrtle abounds—and where the pitch wells are objects of much wonder. Out of these are drawn the pitch in a state perfectly fitted for use. I have myself seen several vessels filled with the pitch just as it came from the well. No implement of a more scientific nature than a common broom or a bucket was used in drawing it up. The soil of the ground which surrounded the wells was apparently common earth, and how the collection of black resinous matter had accumulated, I never heard accounted for. The upper surface of the well was water. The mountains also on this island, covered with olive groves, are singularly beautiful; and its silk manufactories are famed throughout the islands. The appearance of the vast extended plain, bespangled with flowers of every colour—of the oleander, rhododendrons, myrtle, and others—and teeming with the genial produce which the most kindly climate gives to the country, when seen from the mountain-top which lies south of this island, leads you to

understand the phrase which the Greek inhabitants use when speaking of it. They say it is "Zante fior di Levante." But both this island and Santa-Maura are subject to earthquakes. Cephalonia is also visited frequently by them; but I have always heard that the shocks of earthquake in the last-mentioned island have never been so violent as those which have been experienced by the inhabitants of Zante and Santa-Maura. In the town of Santa-Maura the houses are constructed so as to guard against these shocks of earthquake, being built with the upper stories projecting, and supported by wooden angular frames, which are called by the builders, knees. Paxo is a mere rock. Indeed, although it be well known that the olive oil produced in this small island is preferable to that of any of the others; it can scarcely be regarded but as a scene of exile for an unfortunate military officer, whose duty may destine him to inhabit it. I may speak of Cephalonia when we come to mention the disturbances which occurred there; but for the Englishman who wishes to enjoy a residence in the Mediterranean, Corfu is certainly the pleasantest locality. Here the walks lead through extensive olive plantations, vineyards, orange groves, plantations of wild myrtle, the grounds cultivated with corn and flax; the mountains planted with olives and cypress-trees. The harbour is a fine one, and in its adjacent temporary dock, called the Mendrachio, are numerous yachts, which belong to the officers of the regiments stationed in the island, or the official residents. In these, during most days of the sultry summer, the most delightful excursions can be had easily, within the reach of those fond of sailing. The harbours, or small bays, which lie at different intervals on the eastern coast of the island, all are well adapted for the lay of small vessels, and present scenes full of attraction to every visitor fond of rural scenery. The places for landing on the opposite shore, at Albania, are equally enjoyable in their way, and for sportsmen are more resorted to than the anchorages in Corfu. In the former, there is the grand, wild, mountainous outline that marks a country which yet retains the same characteristics as those spoken of by Gibbon, when he said that a country within a short sail of Europe is as wild and strange to its inhabitants as the backwoods of America. There, in the interior, the high mountain ranges of Pindus, Suli, and others, are covered at the top with snow for a great part of the year. The lowlands are mostly remarkable for their thick woody covers, and mountain caverns here and there placed at intervals. They display the same appearance which the wildest and most newly-discovered shores exhibit to the voyagers who sail to far-distant climes. There is the rude, untrimmed forest of thick underwood, the stone-covered plain, or the mountain cavern; but the names of the inland localities still remind you in several places of the mention which they bear in the *Æneid* of Virgil. Thus Butrinto is the "*Celsam Buthroti urbem*;" and further downward, passing Levitazzi, Gomenizza, Morta, and the harbour of the last-mentioned place, which is most commodious for all sorts of craft, you have the same names of localities as those spoken of by Virgil: the

Sameque et Neritos ardua saxis—

the "*Scopulos Ithacæ*;" and

Leucatæ nimbose cacumina mortis—

which are yet called Samos, Ithaca, and Leucadia is sometimes given as the name of Santa-Maura. Before reaching this last island as you sail onward, you come to the bay of Arta, on whose western coast lie the ruins of Nicopolis,

Where the second Cæsar's trophies rose,
Now, like the hand that reared them, withering ;

so that the Albanian shore (which, if it do boast of any beauty, it is certainly of a rugged character) is still replete with scenes of classic interest—in fact, to enumerate and to dilate upon them, would take volumes—Macedonia, the birthplace of Alexander, Epirus, Illyria, Tempe's Vale, and hosts of others. But for the peaceful loveliness of nature, the rich evergreen foliage of the olive groves, the balmy incense of the myrtle plantations in blossom, the walks of orange groves, the rocks on whose recesses the wild violets, fragrant and abundant, fill the still ether with their perfume, the vineyards teeming with their delicious fruit in profusion, the fields of gran turco, with their promise of plenteousness—with all these the sight and the senses are more delighted at Corfu than in any other of the seven islands. Indeed, I doubt if it be not more charming than any residence amongst the islands of the Mediterranean. It also is a very convenient distance from Italy and Greece. It is only a short sail from Trieste and Athens, and Patras can be readily reached from it. The transit from either of these places to Constantinople, Syria, or to Egypt, is very easy; and the steam voyage to any of them from Corfu is really so short, that, in these days of locomotion, such a trip is of every-day occurrence. So the advantages of a winter residence in Corfu are very many, and the number of visitors to its capital are numerous. A sketch describing the customs, dress, manners, religion, and habits of the Corfiotes, together with their feast-days and amusements, has been given in *Bentley's Miscellany* for November, 1859, and February, 1860; but there have been, since the time adverted to in those sketches, several disturbances in the Ionian Islands, which drew the attention of England to the sites where such scenes had taken place. I know not, however, if they have been as yet recorded in such a way as to make the public acquainted with the detail of them.

Corfu, which derives its name from a high mountain headland, *κορυφή*, which stands over the citadel of its town, and which is a most prominent object to those sailing up the Adriatic, has been usually free from the disturbances which its larger sister-island, Cephalonia, has been so often subject to. Whether this arises from the greater civilisation of the town, which is full of Italian shops, and traders from other countries, the presence of the English lord high commissioner, with the heads of the military departments and two full regiments, the superior fortifications in possession of the British, or the more peaceable character of the natives, I cannot say, but during the whole of the disturbances in 1849 it was just as quiet as any town in England would have been. The English there resident enjoyed themselves very much during the winter with the resources which the opera and the numerous parties at the lord high commissioner's palace, and at other houses, continually going on, gave them, and, during the summer, with yachting and pic-nic excursions. Of the produce which its soil is prolific in, numerous details

are given in many treatises. The salt-pits are a great source of wealth to the persons who own the property adjacent to the bay where the pits are laid. The olives are productive always to a certain extent, but it is only about once in ten years that a very abundant season occurs. The maccaroni works are well worthy of a visit. The wine-making and the vintage have been treated elsewhere. The island is certainly more generally a resort of Europeans of other parts of the continent, and less a Greek colony, than any of the others. The native Romaic is only spoken by very few of the gentry exclusively, and by some of the lowest order of the agricultural classes; but in the town every one understands Italian, and not a few of the gentry speak French and English fluently. The Greek nobility in Corfu have apparently lost sight of the illiberal habit of secluding the unmarried females of their families in the way usually practised by Greeks in other places.

CEPHALONIA IN 1849.

To resume the sketch of the occurrences which took place in Cephalonia. At the close of the year 1848, that direful year for monarchies, and fatal one to Louis Philippe's power, which was one of the epochs in history marked by a convulsion which spread over the whole of Central and Southern Europe, the vigilant and efficient measures resorted to by Lord Seaton seemed to have had the effect of restoring tranquillity to the island. But, shortly after New Year's Day, a very remarkable time of year in the Ionian Islands, as all the Greek inhabitants invariably on the coming of the new year visit one another and offer mutual congratulations, the Black Mountain became the scene of a fearful tragedy. There was a half-pay officer, named Parker, who had been married to a Greek lady of Cephalonia, and who held a small appointment under our government which gave him the charge of travelling about the most unfrequented parts of Cephalonia; and he was called the forester of the island. Through that wild, bleak, inhospitable region he used, summer and winter, to be perpetually roving on foot. His habits of constant exercise and athletic frame had given him a wonderful power of endurance, and he was one of the best pedestrians I ever met with. In the month of January, 1849, he had taken up his residence in the cottage near the Black Mountain, and lived there with his wife, intending to remain stationed at it for a short period. Very soon after the New Year's Day ceremonies, the officers of the station had resolved upon having a party in the mess-room, and upon inviting all the Greek gentry in the island who were known in society to it. The invitations had actually been issued, and all parties were anxiously looking forward to the evening in question, when the feelings of the English inhabitants were shocked, and the state of the community quite disturbed, by a dreadful piece of intelligence which reached Argostoli about a week before the day named for the party. It appeared that Parker had gone out for a walk in the pine forest shortly after his having dined with his wife, and continued his stroll till he got into one of the most unfrequented paths of the wood. This was what his wife stated, and to her alone the English residents could trust for any information relative to him. That she had heard shots fired, and ran out in the direction

whence they came. There were no servants in the house. That she ran wildly through the forest, and at last came to the spot where she thought the shots issued from. That there she saw her husband's body lying; one bullet had gone through his leg, two through his chest, and one through his head. The body was still warm, but he had ceased to breathe. She ran down in a frantic state to the road which led to Argostoli, and never ceased till she had reached the town, and told the authorities of the dreadful murder. This took place late in the evening, and the next day a party went up, by order of the commandant, to bring the body of the unfortunate gentleman into Argostoli, and to have an inquest upon it. The verdict which they gave, of course, was that wilful murder had been committed by some parties unknown. But no Greek or inhabitant, no servant or resident, had been found to give any information relative to the cause or to the fact of having seen any armed persons or any disaffected characters either on the Black Mountain or elsewhere in the vicinity of the cottage. His wife was the only informant. This state of doubt, and the very uncertain character of the inhabitants of the island, showed the necessity of being on the watch strictly, and the general grief which was entertained by all the English gentry on finding that this respected individual had met with such an appalling death, made them, one and all, resolve to postpone the preparations for the party. He was buried with military honours. After this, a very great gloom pervaded the society of the island. The military were constantly on the *qui vive*. The alarms were frequent. The calls to attend at night in different localities of Argostoli under arms, and wait for several hours, until daylight, were of common occurrence. I recollect particularly two occasions, one in which we remained in a chapel to the north side of the town, and posted sentries all round the approaches. We were alarmed by a shot. One of the sentries, who was posted in a narrow lane, had his hand lacerated by a bullet which had been discharged at him, but by whom, it was impossible to discover. On another occasion, two shots had been fired at a sentry near the house where several of the military were stationed, but, being rather high in their range, had gone far over their mark, and had perforated the sails of one of the men-of-war which was lying in the harbour of Argostoli; so there was no doubt of a very hostile *animus* existing in the island to the British. The freedom of the press, which had been granted some little time before, had been the means of letting loose upon the world a flood of the wildest and most republican notions, which were published by the Greek residents in the island, bearing upon the necessity of the annexation of the island government to Greece, the throwing off the yoke of the British, and the free red republican sentiments which had found birth in Paris and been disseminated through Southern Europe at that time. The natives of the country used to be seen at work in the fields together, shouting out their songs, and evidently engaged in a train of thought, which their language, being strange to the English, could not assist the latter in seeing the drift of; but one song which I recollect particularly, commencing *Ζητο Ελλάς*, &c., was a great favourite with the Greeks, and it was descriptive of Greece being the finest and first of countries, to which all others were at one time subject. The energetic and demonstrative manners of the population which inhabit Southern Europe have been often remarked, and in no

countries do the manners of the natives exhibit more of the animation which is inseparable from the French, and which is made the ridicule of the English, than in the Ionian Islands. But no violence of any kind was shown to any individual soldier or officer in the neighbourhood of Argostoli in the daytime. Often have I walked alone in the long lonely walk which leads from the back or inner part of the town of Argostoli to Metaxata, and so round through the mountain district to the town again.

This walk is a distance of thirteen miles, and when I first arrived in the island it had a charm for me, as I was anxious to see the house where the great poet Lord Byron used to reside. The road at first lay through an olive grove, which lies between the foot of the hill on which the town is situate and the country. After leaving the grove, I passed the high ground on my right for some way, and afterwards proceeded through a level country to Metaxata, a distance of about six miles from the olive grove. The only objects which attracted attention on the route were the detached farm-houses of the Greek landholders, where the principal occupation seemed to be, amongst the labourers, that of laying out the fruit—bunches of small grape, called in the country *passolini*. Those they had left on the frames, to dry in the sun, had become shrivelled up to the small size of the currants which we use in England in our puddings. After they have been collected in large quantities they are put into huge hogsheads, and the men stamp them down with their naked feet. From this island there are more of these currants sent than from any in the Ionian group, although the name given them in England by the grocers is Zante currants. When I arrived at the village of Metaxata, my first object was to inquire from an aged Greek which house it was that Lord Byron had lived in. He took me himself to a long, lumbering, store-house-looking building, the dwelling apartments of which were ascended by an outer flight of stairs, which had its entrance in a court-yard of small dimensions. This court-yard stood in the back part of the building, and it appears it was the place where the poet used to practise pistol-shooting. The old Italian carekeeper, who lived in the house, asked me to enter, and I went in with him. The upper part of the house had only four habitable rooms, and they were of low pitch, and very small. They would have been, apparently, more appropriate for a shopkeeper's residence than that of an English nobleman. The lower part of the house was also divided into ground-floor chambers; one was a large stable, and the other a kitchen. The carekeeper seemed intelligent, and told me what he knew of Lord Byron, whom he had often seen. He was a man of about sixty years of age. He showed me the marks of the bullets where his noble host used to fire pistols against the wall. I heard from many, both in Cephalonia and elsewhere, that Lord Byron when there used to ride out in company with the officers of the garrison frequently, and that he did not to them ever show himself the exclusive and unsocial being that he was believed to be by English travellers.

The village of Metaxata is near, and does not contain more than about fifty houses. The houses have an air of poverty, but are sufficiently well built. From this place there is a good road, which leads round to the harbour of Argostoli. A little before I got into the town I saw a curious-looking building—a Chinese pagoda—which had been erected by a Count Balsamachi, by way of an ornament to his grounds. This count is married

to the widow of the great Bishop Heber, so well known for his Indian travels, and the great goodness which his truly Christian spirit evinced. The town of Argostoli is certainly the largest town in the island, though Cephalonia was formerly the capital. The streets are broad and well laid out, and bear high-sounding names, such as Ulyssus-street, the street of Themistocles, the road of Parnassus, the highway of Dionysius, labelled in Greek characters on their corner houses. The bottom stories of the houses are, where they belong to shopkeepers, arched, and the arches enclose stores of currants in hogsheads, wine in barrels, haberdashery laid on shelves, dried fish and olives, and that dainty so peculiar to the islands, the caviare, or fish ovarium, which is prized as a delicacy by the Greeks. The stores seem all to contain oil, groceries, sweetmeats made in conserves, chocolate, and, as it were, an *omnium gatherum* of all that is at all saleable, either for eating or for putting on. The Tribunale—a fine building in the centre of the town—was the most remarkable object in it. The shopkeepers—most of them—spoke the Venetian-Italian common to the islands. Whatever the morals or the principles of the Greeks might be, their manners were decidedly most prepossessing. Their love of music was very remarkable. Their songs, whether love ditties, or of a mournful character, sounded like the Italian romanzas. I recollect an instance of the partiality which the female portion of the community used to evince for singing. It was on the occasion of an officer who had gone in search of arms to one of the villages in the interior. He entered with a Greek guide and some soldiers into the house inhabited by one of the chief Greek landholders, who was supposed to be a ringleader in the commotions which had lately taken place in the island. The officer was a great performer on the guitar, to which he used to sing. After he had entered the house he commissioned the interpreter to go out in search of the arms with the soldiers. There were no men inside. He took up an instrument—a guitar—which was lying on the table, and played and sung for the ladies. One of the young ladies, on his finishing his song, embraced him. As her mother was present, and also a sister, it could have been only an ebullition of the pleasure which she felt in hearing the music that caused her to do this. But the impulsive burst of joy with which the inhabitants of the islands welcome any music that pleases them, is quite surprising to the tame and unimpassioned English.

There is another favourite walk in the vicinity of Argostoli which takes you along the quay—a broad, spacious, and lengthened route, which extends from the bridge that crosses the marsh to a plateau in front of the gaol. On this plateau the military parade, and drills take place, and the barracks are situated at its farther end. From the barracks there is a road leading to the sea. At the extreme point of this road there is a natural curiosity, which all the visitors of Cephalonia and its inhabitants view with wonder. It is a large stream, which flows with great force from the sea through a narrow creek, and descends by four channels into the earth, and after this all trace of the water is lost. A short distance from where the stream issues a mill has been constructed, which brings in much profit to the owner. After this the road takes a circuit, and you pass by a line of country where the aloes grow in great profusion by the side of the road, which takes you into the back part of the town of Argostoli.

These different walks were the principal places for taking exercise in the afternoons, but the mornings were generally taken up by the military drills. The leading agent who gave impetus to the movements in these was a character who never ceased to cause either excitement, amusement, or feelings of exasperation. Never before have I seen the spirit of petty tyranny, the vapouring airs of a man "dressed in a little brief authority," so conspicuously exhibited as in this individual. His natural demeanour reminded one of the words used by Dr. Moore when speaking of Zeluco as a planter: "He was in a situation where there was no one to control him, and the capricious cruelty of his disposition had no check to awe him." Daily the officers were subject to his personal attacks, in presence of the soldiers under them. I recollect one or two instances. One young officer, who had moved to a wrong position on the parade, was thus accosted: "Where is that duck-footed officer going?" This was said in reference to his feet, which were not symmetrical. Another, who was very tall, who had proceeded at a run in a wrong direction with his company: "Look at the man six foot high dancing off there! Call him back!" To another, who had gone to the wrong flank of his company: "Will any one shove that man into his right place? What would his mother say if she saw him now?" This officer had just heard the sad news of his mother's death. Also the frequent number of times in which the different detachments were harassed by this Field-Marshal Froth, as he was universally called, was truly annoying. However, after one occasion, in which he had sent the different officers of the regiments quartered there away from the mess-room at eleven o'clock at night, along with their companies, in various directions, the news of this proceeding reached Lord Seaton at Corfu, and his lordship thought it expedient to put a stop to the system of false alarms, and sent a resident down from Corfu, belonging to the Royal Engineers, who accordingly took charge of the civil administration of the island, and freed it from the martinet's control.

This was a source of great joy to the military; but shortly after this happened there was a great change in the government of the Ionian Islands, and much to the grief of all parties, inasmuch as the lord high commissioner, who had earned such golden opinions from all parties, and who had given such boons to the population as the freedom of the press and the vote by ballot, was removed from the command, owing to his period of service having expired. He carried with him on his departure the most cordial good wishes and the enthusiastic greetings of farewell from all inhabitants of Corfu, young and old, high and low, civil and military. He had the inestimable gift of managing to combine dignity with courteousness, and rendering both those under his command as soldiers, and under his sway as citizens, respectful, zealous, and amenable. When in moments of difficulty and danger, there was no man that reminded one more of the self-control and tact which were ascribed to Æneas by the poet Virgil:

Curisque ingentibus æger,
Spem vultu simulat.

The Greeks are certainly also a very difficult people to deal with. The specious placidity of manner, the crafty duplicity of mind, the thorough-paced treachery of soul which characterises them now, as it did formerly,

if the ancient writers may be believed, is still accompanied with much talent and eloquence, much of the

λίγυς πυλίων αγορητής
τυὸ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης μελιτος γλυκίων ρεεν αὐδῇ.

They are fond of show, of exhibitions, and of society. They joined the parties given at the palace of Corfu, where the chivalrous old nobleman and his amiable family graced the banquet and the ball-room, and did all they could to conciliate and captivate the higher ranks of the Ionian inhabitants. But all the exterior show of complaisance which they exhibited, both in Corfu, at the palace, and in the other islands, when they met the English in society, was feigned and fictitious. They no doubt harboured the same feelings of resentment to the British which many of their countrymen in the islands evinced by their treacherous acts in the remote parts of the country afterwards. But the officers saw little of them at their own houses. The Greek gentry seldom, if ever, invite any one to their meals. Their days of festival are usually in summer-time, out in the air, *al fresco*. We used to meet in the hot summer and spring months at the bathing-places in the morning, where they, as well as the officers, used to enjoy the delightful pastime of swimming. In no place is this more enjoyable than at Corfu, and consequently every morning brought a vast assemblage of visitors to the scaffolding from which the men used to jump into the sea. Notwithstanding the circumstance of a soldier having lost his life by having been taken down by a shark while swimming in the bay, early in the spring of that year, one morning during the summer two officers, who were there stationed with their regiments, actually swam across the broad harbour, a mile across, to the island of Vido, which lies opposite Corfu citadel, and back again. The under-current which flows near the shore of the island of Vido was the chief impediment which they had to contend against. But such was the heat of the weather at the time that this was done, that they had accomplished their feat and returned to the scaffolding on the Corfu side before eight o'clock in the morning.

No change can be greater than that which is presented by the appearance of the rocky, wild, gloomy, and bleak aspect of Cephalonia to one coming from the abundantly-wooded and well-cultivated island of Corfu. The wilderness as contrasted with the garden—a change from the smiling paradise to the uncouth desert—is what meets the eye of the voyager. But it is not only the face of nature that seems different. The climate is considered very unhealthful in Cephalonia, and several officers and men had suffered there from low fever. There is a marsh which extends for a considerable distance inland from the harbour, which in the hot weather is pregnant with noxious exhalations. This, and the lofty mountains and darksome glens, in place of the myrtle groves, the orange plantations, the numerous woods of olive-trees, and the vineyards of Corfu, are very striking in their contrast. But the scenes which were enacted in the recesses of its sullen-looking and sombre mountain glens during the summer of 1849 were truly frightful and appalling. I question if any blacker act of cruelty or cowardice, any greater exhibition of the paltry and dastardly malignity of the assassin, any more heinous example of the “*scelerum tantorum artisque Pelasgiæ*,” was ever shown in ancient or

modern times than what happened, soon after Lord Seaton's departure, in the mountains of Cephalonia. The inroad of the Greek populace upon the town of Argostoli, the barbarous murder of poor Captain Parker, might have prepared the English for some further demonstrations of hostility to be shown to them by the Greeks, but this act to which I now refer was perpetrated upon the inhabitants of Cephalonia, who were their own countrymen. In a glen of one of the wildest mountain ranges in the island was situated the house of a Greek gentleman named Metaxa, the head of a family, which was well known in the island, and whose name was so widely spread throughout its villages and homesteads, that, like the names of the Highland chiefs, it formed a clan, as it were, whose members were obliged to resort to distinctive cognomens in order to be properly designated and distinguished by their different brethren. But this individual had given great offence to the Greek inhabitants by some means or other, and, as is usual with the lawless and refractory malcontents of any country, his refraining from joining the leaders in their rebellious proceedings was resented by them more deeply on account of his being a native of the island than if he had recently been established there. This man's house was far from any other, and in the adjacent hills, which were divided by the valleys, lonely and wild, he cultivated the dwarf plantations of vines, the "passolini," which produced so abundantly the currants for which the island is so famous. The mountain-sides were encircled by terraces, on whose flats the plants were in great numbers. The habitation was, as it were, an isolated spot, surrounded by terraces, and easily approachable by those who came on foot. One night, during the spring of 1849, a tribe of Greeks, in great numbers, headed by a man named Vlako, surrounded this house. They came pouring down from the different tops of the hills, bearing in their hands logs of wood, besides the fire-arms which numerous parties had in their possession, and which they had had concealed in the pits. Their first act was to place the billets of dry wood round the house, to the window-frames, to the doors, pile them up on the roof by ladders, and when they had done this, they set fire to these piles of wood in at least a dozen different places. The wood soon kindled—the flames arose—the house fixtures of old wood soon blazed away. The hapless inmates, consisting of the man, his wife, two children, and two servants, were first roused to their extreme danger by finding themselves wholly surrounded by the flaming rafters, and smoke issuing from all parts of the building, and saw that their escape from the frightful death was totally impossible. As soon as the cruel miscreants perceived that the deadly fire was issuing from every window and aperture of the building, they assembled in order, and took their departure to the trysting-place, which had been fixed on for their meeting previous to their departure to pursue this diabolical enterprise. Some hours after their departure, a party of two or three policemen saw the smoke at a distance, and, going towards the house, they found that the building was nearly a shell, and that the floors had tumbled in. They hurried in to Argostoli to give the alarm, and to bring back a party of the military. The party which returned were with difficulty enabled to enter the ruined building, and on doing so they discovered the bodies of the unhappy man, his wife, children, and servants, all of them burnt to ashes.

When the resident of the island—the officer who had been appointed to take charge of it by Lord Seaton—had heard a full account of this transaction, and had ascertained the truth of the dreadful lengths to which the Greek population had gone, he proceeded to inform the new lord high commissioner, Sir Henry Ward, and to detail to him the different circumstances which had taken place in Cephalonia. Horrors of a similar character I know to have taken place in other countries—in Ireland, where a family of the name of Sheen had been burned alive in their home, and the murderers, notwithstanding this, escaped—but so cold-blooded, cruel, and malignant was the deed now perpetrated by these islanders on those who were brethren to them in religion as well as in country, that the recital of the fact caused a sensation of thrilling indignation and intense disgust to seize the minds of all the English community in Corfu. The lord high commissioner, Sir H. Ward, first ordered a regiment to proceed to Cephalonia, and placed the island under martial law. This was reckoned a very severe measure in England, but it should be borne in mind that the *animus* which evidently was pervading the acts of the Greek population in the island required most stringent and coercive measures to meet it, and that the habitual treachery of their conduct rendered them totally undeserving of any soothing treatment. It was ascertained that Vlako, and the other ringleaders in this movement, had always been in the habit of availing themselves of the services of the Greek priests when they wished to excite the population to acts of atrocity. Thus the priest would enter a village with a cross borne before him, and would call on the primario, or head man, who was the leading citizen of the locality, and, in company with him, would proceed to denounce with curses the acts of some English functionary, and pronounce to the unlettered and rude inhabitants of the soil that the religion of their fathers had been desecrated, and that it would become them to stand forward as champions in defence of it. From those who derived all their hopes, their trust, and their concern in life, temporal and spiritual, from the clergy who were immediately over them, little could be expected of judgment or of mental power to withstand such denunciations; and the consequence of such frequent and such earnest appeals was the agitated state of feeling which the minds of the peasantry was thrown into. Even in the town of Argostoli—the head-quarters of the military—there was a house which was appropriated for the meeting of a Greek club, and over the door, in Italian, were the words that no English person was admitted there. The first act of the resident and the authorities in the island was to lay down a series of patrols and stations for the military, and to set on foot a search for the delinquents who were implicated in the murder of Captain Parker, and the burning of Metaxa's house. Throughout the whole of the island, in the villages, the glens, the passes, the convents, the large farm-houses, and the ruined buildings, the parties of military were stationed, and their constant marching and continual privations made the service not a little harassing to the troops. Of course the principal information which they could procure, through the medium of the police, was by urging parties to become king's evidence. This was, to a great degree, successful eventually; but previous to their being able to lay their hands upon the most culpable of the criminals, they had to undergo the greatest hardships, by watching, in situations pointed out to

them by spies, at night, and to practise the most incessant vigilance in order to waylay or to seize the principal offenders. By the provisions of the martial law an officer was empowered to seize on an offender who had been caught in the act of any transgression to the military commands, such as absence from his village, or haranguing the populace, or other misdemeanours of a like nature, and to inflict either corporal punishment there and then, or to send him into Argostoli for trial, if the case was of a serious nature. The inhabitants were thus actually subjected to be tried for their lives by a court-martial. The principal objection to such a mode of proceeding as this, lies in the very imperfect and vague notion which most young military men entertain of the principles of legal equity. The law of evidence is not sufficiently explained in any of the treatises on military law, so far as regards offences which are not of a military nature, so that, doubtless as it was that the flagrant acts of rebellion had been constantly perpetrated in the island, and were, in fact, rife in the vicinity of every military station, still the power of visiting such offences with punishment was vested in individuals far too inexperienced and too unqualified to act as judges. By the dictum of some young officers, aged about twenty, a priest—a man whose character for sanctity was most revered by the villagers in whose town he officiated—was sentenced to corporal punishment. This occurred in many instances. So many were the victims upon whom this punishment was visited thus summarily and swiftly, that actually before the expiration of the period of time to which the martial law extended, eighty persons had suffered corporal punishment. But this degradation, exemplary and exasperating as it was, was as nothing compared to the numbers who were capitally convicted. I have not an exact account of the number, but believe it nearly amounted to forty. I recollect an instance of fourteen prisoners who were sent into Argostoli to be tried for their lives. This was a solemn case, and ought to have been treated in a solemn manner; but as indicative of the careless and slipshod manner in which the course of judicial trials was conducted at that time in this island, it was positively the fact, that the officer who had sent them in for trial, having received from some of the officers in Argostoli a message that they were in want of provisions, had hung a turkey or a fowl round the neck of each culprit, and found means of thus sending into the town the supply of stock which his comrades were in want of. But the trial or the execution of the minor offenders were thought lightly of, neither was any event looked upon as important compared with the circumstance which absorbed the minds and the attentions of all parties, both civil and military—this was the capture of the arch-delinquent and leading incendiary, Vlako. He was the ruling spirit that had given impulse and impetus to all the acts which had been set on foot by the insurgents in the island. In every popular insurrection there is invariably a guiding character, a ringleader, who is the nucleus of sedition and the *teterrima causa* of commotion, and this man, from first to last, had enacted this part in Cephalonia. Towards his movements also the eyes of the governing authorities and their subordinates were invariably fixed. Every “day’s report” brought some news of his having been somewhere, and varied, indeed, were the *canards* which were afloat with regard to him. Sometimes he had taken shipping and gone to Greece; sometimes he had managed to escape in a boat to the coasts

of Italy ; sometimes he had eluded the vigilance of all the police, and had betaken himself to Corfu, in the wilds of the Albanian mountains, rugged and bleak, only a few hours' sail from Cephalonia. Many said he had found shelter, and that like the great Ali Pasha, he was occupying a mountain fastness, behind whose natural barriers, with a few followers, he might bid defiance to the attempts of the forces, however numerous, which should be sent against him. Scarcely a doubt could exist that all these reports, which rumour—

Monstrum horrendum,
Tot linguæ totidem ora sonant tot subrigit aures—

had spread so widely and diffused so generally, had been first propagated by the friends of Vlako, with the intention of deceiving the authorities, and endeavouring to place them on a wrong scent. The crafty dissimulation and the wily art of the Greek character was quite congenial to the plot of assuming the guise of a friendly spy, and volunteering the information for the purpose of misleading those so interested in the inquiry. The offers from Sir H. Ward of a large sum of money to any one who would bring this man in a prisoner, or of a smaller sum to any one who should bring his head, or give the information necessary to his detention, were for a long time of no avail. The natural animosity to the British, and the hope of being finally able to meet the British force with a corresponding adequate number of patriots, either from Greece or from the islands, were strong enough to overcome the great cupidity which the islanders were remarkable for. Meantime, the informers and the police, the military patrols and the courts-martial, proceeded in all directions of the island with their work of detection, examination, trial, and summary punishment. The Greek papers were long and loud in their descriptions of the tyranny and the violence which was displayed everywhere throughout the country, ports, farm-houses, and small villages of Cephalonia. I recollect being actually at the house of Sir H. Ward, paying a morning visit, when a Greek gentleman, an inhabitant of Corfu, came in. The ladies of the family were seated in different parts of the room, conversing. The Greek count addressed me in Italian, and asked me in that language if I had lately been in Cephalonia, to which I answered him in the same language that I had not been there for some months. He then said that he should think it was an agreeable reflection to me, as a humane man, that I had not been there lately, as “I had not then the pain of being cognisant of the cruelties which were daily being committed there.” This dialogue was only partially understood by the family who were present, but it showed the strong impression which existed in the mind of the man, he not being able even to hide his feelings in the place and in the presence of those who surrounded him. If such were the sentiments of those living far away in Corfu, and close in proximity of the seat of government, what must have been the *animus* of the inhabitants of the island itself, goaded on by the every day's proceeding of the British ? I have often thought, in reading over the description of any deed of agrarian outrage, or commotion of a general character, which has been detailed, for the information of the general public, in the newspapers that borrow their information from the acting authorities or police—and with regard especially to those horrors which take place so frequently in Ire-

land—that we hear only the half of the story; that however horrid, repulsive, and barbarous be the conduct of the ignorant and deluded perpetrators of the outrage, yet still we are not in possession of the facts which have stimulated their animosity, which have goaded them to frenzy, and which have worked upon their deluded and benighted minds to excite them to the awful resort of lawless violence. Again, the wretches, ignorant and debased, who have been led to the commission of such crimes, have generally no spokesman who could advocate their cause, or state the real nature of their feelings of hostility. I recollect living in the vicinity of the property of a nobleman who was landlord to vast tracts of land in Ireland, and who had unroofed and depopulated whole villages and homesteads in many parts. This nobleman used to ride out frequently, and pass through the country near where his tenantry resided. He would frequently call one of the settlers to him, and ask him in a patronising way if he had a lease for the house he was in. The man would answer him, “No, your lordship,” and then commence heaping prayers and blessings upon him for a good, kind gentleman. He would answer him by saying instantly, “I’ll take it away from you—take it away to-morrow,” and leave the man confounded and dismayed. The next day the unfortunate settler would be visited by a bailiff, and find himself obliged to leave instantly. This occurred in numberless instances, and knowing that such was the case, I ceased to wonder at the frequent instances of such men in other parts of the country taking the law into their own hands, and was even surprised, when I considered the violent and passionate nature of the Irish character, that some of these hapless victims had not waylaid or fired at this nobleman. But the provocation of offence, the stinging sense of oppression, which works on the minds of men ignorant and misguided, would never have been taken into consideration even if they had done so. Far, indeed, would it be from justice to seek to palliate or to extenuate their revenge, but to find a cause for it would not be difficult. Neither was it difficult to trace the vindictive feeling which now pervaded the minds of the Cephaloniotés, when they saw their priests exposed to the degrading and ignoble punishment of the lash, and many of their countrymen hanged, after having undergone a short trial at Argostoli. The short, dry, summary, and careless mode of trial which is pursued at a court-martial was a very unsatisfactory process to those who are lovers of justice, and for the purpose of meeting the sort of misdemeanours which the Greeks were accused of, was very inadequate. The witnesses were by no means trustworthy; not knowing the Greek language, the officers were compelled to rely upon the version given by a Greek interpreter to the evidence of a native, in words whose truth was very problematical. The hold which the chief had over the minds of the people was similar to that which a captain of a band of robbers has over his gang, and such was the state of the mainland of Greece, and some of the adjacent islands, particularly Cephalonia, that these bandits were numerous, powerful, and generally feared throughout the country.

There was one captain of a gang of Kleptees, as they are called there, named Greevas, who, with his followers, had been in the habit of resorting sometimes to Santa-Maura, sometimes to Ithaca, and to other haunts which he had on the mainland contiguous to these islands, and who kept

the countries which he visited constantly under contribution. He was not inimical to the English government directly, but this man Vlako was well known to be the deadly enemy of the British, and his life was consequently held by a very precarious tenure. The delinquents, who had been seized through the exertions of the military and the police, had been those implicated in the murder of Parker and the burning of Metaxa's house, but all of them who had given king's evidence spoke as to their being instigated by this Vlako, and through their means guilt had been brought home to several, who had accordingly been brought to trial and hanged. The men who were flogged were the culprits who had transgressed in the way of exciting the populace to disturbance. It would be tiresome and useless to enter into detail of the different facts, and to enumerate the different individuals who were implicated in these transgressions, but the incessant vigilance and the harassing nature of the service which the troops endured were such as would remain indelibly imprinted in the memory of those who underwent them. The privations which they suffered were many, the provisions very meagre which they could procure. However, they were generally able to get country wine, and this beverage there is no place in the islands which one finds unprovided with. The heat of the weather rendered it comparatively of little consequence either to health or to comfort being housed in the dilapidated and comfortless farm-houses of the landholders throughout the country, but the incessant change, and the marching about from one locality to another, was most wearing to the minds and spirits, and also destructive to the clothes, which the soldiers had no means of changing.

Oftentimes after a long march, when they had just sat down to enjoy a meal, they were hurried away eighteen miles farther in pursuit of some of the rebels, whose steps the authorities had got trace of. Several ludicrous mistakes and disappointments occurred to the officers who were engaged in the pursuit of those rebels. One young man, who had been informed by a Greek of the circumstance that a rebel had taken refuge in a cave adjacent to a convent where he was stationed with his men, went out with three or four soldiers in pursuit of him. The Greek led him on forward through dells and mountain roads, by glens and stony passes of a moonlight night, and preceded him and his party for a journey of about four miles, when they lost sight of him; but thinking that they might have some chance of coming up with the rebel, they still pushed their course onward, and, seeing a dark object in the distance turning into a recess in the mountain, they hurried on to the direction where they saw it. When they got up to the mouth of the cavern, they found they had succeeded in coming in contact with a donkey. The "*parturiunt montes nascitur ridiculus mus*" was instant to the minds of the brother-officers to whom this young officer told this story when he returned to the convent which he had left that night on this strange wild-goose chase. The cowardly, sneaking, and unmanly manner in which the Greek islanders had acted, holding themselves off, and hiding when any military force made its appearance, and at the same time taking opportunities of wreaking their revenge when they were in overpowering numbers, exasperated the minds of the British against them. There was one young officer of a violent temper, who was stationed in a remote village of the interior, and his party consisted of his captain, a doctor, and himself, together

with the company of soldiers. The officers' party were much in want of provisions, and one of the soldiers who had been given charge of the mess, and providing for the rationing to it in the country, brought back word one day that the villagers in the adjacent town refused to sell him any live stock; that he had seen pigs there, and that they would not part with them for money. The young officer, hearing this, issued forth alone, and, going to the village, seized on a pig, which was the first one that he had seen, and telling the householder at whose house he found it to follow him into his quarters, and that he would be paid for it, he cut the pig's throat and carried him into the house where the officers were staying. The captain, who was a strict disciplinarian, was so irate at such an undignified proceeding, that he spoke severely to the officer on his return with this singular spoil. The officer retorted upon him in the same sort of language, and the captain then not only put him in arrest, but sent charges against him. Even the doctor, whose risible muscles were not proof against the comic character of the scene, and who laughed and partially applauded the young officer, was involved in the misdemeanour, and charges were sent in against him as well as the young officer. They were both tried by different courts-martial. The severe and touchy character of the commandant of the garrison was such as to render it far from his disposition to afford any escape for a youth who had implicated himself in any *tours de jeunesse*; and, incredible as it may appear, the two courts of military officers were occupied for a period of upwards of two months in examining and trying, deciding and writing upon, these two cases of misdemeanour. Even then the result was not known of the fate which awaited the officers until the proceedings had been sent home; and so it was not till after three months had elapsed subsequent to the transaction that the young officer who had been found guilty of a degree of insubordination was aware that he was reprimanded for the same, and obliged to go into another regiment, and the doctor was allowed to resume the course of his medical duties, the charge which was brought against him being insufficiently proved. It was manifest that a little judicious management and some wholesome admonition would have been more beneficial to the service, and more effective in forwarding the purposes for which officers' services are required, than the undue and extreme severity which prompted the resorting to the measure of bringing these two young men to trial.

The grand object, also, of the military force being employed was marred in a great measure by the officers comprising the court being taken away from their active employment to officiate on the tiresome courts-martial, and the only person benefited was the acting judge-advocate-general, who earned a guinea for every day that the courts-martial were sitting. If the temper of the military commandant had been less implacable, and his judgment had been more subjected to the influence which lays down the precept—

Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis—

the misfortune to the officers and the detriment to the service would have been avoided. But what did it signify? No regard was paid to these two considerations! They were light as compared with the important point of soothing the offended dignity of the military com-

mandant! As to the prospects of the two officers, "their miseries were to be smiled at, their offences being so capital."

About the middle of the summer of 1849, the efforts of the government, the exertions of the soldiers, and the love of money, which the Greek partisans possess as much as any people on the face of the earth, were all conducive to the great end which was so ardently desired—namely, the capture of the arch-traitor Vlako. It was very remarkable that, during the whole course of the transactions which occurred in Cephalonia either in 1848 or 1849, there had been nothing like a fair stand-up fight between the Greeks and the military. The timid and faint-hearted natives had invariably lain concealed and secluded when any force had marched out against them, and, after their repulse at the bridge of Argostoli, had never dared to appear in force as opposing the police or the soldiers. It seems as if the undaunted character which belonged to the Achaians of old had completely deserted their successors in the present day, and nothing, save the duplicity and treachery which the ancient Greeks had been so much famed for, was still left to these sons of the same soil to indicate that they belonged to the race of which so many valiant deeds are recorded. As the poet says :

The hearts within thy valleys bred,
The fiery souls that might have led
Thy sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the grave—
Slaves, nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
And callous save to crime;
Without one savage virtue blest,
Without one free or valiant breast,
Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
Proverbial wiles and ancient craft.

Even when the malcontents who had made themselves obnoxious to the ruling government were seized upon by the military or by the police, no attempt at resistance had ever been shown. It was thus also when the capture of Vlako took place. A large party of police, under charge of an English officer, received intimation of his being in the neighbourhood of one of the villages. He had been incessant in his different flights from village to village, and, wearied and faint from want of rest and perpetual fatigue, he had sought shelter in a house which some spies had tracked him to. There, in a corner of the cottage, which, like most of the Greek houses, had all rooms comprised under one roof without a partition, he lay down and fell fast asleep. The spies came up to the police, and told them of what they had seen. The commandant of the party, with ten of the men, with their arms concealed under their capotes, came stealthfully up to the cottage door. It was eight o'clock in the evening. They opened the door with a push, and rushing straight to the pallet upon which the man was lying, to which they were directed by the spies, they stood by his side. When Vlako opened his eyes, he found himself seized by three men, and looked for his firelock, which lay beside the pallet, but he saw that it was now no use to attempt resistance. He did not show, however, the least remorse or compunction for the number of atrocious crimes which he had perpetrated, but even pointed to three rings which he had fixed round the barrel of his firelock, and said that he had done so to commemorate its

having shot three men. One of these was known to be poor Captain Parker. Vlako was a middle-sized, athletic man, apparently forty years of age. The partisans and insurgents who had followed him and received his pay were none of them to be found now. He was

Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed.

He was brought to trial ; the evidences against him were numerous, and he paid with his life the penalty of his misdeeds. When this man was taken all apprehension of the malcontents ceased. They had before been sufficiently timorous, but now, without a leader, they were wholly contemptible.

Some months after his execution, I recollect seeing at Sir H. Ward's the firelock, marked with the three rings, which Vlako had carried, and which was by him when he was seized by the police. The different parties of military who had been detached throughout the island were soon after this recalled, and allowed to resume their duties in the head-quarters of the different islands. The inimical feeling to the British was still kept alive in the minds of the people by the free press, and the hosts of publications which were circulated in the Greek language throughout the country. The heads of the different villages, in their ballot voting, returned the members for the Ionian House of Assembly who were most adverse to the English cause, but the open demonstrations of the seditious and discontented inhabitants were completely hushed by the signal example which the government had made during the year 1849.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

All that can be said is that two people happened to hit on the same thought.
SHERIDAN'S Critic.

IN our number for October last, while noticing some remarks by the author of "Colossal Vestiges" on the beauty of Obelisks as works of art, we took occasion to observe that if we had not known, from a passage in the book itself, that it had been planned, if not commenced, some twenty years since, we might have supposed it to have been written with special reference to the proposed monument to the Prince Consort; and we continued as follows :

"Even in face both of the cost and risk, we must confess that we are amongst those who regret its abandonment as the form of our national memorial. It was the Queen's first wish; and (expressed at such a moment) it must have been based upon some deep motive, connected possibly with the tastes and feelings of the Prince himself. For monumental purposes we cannot conceive anything worse than the proposed building.* This seems to be felt by the projectors themselves, from their considering it necessary to 'supplement' the hall by a group of statuary

* The Commissioners' Report had been recently published.

on the opposite side of the road. We have great respect for those who compose the Commission, and whose desire to do what is best it is impossible to doubt; but their suggestions are unsatisfactory in every way. The hall can never be looked at as a monument, and its cost will diminish the funds that were intended for a distinct and separate object. The nearest approach to the abandoned obelisk—though liable to some objections—would have been a tower of Gothic architecture,* as a shrine for the statue of the Prince, surmounted by a light and lofty spire.”

Now, singularly enough, a paragraph has been lately going the round of the newspapers (commencing with the *Times*), to the following effect:

“For the purpose of deciding on the monument which ought to be erected to the memory of the Prince a committee of noblemen and gentlemen was formed, on which are to be found the names of Lord Clarendon and Lord Derby. The decision of this committee was to erect on the north side of the Horticultural Gardens, and between those gardens and the Kensington-road, a splendid hall, to be devoted to meetings intended to promote the interests of art and science. On the other side of the Kensington-road the hall was to be confronted by a group of British statuary, representing the Prince with, we suppose, appropriate allegorical figures attending upon him. The plan was not well received, and has now been abandoned; and, instead of the two, a single monument is to be erected. It is to be what is called an Eleanor Cross, something similar to the Martyrs’ Memorial at Oxford, or the monument erected to Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh. The effect of the latter monument is much injured by its unfortunate position, about to slip, as it should seem, down the side of a steep hill, and much out of keeping with the very striking and romantic scenery by which it is surrounded. Still, no one can deny to it elegance of design and much architectural beauty. The Eleanor Cross which it is proposed to erect to the memory of Prince Albert is to be a building of much greater size and of imposing height. It is said that it is intended to give it an elevation of nearly three hundred feet, so that it will be a very conspicuous feature in any distant view of the metropolis. In the lower part is to be placed, properly secured from the effects of our moist climate and smoky atmosphere, a statue of the Prince. The whole structure is to be entrusted to Mr. Gilbert Scott, so that we doubt not that full justice will be done to the utmost demands of Gothic architecture.”

And as Mr. Scott has corrected an error in the height, by writing to the editor of the *Times* that it is to be only one hundred and fifty feet, it may be supposed that the rest has been finally determined upon.

We do not attribute the change to our own suggestion; but we may congratulate ourselves that something very like the structure we proposed has been adopted. It is, at any rate, what *Mr. Box* would call “a curious coincidence.”

* Open, of course.

EARLY AT THE DAWNING.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

“ With my spirit within me will I seek thee early.”—*Isaiah*, c. xxvi. v. 9.

EARLY at the dawning,
When a misty sea
Floats o'er vale and lowland,
I have long'd for Thee :
In the hush of twilight,
As the stars decline,
I have sought and found Thee
With this heart of mine,
With its want and sorrow,
Jesu—Friend divine !

Early I would meet Thee
When this world is still,
Weary—e'en with pleasure,
Resting—e'en from ill ;
When the lark springs upward
Off her dewy nest,
Pouring the sweet tumult
Thrilling in her breast,
On the fragrant silence
Of earth's waking rest.

Early at the dawning—
Praise ! for shade and light,
For repose and labour,
Fruit and blossom bright,
For the green world's fulness—
Praise ! when rosy day
Lights, among the rushes,
All the waves at play,
Wakes the choral thrushes,
Charms the night away !

Early at the dawning,
Jesu ! thanks for all,
For each dreadful warning,
For each gentle call,
For the pleasant places
Where thy pilgrim past,
For what joy or sorrow
In my lot is cast—
So 'tis well for ever,
So 'tis peace at last.

THE HUGUENOTS OF GENEVA.*

It has been our province lately to remark, upon several different occasions, how widely and deeply the spirit of Reformation is spreading itself in France. Whether this is owing to the decline of Romanism, want of vitality in the Gallican Church, the progress of enlightenment, or the general latitudinarianism and indifference, seeking for something tangible upon which to rest its hopes and aspirations, it is not for us to decide; certain it is, that if many distinguished politicians and literary men devote themselves to exposing the abuses of priestcraft, and others, like Salvador, dream of a Gallican Church, with an emperor for its spiritual head, there are also many existing representatives of the Protestant cause in France who are ready to lift their voices, modestly, as in the instance of the good old minister of Metz recording the persecutions of his Church under the purifying ægis of a Maintenon, or in a more striking form, as in the instance of the well-known historian—the learned and pious descendant of the Huguenots of old—J. H. Merle d'Aubigné. The French people must no more be judged of, as a whole, by the superficial classes—more especially by those who hurry on the pathway of strangers, and crowd its capital and public places—than must its literature by those numerous light publications, thrown off for the amusement of the hour, which have so often called down the anathemas of the more punctilious. Any one who has moved in good society in France knows that none are more austere or less frivolous. Even in Paris itself, visit certain families in the Faubourg St. Germain, frequent the salons of the more eminent literary men—the Guizots and the Villemains—or cultivate the friendship of the learned professors in the Quartier Latin, whether attached to the Sorbonne, the College de France, the Jardin des Plantes, or any of the other institutions that honour the metropolis of France, and not only will such topics as theatres, light literature, and amusements be found to be utterly ignored, but he will be looked upon as an unwelcome visitor who ventures to intrude such into conversation. Throughout France the same thing will be observed: there are everywhere, extending in many instances to the business classes, instances of which will suggest themselves at once to every travelled mind, a certain number of calm, serious, contemplative individuals, to whom the frivolity, too much associated with a whole people as a national characteristic, is as foreign as it is to a philosophic German, an independent Swiss burgher, a haughty don, or a puritanical Scotchman. This more serious and enlightened class, while often deeply impressed with the vanities of the Gallican Church, hurt at the immoralities and family intrusion of the priest, and regarding Papal infallibility as a dogma unfitted for the day, do not fall away to indifference or apostasy, like the more thoughtless; they commune within themselves, often more than with one another; they seek for information in an earnest and a pious spirit, and their minds are everywhere open to a Reform, which would satisfy their conscientious scruples that there was

* Histoire de la Réformation en Europe au Temps de Calvin. Par J. H. Merle d'Aubigné. Tomes I. et II. Genève et France.

in it neither the leaven of priestcraft on the one hand, nor the cold austerity of Puritanism on the other.

“When,” says D’Aubigné, “in some countries—in France, for example—the Protestant idea declined, the human spirit likewise lost its energy, dissolution invaded society once more, and that nation, so richly endowed, after having caught a glimpse of a magnificent aurora, fell back into the dark night of the traditional power of Rome, and of the despotism of the Valois and of the Bourbons. Liberty has never been solidly established except amongst people with whom the Word of God reigned.”

It is to such a class that the well-known and brilliant works of Merle d’Aubigné address themselves. Some five volumes, of from six hundred to seven hundred pages each, have already appeared upon the History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century, devoted more particularly to the great epoch of Luther, and we have now before us two more goodly volumes of the same history, being an instalment towards the history of Calvin and his epoch.

It is true that the author remarks that this latter epoch, which comprises the Reform of Geneva, opening, as it does, with the fall of a bishop-prince, or almost a bishop-king—the downfall of an ecclesiastical state—gives rise to some comparisons with actual times; but, he says, they were not of his seeking. “The great question which occupies Europe at the present moment, was also that which occupied Geneva at the time that we describe. But that portion of our history was written anterior to these latter stirring years, during which the deeply important and complicated question of the maintenance or the fall of the temporal power of the popes has come, and continues incessantly to obtrude itself upon kings and people alike.”

There are another class of persons on the Continent—philosophers, as they mostly esteem themselves—who look upon Christ simply as the apostle of political liberty. The history of the times of Calvin, of his predecessors and followers, is, D’Aubigné remarks, precisely the history of an epoch which addresses itself directly to this class—to teach them, as it does, that in order to possess liberty without, we must, first of all, possess liberty within. In order to arrive at the enjoyment of real liberty, men must, first of all, learn what freedom is in the heart. To effect this he must seek succour from one more powerful than himself—from the Son of God. The work of renovation accomplished by Calvin was, above all things, a renewal of the inward being, ere it began to exercise a great influence upon people. Luther converted princes into heroes of the faith, and most admirable were their triumphs at Augsburg and elsewhere; but the reform of Calvin addressed itself to the people, and created martyrs in its bosom, before it gave birth to spiritual conquerors of the world. Guy de Brés in the Low Countries, John Knox in Scotland, Servet in France, issued forth from Geneva, as did hosts of reformers in still more recent times, extending in England from the period of Elizabeth to that of William of Orange.

The spirit of the Reformation in Geneva lay, as elsewhere, in salvation by faith in Christ, who died to save us, and the renewing of the heart by the word and spirit of God. But there were also everywhere secondary elements, and that which particularly characterised Geneva (and which is, therefore, propounded as more particularly deserving of the attention of

men in the present day) was the love of liberty. Three great movements were accomplished in that city in the first half of the sixteenth century. The first was the conquest of independence; the second was the conquest of faith; the third was the conquest or renovation and organisation of the Church. Berthelier, Farel, and Calvin are the three heroes of these three epopées. These three movements were all of them essential and necessary. The Bishop of Geneva was also a temporal prince, as at Rome; it was difficult to carry away the crook, unless the sword was removed first. The necessity of liberty to the Gospel, and of the Gospel to liberty, is now recognised by all serious men, and the history of Geneva proclaimed the fact three hundred years ago.

The liberties enjoyed by Geneva date, with alternations of despotism, civil, military, and religious, from the most remote periods. They were at once Roman, German, and Christian in their origin. The Romans granted municipal privileges to one of the chief cities of the Allobroges. The independent spirit of the Goths was there softened and civilised by the mild influence of the Burgundians; the famous wife of Clovis, Clothilda, carried thence the spirit of Christianity among the warlike Franks.

Three different powers came alternately to threaten those ancient liberties. First came the Counts of Geneva, originally mere officers of the emperor, but who gradually became so many independent princes. These feudal chieftains took most pleasure in their castles, leaving the city to the bishops, who protected it without, and administered its affairs within, confiscating the liberty and the property of the citizens with equal indifference, till, in 1124, Aymon, Count of Genevois, ceded the city altogether to the first prince-bishop, Humbert de Grammont. The institution of prince-bishops, opposed alike to the principles of the Gospel and to the liberty of future ages, was an especial misfortune to Geneva. Antonio Gallenga, in his Catholic History of Piedmont (vol. i. p. 258), places the matter differently. He says that Gerold of Geneva, having taken part against Conrad the Salic, about 1047, the emperor, in punishment of this opposition, placed the city of Geneva altogether under the jurisdiction of the bishops.

Be this as it may, the small but united population of Geneva—it is one of their titles of glory—were the first to reject that amphibious being called a prince-bishop—*corruptio optimi pessima*—and the fall of the feudal-episcopal throne on Lake Lemman was followed by that of others on the Rhine, in Belgium, in Bavaria, and in Austria, as, adds D'Aubigné emphatically, “the last will be that of Rome.” “Christianity,” he also observes elsewhere, “ought to have been a power of liberty; Rome by corrupting it made it a power of despotism. Calvin, by regenerating, rehabilitated it, and restored to it its primary functions.”

The ambition of the Princes of Savoy, however, implicated the liberty and independence of Geneva even more than its counts and prince-bishops. They set the one against the other to serve their own purposes. Peter of Savoy, uncle to Eleonora of Provence, Queen of England, and created Earl of Richmond by his nephew, Henry III., took possession of the castle of Geneva in 1250 by force of arms, and the power of the house was further increased under Amadeus V. D'Aubigné represents the princes of the house of Savoy as liberal in Geneva merely to suit their own pur-

poses. The "Second Charlemagne," as Peter of Savoy was called, promised commercial franchises in order to withdraw the people from the temporal yoke of their bishops, and Amadeus V., "se fit liberal" simply because he knew that the spirit of a people is never so surely gained over as by establishing oneself as the defender of its rights. The Romanist Gallenga represents the relations of the house of Savoy with the Genevese in an entirely different light, and he asserts that the name of Savoy became associated in Geneva, as well as all over Switzerland, with the cause of freedom! It is manifest by the conduct of Amadeus VIII. that the Protestant historian places the matter in its true light. The Counts of Savoy, when dukes, applied for a Papal bull with which to annihilate those liberties which they had been obliged to tolerate because they could never vanquish them. It was in vain that the people objected that "Rome should not put its hands upon kingdoms." Martin V., however, confiscated the city in 1418, not to the benefits of the Dukes of Savoy, but to that of the Roman Church, and he nominated Jean de Rochetaillée prince-bishop. This usurpation was renewed four years afterwards, and the election of their bishops taken from the people. The Hermit of Ripaille—Pope Felix V.—wrought this usurpation in favour of the house of Savoy, and according to D'Aubigné, the prince-bishops of that house, and their governors, "were leeches that sucked Geneva to the very marrow of its bones." One of them, Jean Louis, gave over the archives of the city to the duke his father, who removed them with the privilege of fairs to Lyons. It was to these fairs, the right to which was lost in the obscurity of time, that Geneva was indebted for its prosperity. Venice was at that epoch the dépôt for the commerce of the East, Cologne for that of the West, and Geneva for the centre. Merchants were now forbidden to visit the city, and Lyons was aggrandised at its expense. "Thus," says D'Aubigné, "the Catholic or episcopal power, which had deprived Geneva of its territory in the eleventh century, deprived it of its prosperity in the fifteenth. The shelter given to the persecuted Huguenots, and the industrial activity of Protestantism, were destined to raise it up from the prostrate condition in which it had been laid by the Roman hierarchy."

It was in vain that a reforming bishop—Antoine Champion—appeared in the latter end of the fifteenth century—the influence of the Dukes of Savoy prevailed until early in the sixteenth century—when the breath of Reformation which lighted up the people to liberty, faith, and morality, made itself felt in Geneva. Charles de Seysell, prince-bishop of the same city, who had during his lifetime supported the popular rights against the encroachments of Charles of Savoy, died in 1513, or, according to the chroniclers, was poisoned by order of the duke. The people, instigated by their eminent leader Berthelier, elected the abbot of Bonmont to the vacant see; the duke opposed to the nomination John, son of Francis of Savoy, Archbishop of Aux and Bishop of Angers, by a person of easy virtue, and who was hence historically known as the "bâtard de Savoie." This illegitimate scion of a noble house was to be elected to the episcopacy, upon condition of resigning the temporality to the Dukes of Savoy. Pope Leo X. was the more readily induced to accede to this arrangement, as he was at that very moment negotiating an alliance between his brother Julian, general of the Papal forces, and Philiberte, a princess of Savoy. Everything was soon satisfactorily arranged between

the Pope, the duke, and the bastard, without the slightest consideration for the feelings of the Genevese. When the Swiss deputies arrived to urge the claims of Bonmont, the ready answer they got was "Nescio vos." It was as final as the "non possumus" of our own times. Leo X. was not a lucky Pope. He was laying the seeds of Reformation in Wittemberg by the sale of indulgences, and he was doing the same thing in Geneva by the imposition of the "Bastard" over the scrupulous consciences of the Genevese.

Even within Geneva itself, the popular party was equally effectively opposed by the ducal and clerical, which was for the time being in the majority. The prince-bishop elect attempted to silence Berthelier by the gift of the "Châtellenie of Peney"—the governorship of a strong castle two leagues removed from the city—while he granted a pension to the elect of the people, the Abbot of Bonmont. The Genevese, he used to say, had two marked passions, the love of liberty and the love of pleasure, and the principle he adopted was to make them forget the one in the pursuit of the other. To this effect he kept open table, and encouraged a continued succession of feasts, balls, and banquets. The Savoyards did everything in their power to assist in the general demoralisation, till the scandals of the prince-bishop and his courtiers, as also of the priests and monks, and of not a few of the laity, excited strong remonstrances on the part of the magistrates and citizens. Berthelier, in the mean time, kept gaining over new allies to the cause of Geneva versus the Dukes of Savoy, to whom the temporalities had not as yet been made formally over. One of the most distinguished of these was Francis Bonivard, prior of Saint Victor, a little state, with territory annexed, of which the prior was prince-sovereign. The uncle of Bonivard, the previous prior, had had four guns manufactured with which to besiege his neighbour the Lord of Vitry, and on his death-bed repenting of his violence, he had requested that the guns should be converted into church-bells. Berthelier, however, succeeded in preventing these last injunctions of the old prior-militant being carried out, by providing other metal for the bells. "The church," he said, "will be doubly served; there will be bells at St. Victor, which is the church, and artillery in the city, which is the territory of the church." This priory was outside the gate of St. Anthony, near the site of the present Observatory. Another was Besançon Hugues, whose whole life was devoted to the cause of independence and to resistance to the usurpations of the house of Savoy. Charles III. had his eye upon the whole three, the affair of the guns having come before his council. "I shall have my revenge," he said. John of Savoy, as the bastard prince-bishop was now designated, seconded the duke with zeal. He began operations by taking away their judicial functions from the syndics, and casting the citizens into prison. One of these exploits nearly excited an insurrection. One of the most respected citizens—Claude Vandel—had made himself particularly obnoxious to the prince-bishop by his zeal in the cause of those who were immolated by his tyranny. He was in consequence himself seized, and led away by a subterranean passage to the episcopal dungeons. But Vandel had four sons, all occupying distinguished positions. The eldest, Robert, was a syndic; Thomas, the second, was a canon, and one of the first priests who embraced the principles of the Reformation; Hugues, the third, was ambassador to the Swiss republic; and Peter, the fourth, was

captain-general. These four brothers were not likely to allow their respected parent to be thus maltreated without an effort for his rescue. They appealed publicly to the whole body of their fellow-citizens against the outrage. The council demanded that the prisoner should be delivered up to the syndics. The prince-bishop refused, and the anger of the populace extended to all the pensionaries of the episcopacy. Berthelier, of whom the prelate had boasted "he had put a bone in his mouth to prevent his barking," tore up his letters patent as châtelain of Peney in the presence of the assembled council, and called upon his fellow-citizens to deliver the citizen whom the traitors had carried off. Bernard, whose three sons played an important part in the Reformation, ran to summons the people. But the prince-bishop had taken flight, and the episcopal council having judged the arrest of Vandel to be illegal, he was set at liberty.

The temptations of pleasure having failed to demoralise the haughty and intelligent citizens of Geneva, it was resolved to see what superstition might do. A monk, Thomas by name, was employed to effect miraculous cures. But Bonivard turned him into ridicule. "*Imaginatio facit casum*," he said; and he added, "He jumps from the cock to the ass like an idiot!" An attempt was also made to corrupt the youth of the city by debaucheries, in which the priests set the example. Berthelier counteracted this new means of seduction by pretending to enter into the evil practices himself, till it was said of him, "*Bonus civis, malus homo!*" But he was labouring to convert a school of tyranny into one of liberty. He turned the ribaldry and the jests of bacchanalian orgies against the house of Savoy and their creature the prince-bishop.

As usual, when two parties are thus placed in opposition, a slight incident brought about a crisis. The gouty prince-bishop was laid on a couch suffering, when he heard a noise in the street. "What is it?" he inquired. "A man going to be hung," replied the nurse; "if your lordship was to spare him, he would pray all the days of his life for your health." The bishop, who had just had an extra twinge, exclaimed, "Well, let him be set at liberty then." But this act of mercy brought the bishop into collision with the Savoyards. Criminals about to be executed had to be handed over to the Châtelain of Gaillard in Savoy. The liberal juris-consult Levrier, who saw in this trifling incident a source of dispute between the legitimate authority of the prince-bishop and the usurpations of the house of Savoy, upheld the rights of the former. La Val d'Isère and two other deputies had been despatched from Turin to reprimand the prince-bishop. Not satisfied with this, they attempted to induce Bonivard to deliver up the person of Levrier to the ducal soldiers at the bridge upon the Arve. The learned prior having declined the service, the deputies declared they would effect his abstraction themselves. "Will you?" said the prior; "then I shall lay by thirty florins to pay for a mass for your souls to-morrow." Levrier and Berthelier, informed of the conspiracy for the abduction of the former, called together the men-at-arms, and the prince-bishop and the deputies had to take themselves off to Turin.

A council then assembled at this latter city to discuss by what means the liberties of the Genevese could be best crushed, and their most able citizens put out of the way, at the very time these citizens themselves were

taking steps to secure their much cherished liberties. Both sides were prepared to have recourse to arms. Berthelier was urged to action by his democratic principles, the prior, Bonivard, by his love of letters and philosophy. Meetings of citizens, among whom De Joye and the martyrs Navis and Beauchet were, after those already named, the most zealous, were held almost daily or nightly. Their password was, "Who touches one touches the other;" and they bound themselves, if one was arrested, to liberate him by force of arms. Unfortunately, a spy of the prince-bishop's—one Carmentrant—got to be admitted to these meetings, and he afterwards declared that Berthelier had plotted against the episcopal life; and Bonivard having jocosely said of the bishop that if he caught him in his fishery (they had had some dispute as to right of fishing in part of the Rhône), one or the other would catch a bad fish, it was laid to his charge that he intended to drown him.

A certain Gros, or Grossi, judge of the three castles—Peney, Thiez, and Jutsy—had made himself peculiarly obnoxious to the liberals. One day (June 5, 1517) his mule came to grief. Berthelier and a few other scapegraces determined to have some fun out of the incident, and they engaged the abbot of Bonmont's fool, known as "Little John," to precede them, drums beating, through the streets, proclaiming that the skin of "l'ane le plus gros de Geneve" was for sale. "Is not that the house of Judge Gros?" inquired one of the bystanders. "Yes," was the reply; "and it is he who is 'le gros ane.'" And shouts of laughter welcomed the pun. The next day the judge demanded the arrest of those who were implicated in this buffoonery. The prince-bishop, he said, had alone the right to make proclamations, and it was high treason to usurp his privileges! Duke Charles deemed the matter of such grave importance, that he came himself to Geneva, accompanied by one of the most learned diplomatists of the day, Claude de Seyssel, to settle the question. This De Seyssel, a learned jurist, who, we are told, had translated Thucydides, Diodorus, and Xenophon, justly treated the whole affair as a joke, and those who took part in it were dismissed with a reprimand, some even with presents to win them over from the seditious. But it was secretly resolved to get rid, at the first opportunity, of Berthelier, "only to secure that big partridge," said the prince-bishop, "we must first of all catch some singing-bird. Put to the question, he will soon implicate others." The singing-bird was not long in being found. There was one Pécolat in the city, poor, for he had lost the use of one arm, but most joyous companion at table, and yet equally melancholy in his disposition when alone. Dining one day with the Bishop of Maurienne and the Abbot of Bonmont, both inveterate enemies of the prince-bishop, he had exclaimed: "Do not annoy yourselves so much about the bishop's acts of injustice, *non videbit dies Petri*!" ("He will not live as long as Saint Peter!") A common saying at the coronation of popes. This was reported to the bishop as attesting the existence of a conspiracy against his life. Shortly afterwards some fish pies, concocted of putrid fish, disagreed with some of the episcopal followers. It is even said that one of them died, which is not impossible. The fish, however, were declared to have been poisoned for the especial benefit of the prince-bishop, and it was resolved to arrest Pécolat as an accomplice. In order to carry this into effect, the Abbot of Bonmont, Bonivard, and other

liberals, were invited by the Count of Genevois to a grand hunt, and the bishop withdrew to his château of Thiez, whilst Pécolat was engaged to walk out with one Maule, and both were simultaneously set upon by an ambuscade, pinioned, and taken off to prison, the one being liberated, the other kept fast. The manner, however, in which the two were both made prisoners exonerated Maule from complicity in the affair in the eyes of the unfortunate Pécolat, who, on the contrary, imbibed angry suspicions against his friend Berthelier. It was in this frame of mind that he was put to the torture. Nothing, however, could be extracted from him by this cruel and ignominious process regarding the double meaning of the "non-videbit," or his complicity in the affair of the putrid fish, nor would he incriminate any of his fellow-citizens. It was only when pulled some four feet above the level of the ground, that sighing and drawing his voice, as it were, from the depths of his chest (*Suspirans et ab imo trahens pectore vocem*—Galiffe, *Mat. pour l'Histoire de Genève*), he muttered, "Cursed be Berthelier, for whom I am thus made to suffer!" The next day the bishop had him suspended by a rope the whole time that he was at his dinner, and the servants passing to and fro said, "What a fool you are to let yourself be thus tortured. What is the use of your silence?" But at length they tied his hands behind and then lifted them above his head, and raised him thus with pulleys five or six feet above the ground. The resolution of the victim gave way before the frightful agony, and he said he would confess all, and truly; to whatsoever questions were then put to him, he answered "Yes." This success encouraged the prince-bishop, and, on the 5th of August, he put another prisoner to the question, till the fear of being arrested and subjected to the same process spread over the whole city. The streets became deserted, and only here and there were labourers seen at their work in the fields. Many citizens left the town. Berthelier's friends urged him to do the same, but he would not stir. "Heaven," he said, "would take away their power from his enemies by a miracle." At last the order for his arrest having been given, he was prevailed upon to withdraw to Friburg. The singing-bird was caught, and nearly strangled; the big partridge had flown away. Great was the vexation of the prince-bishop, while the people only laughed.

Disguised in the costume of an usher of the city of Friburg, Berthelier got safe through the city gates, and his first business on arriving in Switzerland was to claim the aid of the Swiss in opposing the cruelties and usurpations of the prince-bishop, John of Savoy, and of the duke, his relative, in Geneva. He addressed himself chiefly to the corporations, and soon won over adherents to the cause. It was at this epoch that the liberals of Geneva were first designated *Eidesgenossen*, "the confederates;" but not being able to pronounce the German word, they called themselves *Eiguenots*, which the French euphonised into *Huguenots*. So much for *D'Aubigné*; but others have derived the name from *Besançon Hugues*, who became one of the chief leaders of the independents. The party of Savoy were, on the other hand, designated as *Mamluks*, because as those renegades denied Christ to follow *Muham-mad*, so the party of Savoy renounced liberty in order to subject the citizens to a despotic authority. (Manuscripts of the sixteenth century have it *Mamalus* and *Maumelus*.)

The prince-bishop, proud of his exploit in torturing poor Pécolat, had withdrawn to Thonon. A deputation, headed by D'Orsières, a venerable citizen, was sent to conciliate him, but he had the old man arrested in his presence and cast into a dungeon. Huguenots and Mamluks alike cried out against this breach of faith. The citizens flew to arms and closed the gates. Chappuis was at this crisis sent by Charles III. to appease the Genevese, and, above all things, to endeavour to counteract the Swiss alliance. The firmness of Berthelier defeated all these projects, and Charles was obliged to try the effect of personal persuasion with the Friburgers and Bernese. The Swiss complained of the treatment of Pécolat and the exile of Berthelier, and the duke promised amendment. D'Orsières had been set at liberty. It was agreed that Pécolat should be handed over from the episcopal authorities to the city syndics for trial. Seyssel, now Archbishop of Turin, alone persisted in declaring that a person accused of high treason should be tried at the capital of Savoy. Pécolat, in the presence of his judges, recalled the admissions exacted from him under torture, and being declared innocent, the episcopal judges, who constituted part of the court, insisted upon the reapplication of the question, but it was in vain, he said nothing, and the syndics persisted in their verdict, "*Nōn invenimus en eo causam*"—we do not find him guilty. The Mamluks had recourse then to a diabolical subterfuge in order to checkmate their opponents. They declared that the once boon-companion, Pécolat, was a priest, and must be tried by his peers. To this effect, the persecuted man was once more removed to the episcopal dungeons. His obstinacy was attributed to his being possessed by a demon, one of Berthelier's familiars, and who was supposed to reside more particularly in his beard. A barber was accordingly sent for to remove the prison growth, and leaving his razor on the table for a moment, Pécolat, who was afraid that his tongue might once more prove false upon the application of the tortures which he knew were awaiting him, made an attempt to remove the frail member. Physical and moral strength, however, failed him in the attempt, and he only inflicted upon himself a wound which the episcopal officers hastened to cure. The bishop himself was, however, indifferent to this incident; he declared that he would make him write his confessions under the application of the torture.

In the mean time, Bonivard obtained from the Archbishop of Vienne, the primate of all the Gauls, a citation for the prince-bishop and the episcopal court before the metropolitan, and he got the citation served upon the prince-bishop himself. The latter paying no attention to the summons, the primate ordered him to deliver up Pécolat under penalty of excommunication. The penalty was actually put in force, the prince-bishop and his officers were excommunicated, the churches were closed, and the populace in revolt delivered the persecuted Pécolat from the dungeons of Peney. This at the very time that the Duke of Savoy and the prince-bishop had obtained letters from the Pope annulling the metropolitan decrees, and forbidding the liberation of the prisoner. The episcopal officers bearing the Papal decree actually met the procession on its way from the castle of Peney to the city, but the people, excited by success, paid no attention to the summons, and the poor tortured man, unable to speak or to use his limbs, was consigned to the convent of the Cordeliers of the Rive, which was held to be an inviolable asylum, and

where he received those attentions which his miserable condition so imperiously demanded.

No one embraced the liberated prisoner with more ardour than Berthelier. The duke had granted him permission to return to Geneva "in order to be tried"—a process which the prince-bishop devoutly believed would end in his decapitation. But Berthelier, relying upon the Swiss alliance, was prepared to confront the danger. Three of the syndics, Ramel, Vandel, and Hugues, were Huguenots. Berthelier presented himself before the whole body to be tried. The two other syndics, Conseil and Navis—the father of a martyred son—demanded that he should be first placed in durance and submitted to the question. Blanchet, and Andrew Navis, son of the syndic, who had participated in the affair of the ass's skin, had in the mean time been arrested at Turin. Twice were they subjected to torture, but without any results. They were then condemned to be decapitated and quartered. This accomplished, the prince-bishop had three-quarters of these unfortunate young men suspended at the gates of Turin, the other quarter of each and the heads were salted, put into barrels, sealed with the arms of the count, brother to the duke, and sent over Mont Cenis. The bearers of these melancholy relics having reached the bridge over the Arve which separated the ducal territories from those of Geneva, they suspended the two heads and the arms to a walnut-tree that stood in front of the church of Notre-Dame de Grâce. This by favour of the night. The next day, the first who passed the bridge carried the news to the citizens, who hastened in crowds to the spot. "It is Navis," they exclaimed, "and Blanchet." Their features were perfectly recognisable, and beneath was the white cross of Savoy, with an inscription to the effect that they were Genevese traitors. The whole city was filled with horror and indignation. The women wept, the men groaned in their anger. Navis, the father, who was serving the cause of the prince-bishop so well in the prosecution of Berthelier, was thunderstruck. The mother was in despair. To the Huguenots these two heads became the signal for resistance. From that time forth the duke and the prince-bishop were only looked upon as two tyrants who sought the destruction and desolation of the city.

Berthelier went about from house to house advocating union with the Swiss, whilst an embassy, composed of three zealous Mamluks, was deputed to Pignerol, where the prince-bishop was at that time, residing amidst those poor Waldenses whom he detested as much as he did the Genevese. The only answer that the deputies could obtain from the prince-bishop was, that he would esteem the citizens loyal subjects if they would aid in putting to death Berthelier, and ten or twelve others whom he named. This reply was further not to be communicated to the council, unless they bound themselves by oath to execute the orders which were given to them. So strange and so excessive an act of despotism made even the Mamluks hesitate. The meeting could not bind itself to unknown orders, and it rose without the communication having been read. A council-general was then summoned to receive the mysterious mandate. The great bell of the cathedral rung, trumpets sounded, and the citizens buckled on their swords to assemble in the hall called La Rive. The same farce was enacted, only with threats on the part of the deputies that if they did not accept the terms indited by the prince-bishop, no man in

Geneva should be in safety of his life ; and with retorts on the part of the Genevese, that they would cast the deputies into the Rhône if they did not take back their letter. It was henceforth decided that the council-general should alone decide upon all matters that concerned the liberties of Geneva.

The cruel execution and gibbeting of Navis and Blanchet, and the insolence of the sealed letter, were in the nature of acts that ruin the cause of those who commit them. If the prince-bishop had only enjoyed spiritual power he would never have attempted such, but by superadding worldly to religious domination, he lost both—a just punishment, D'Aubigné observes, for those who forget the words of our Saviour: "My reign is not of this world." The struggle between the laity and the clergy was no new thing. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, in France, in Burgundy, and in Flanders, everywhere the prince-bishops and the feudal lords were opposed to the aspiration of the citizens for municipal privileges, or any other form of liberty and independence. Everywhere the cause of the first had triumphed, why should what had happened at Cambray, at Noyon, at Saint Quentin, at Laon, at Amiens, at Soissons, at Sens, at Reims, and at a hundred other places, not also take place at Geneva? Because times and people were changed, and in the sixteenth century the series of defeats, the culminating point of which has not even yet been arrived at, commenced at Geneva. To use the words of D'Aubigné, borrowed again from antiquity, "The epicurean hog, who sat upon the episcopal throne, at once cruel and unclean, trampled in the coarsest possible manner upon the most sacred rights, and prepared, without knowing it, for the glorious advent of the Reformation in Geneva."

Three hundred citizens had signed a petition for alliance with Switzerland, and Hugues and De la Marc were deputed to convey it to Friburg. The consideration of the alliance was also brought before the council-general. But these Huguenots and Mamluks opposed one another with so much violence, that it was impossible to come to a decision. There was a party among the liberals themselves who were also for delay. Berthelier was joined by a new man—*de la maison neuve*—in urging action and decision. The town thus became divided into two parties. The Huguenots wore a cross on their doublets and a feather in their hats, like the Swiss ; the Mamluks wore a bit of holly, and pointing to it would say, as the Scotch of their thistle, "Whosoever touches me pricks his fingers." Street fights became common, and Savoy resolved to take still more decisive steps. The trial of Berthelier was proceeded with. On the 24th of January, 1519, a verdict of "not guilty" was pronounced. Montyon, the first syndic, a zealous Mamluk, but an honest judge, gave the sentence. It was a triumph of liberty and legality that for a moment compromised all the projects of Savoy. The duke resolved, however, not to be thus defeated. He began by sending a deputation, who denounced the chief citizens as conspirators, and who thus excited the whole body of Huguenots against them. On the 6th of February, 1519, the alliance of Geneva with Friburg was carried at the council-general, to the further confusion of the party of Savoy. There were bonfires, shouts, processions, and banquets, throughout the ancient city. The Mamluks, irritated, began to organise themselves. They were prepared to oppose the triumph

of the liberal and the Swiss party by force of arms. They urged the duke to adopt similar measures. The very city that bore the symbol of the two absolute powers on its flag—the key of the popes, and the eagle of the emperors—was proclaiming liberty in the State and liberty in the Church. All Europe began to talk about the Huguenots and the Mam-luks as it had once done about the Guelfs and the Gibelins.

The duke, count, and prince-bishop regretted for a moment the excesses to which they had committed themselves. They attempted at first to annul the alliance by intriguing with the Friburgers. But the sturdy Swiss rejected the bribes of a corrupt hierarchy. They then attempted to bribe some of the chiefs of the Huguenots. The Bishop of Maurienne was employed on this disreputable service. It was at that time supposed that every man had his price. Berthelier, who was the first applied to, and who had so long been prepared to lay down his life for the cause of liberty and justice, rejected the bishop's overtures with the contempt they deserved, and the others followed the noble example thus set them.

Charles III. met, however, with greater success in Switzerland. He represented to the Diet that Friburg had acted in this matter without the consent of the cantons, and he obtained that a deputy should be sent to Geneva to exhort the people to desist from their enterprise. The Friburgers, however, held by the alliance, and their deputy arrived at Geneva at the same time as the representative of the Diet. The council-general was once more summoned. The answer given to the Diet was that they were not subjects to the duke, and that they would send a deputy to the cantons to attest that they had done nothing to his prejudice. The alliance was persisted in with loud acclamations, and the deputy of Friburg assured them of the support of Berne.

The duke no longer hesitated, then, to appeal to arms. Only he wished to have it in his power to say that he had a Genevese party, and that he interfered for its sake. To this effect he addressed himself to the Chapter of St. Peter, which represented Catholic interests in the absence of the bishop. The canons who constituted this chapter were, with one exception only, not Genevese. That exception was Navis, a brother of the young man who had been tortured, decapitated, and gibbeted. There were only two liberals among them—the Abbot of Bonmont, the rival of the Prince-Bishop of Savoy, and Bonivard, the learned and lettered Prior of Saint Victor. These canons of noble descent were so intoxicated with their importance that they were ready, like the well-known canons of Lyons, to claim the privilege of not being obliged to kneel at the elevation of the "bon Dieu," as the host is popularly called by the adherents of the doctrine of transubstantiation. The fat and jovial canons inclined their heads and bloated faces, one after the other, before the ducal programme. Bonivard alone raised his voice against it. He argued that the chapter had to deal with ecclesiastical and spiritual matters only, and not to concern themselves with temporalities—thus establishing a distinction long agitated, but never yet thoroughly carried out—so great is the influence of the Church in all states. When the decision of the chapter became known, the people assembled on the Place Molard, and resolved to pay a visit to the canons, who, to a man, were held in contempt for the disorderly lives that they led, and to bid them concern themselves with their own affairs, and not with those of the state; and

they would have carried out their intentions had it not been for the interference of Bonivard, to whom they appealed in their extremity, and who, torch in hand, opposed himself to their progress, quieting them by saying that the letter refusing the alliance of Friburg had not yet been despatched. The canons, terrified, agreed to alter the words of the letter, and said, in the quaint wording of the time, that they were desirous of living under no other protection but that of God and of "Monsieur Saint Pierre," and that as to the alliance of Friburg, they neither cared to accept it nor to refuse it.

The duke, upon this new defeat, raised an army as quickly and yet as secretly as he could. He wished to act without giving time for the interference of the Friburgers and the Bernese. The Savoyard lords summoned their vassals, and the army was placed under the command of Montrotier, a good soldier, cousin of Bonivard. Marching by night, he assembled ten thousand men around Geneva, before the citizens knew even of their approach. Charles III. was himself at St. Julian, only a league from the devoted city. "These turbulent shopkeepers," exclaimed some of the haughty lords, "must be subjected with a horsewhip." No sooner said than done. Fifteen knights started for the city, and handing their horses to their valets, presented themselves before the council-general booted and spurred. "His highness," they arrogantly announced, "being desirous to enter the city, orders that all arms be laid aside and the gates opened." The Genevese senators quietly answered, if the duke was coming on a peaceful mission the arms might be used for his protection. "His highness," retorted the knights, "will come into your city when and how he pleases." "Then," replied the syndics, "we shall not let him come in." At these words the knights rose to a man, and said, haughtily, "We shall come in spite of your teeth, and we shall do with you just what we like." And, stamping on the floor with their boots, they left the place and cantered off back to St. Julian.

There were ten or twelve thousand souls in Geneva, including women and children, while the Savoyards were ten thousand strong without. It is not surprising, then, that besides the party that was in favour of Savoy, there were also many who shrank from hostilities. "The spirit of the Reformation," says D'Aubigné, "was destined to give them, at a later epoch, the courage and endurance that was then wanting." Berthelier and his followers alone held firm, and Hugues went off to claim the aid of the Friburgers. The ensuing day the king-at-arms, Provena of Chablais, presented himself before the council with a still more insulting message. The council held firm; whereupon the herald cast his wand (gaule, the chroniclers call it) into their midst, and defied them on the part of the duke. The people were terrified, but the Huguenots prepared for resistance, and compelled the Mamluks to give aid. The duke deemed it wise, on seeing this, to temporise, and he asked to be allowed to enter the city with a suite of only a few hundred men. Another council-general was held, and the opposition party, who were in favour of conciliation, not gaining their point, they treacherously abandoned the city, and went over to the Savoyards. The canons and priests followed their example, and joined the duke at Gaillard. A plot was then laid to let the Savoyards into the city at night-time, but it was counter-acted by the loyalty of an arquebusier, who, firing his piece at the

moment the Mamluks were about to open the gates to the enemy, roused the citizens, and the Count of Genevois and his horsemen were obliged to beat a hasty retreat. A herald had arrived in the mean time from Friburg, who recommended submission, and the duke having promised to enter with a limited suite, and to harm neither the commonalty nor any individual, he was at length admitted into the city. The duke, as might have been expected, broke his faith. He entered the city with his whole army, and Geneva was delivered up to the sack as if it had been taken by assault. Four syndics, twenty-one councillors, and a number of notable citizens, making altogether forty, were proscribed. Luckily, at this crisis, a body of Swiss, some thirteen or fourteen thousand strong, arrived at Liellins, and despatched a herald to the duke, summoning him, at his peril, not to hurt the Genevese citizens. Hugues had arrived at Friburg, and by his eloquence had won over this auxiliary force. It is an old and oft-tried proverb, that the most haughty and tyrannical are generally the most cowardly. The recreant duke, who had entered the city upon his "superbe haquenée" over the ruins of the gates, and the valiant count upon his "roussin" (entire horse), with breastplate and helmet with a great plume, felt that they had acted without faith both to the Genevese and to Marti, the envoy of the Friburgers, and they now changed their tactics, and proclaimed that if any one did harm to the citizens, it would be under penalty of the "hart" (being strangled). The Huguenots, on their side, picked up courage, and began to ridicule the men who had so treacherously obtained possession of the city. It was Lent, and the army had to feed upon the little fish now called *féras*, but at that time "*besolles*," so the citizens designated this war as that of the "*Besolles*"—a name that ever after remained to it. Zurich, Berne, and Soleure decided that the alliance of the Friburgers should be withdrawn if the duke, on his side, would withdraw his troops. He was only too happy to accept of the alternative, and the Savoyards left the city with much less haughtiness than they had effected their entrance, and leaving, sad to say, the plague behind them.

But worse even than the plague that decimated the city were the traitors who were within its bosom. Bonivard, who had fled from his priory, which was without the city, at the approach of the Savoyards, was betrayed by two friends—the Lord of Voruz and the Abbot of Mantheron—in whom he had placed every confidence, and was imprisoned in the Château of Grolée, on the Rhône, and afterwards in the well-known dungeons of Chillon. His priory was made over to the treacherous abbot, while Voruz received two hundred florins. The prince-bishop next re-enacted the part played by the duke. He asked for admission for himself and suite, promising to protect every citizen in his rights. He was allowed to enter with five hundred men-at-arms. Berthelier was at once arrested, walking in the meadows now called "*Savoises*," with a pet kid in his arms, and was imprisoned in Cæsar's Tower, in the Castle of L'Ile. The patriot was less concerned than his friends at his arrest. He had always foretold his end, and had held by the well-known Horatian proverb, "*Dulce et decorum pro patria mori*." He trusted also in his Saviour, for he wrote upon the walls of his prison, "*Non morior sed vivans et narrabo opera Domini*." D'Aubigné, how-

ever,—the days of Reformation not having yet come—would almost deprive the patriot of the credit of faith in his Redeemer—albeit he was so important an instrument, in the hands of Providence, in the much-wanted cleansing of the worship then paid to the great apostle of liberty and morality. It was indeed at this very moment (1519) that the Christians of Wittenberg were rising up against absolute power in spiritual things, that Berthelier was about to seal by his death the struggle of his Huguenot compatriots against absolute power in a temporal hierarchy. In the presence of death he sought for comfort in the Word of God and not in the rites of the priesthood, “which is the essence of Protestantism.” Berthelier had also imbibed from antiquity the notion that the voluntary sacrifice of an innocent life out of love for one’s country, has a mysterious power in ensuring its safety. But if he was willing to save Geneva, the Genevese were also resolved upon an attempt to save him. But the Mamluks joined themselves to the men-at-arms of the prince-bishop to prevent any attempt at rescue. Berthelier was led forth from the castle on the 23rd of August, 1519, and was decapitated, upon a little bit of land, so protected by the fortress on one side and the Rhône on the other, that fifty men could have defended it against all the citizens of Geneva. François de Ternier, Lord of Pontverre, one of the most violent enemies of the Genevese, who commanded at this judicial assassination, was himself put to death, at a subsequent period, on the same spot. The patriot’s head was, after his death, promenaded through the city to Champel, the ordinary place of execution, where it was gibbeted, and thence it was removed to the bridge of the Arve, where the heads of Navis and Blanchet had so long swung. The Genevese, from that day forth, no longer looked upon their pastor the prince-bishop as aught but an assassin. The waters of the Rhône, they said, might flow over that cursed spot for ages, they would never wash out the blood that stained it.

A reign of terror followed in Geneva upon the execution of Berthelier, and all Huguenots were excluded from public offices; but, notwithstanding the edicts of the prince-bishop, they still continued to hold secret meetings. Amédée de Joye, who two years previously had taken a black idol of wood, much venerated by the Catholics, and called by them Saint Babolin, and cast it among its followers, exclaiming, “It is the devil, and he is going to eat you all up,” was the next victim of importance; but his judges, seeing in this act only a joke, connived at his evasion. Others were, however, less lucky. Bonivard relates in his chronicles that people were imprisoned, beat, tortured, and hung and decapitated, till the whole city was in a state of consternation. Minds became superstitiously excited, and believed that a doom hung over the place. One frenzied girl ran about the streets, crying, “Le maz mugnier! le maz moliu! le maz mola! tout est perdu!” Bad miller! bad mill! bad sheep! The miller was the prince, the mill the constitution, the sheep the people!

But neither the spirit nor the people of Geneva were as yet extinguished. The prince-bishop, who had long been struck down by disease and debility, was obliged to seek the warmer climate of Pignerol, and the Huguenots, disembarassed of their persecutors, began to raise their heads again. They demanded the revocation of all edicts that were opposed to the ancient civic privileges from the episcopal vicar, or declared that they

would appeal to the metropolitan of Vienne. The vicar gave way, and the spirits of the patriots were proportionately raised. Levrier, whose brother-in-law, Chambet, had been tortured and maimed, merely because he was a Huguenot, was charged with a mission to Rome to demand the deposition of the prince-bishop, but the Pope anticipated the request by ordering the prelate not to return to Geneva. The Huguenots re-established at the same time their rights to vote and to election to public offices. The rich priests having refused to contribute their share to the war of the "Besolles," and cast the responsibility upon the working classes, the latter demurred. D'Aubigné will not have it that Luther interfered in any way at Geneva, save by his writings. This is doubtful. Bonivard avows that Luther had sent instructions to Geneva. The question is, were these of a practical or of a merely theoretical character? Be this as it may, his influence had already made itself felt in a place so well prepared by priestly tyranny and persecutions to receive it, and the egotism of the priests upon this occasion caused the words of Luther to be appealed to, that there was not one word in the Bible concerning the Papacy, and that the power of the sovereign-pastor ought not to be made use of to strangle the sheep of Jesus Christ, and to cast them to the wolves. The priests, hearing the name of Luther, organised processions to exorcise the arch-heretic of Wittemberg. One day that they had thus proceeded without the city, the Huguenots were actually on the point of closing the gates against them, and shutting the whole lot out of the city. They had learnt from Luther that "a Christian elected by Christians to preach the Gospel, was more truly a priest than if he had been consecrated by all the bishops and the popes." The counsels of the more wise and moderate among them prevailed, and they did not proceed to such extremities. The canons, priests, and monks, however, got such a fright, that they consented to pay their share of the expenses of the war. Montheron, to whom Bonivard's priory of Saint Victor had been made over, did not long enjoy the fruits of his treachery. Having gone to Rome, Bonivard relates, some abbots, who envied his cure, invited him to "a Romanesque banquet, at which they gave him some cardinal's powder, which purged his soul out of his body." It was with the same useful powder that the guilty soul of Pope Alexander VI. had been expelled from this world. The miserable John of Savoy was at this time extended on a couch of death at Pignerol. His death, according to Galiffe and Bonivard, was a most signal instance of Divine judgment. He was covered with foul ulcers, and suffered horribly. He was surrounded by greedy satellites, who awaited his last moments to pillage him. His room was filled with the shadows of his victims. The cross when presented to him appeared as if dipped in gore, and he rejected it with horror. Outrages and blasphemies mingled with the froth of a moribund on his trembling lips. But with his dying breath he acknowledged his guilt and his murderous acts.

D'Aubigné's work is, as will be seen up to this point, a stirring tale, full of incidents, narrated with unwonted spirit and picturesque power, and we shall possibly devote a few more pages to the consideration of the events that preceded the advent of Calvin in Geneva—one of the great epochs in the history of the religious and intellectual development of the human mind.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE PRIMEVAL FORESTS OF THE AMAZONS.*

THE boundless forest district which, in the torrid zone of South America, connects the river basins of the Orinoco and the Amazon is, undoubtedly, one of the wonders of the world. This region deserves, according to De Humboldt, to be called a Primeval, or Virgin Forest, in the strictest sense of the word. If every wild forest, densely covered with trees, on which man has never laid his destroying hand, is to be regarded as a primitive forest, then, argues that great naturalist, the phenomenon is common to many parts both of the temperate and the frigid zones; if, however, this character consists in its impenetrability, primitive forests belong exclusively to tropical regions. ("Views of Nature," Bohn's ed., p. 193.)

This is the view entertained of a primeval forest by one of the great authorities on the subject—one who, of all old investigators, Bonpland, Martius, Poppig, and the Schomburgs, and before the time of Wallace and Bates, had spent the longest period of time in primeval forests in the interior of a great continent. Although we prefer to use the term in its simplest and accepted sense, of a forest with which man's toil has had nothing to do, we may add, that in Humboldt's somewhat arbitrary definition as to its "impenetrability," that this is by no means, as is often erroneously supposed in Europe, always occasioned by the interlaced climbing lianas, or creeping plants, for these often constitute but a very small portion of the underwood. The chief obstacles are the shrub-like plants, which fill up every space between the trees in a zone where all vegetable forms have a tendency to become arborescent.

In these great primeval forests man is not. "In the interior of part of the new continent," Humboldt says, in another work, "we almost accustom ourselves to regard men as not being essential to the order of nature. The earth is loaded with plants, and nothing impedes their development. An immense layer of free mould manifests the uninterrupted action of organic powers. The crocodiles and the boas are masters of the river; the jaguar, the peccari, the dante, and the monkeys traverse the forest without fear and without danger: there they dwell as in an ancient inheritance." In fact, just as, geologically speaking, the earth in the epoch of the growth of arboreal ferns in temperate climates, the reign of huge and paradoxical amphibia, and the possible predominance of a hot and humid atmosphere, charged with carbonic acid, was not

* The Naturalist on the River Amazons: a Record of Adventures, Habits of Animals, Sketches of Brazilian and Indian Life, and Aspects of Nature under the Equator, during Eleven Years of Travel. By Henry Walter Bates. Two Vols. John Murray.

prepared for man, so the great primeval forests of tropical America are in the present day in the same condition, in a certain sense, and, as yet, the habitation of the predecessor of man only—the monkey—except where clearances are effected.

“This aspect of animated nature, in which man is nothing,” Humboldt goes on to remark, “has something in it strange and sad. To this we reconcile ourselves with difficulty on the ocean, and amid the sands of Africa; though in these scenes, where nothing recalls to mind our fields, our woods, and our streams, we are less astonished at the vast solitude through which we pass. Here, in a fertile country adorned with eternal verdure, we seek in vain the traces of the power of man; we seem to be transported into a world different from that which gave us birth. These impressions are so much the more powerful, in proportion as they are of longer duration. A soldier, who had spent his whole life in the missions of the Upper Oroonoko [as De Humboldt spells the name of the river], slept with us on the bank of the river. He was an intelligent man, who, during a calm and serene night, pressed me with questions on the magnitude of the stars, on the inhabitants of the moon, on a thousand subjects of which I was as ignorant as himself. Being unable by my answers to satisfy his curiosity, he said to me, in a firm tone: ‘With respect to men, I believe there are no more above than you would have found if you had gone by land from Javita to Cassiquaire. I think I see in the stars, as here, a plain covered with grass, and a forest traversed by a river.’ In citing these words, I paint the impression produced by the monotonous aspect of those solitary regions.”

There is more in it, though, than appeared at the moment even to the philosophic Humboldt. It is the deeply humiliating sense in man that the primeval forest is not yet prepared to be his abode, that, except in the spirit of adventure or necessity, renders it so repugnant to him. He feels that it is as yet the inheritance only of arboreal man—the monkey.

Another class of philosophers, like Buckle, have assigned the exceeding luxuriance of vegetation in the primeval forest as the reason why “civilisation” cannot gain a firm footing in a region where so much of labour and energy is expended in keeping down the thousands and thousands of germs of vegetable life ever ready to dispute with man the possession of the soil. The expression, however, is erroneous. It should have been “population.” There is nothing at all to prevent the highest amount of civilisation displaying itself in Amazonia. The great rivers are navigable—open a tract in the forest, and it can be cultivated, and the produce elaborated by all that is most perfect in appliances and machinery—but the energetic vegetation opposes itself to the more humble settler, and hence it acts as a bar upon the spread of population, not of civilisation—simply as such.

The first great feature of the primeval forest is, then, its “impenetrability;” the second, is its non-adaptation to the development of the human species; the third, is the exceeding energy and restless rivalry of vegetation. A German traveller, Burmeister, has said that the contemplation of a Brazilian forest produced on him a painful impression, on account of the vegetation displaying such a spirit of restless selfishness, eager emulation, and craftiness. He thought the softness, earnestness, and repose of European woodland scenery were far more pleasing, and

that these formed one of the causes of the superior moral character of European nations. According to this view of the case, the primeval forest is not only not suited for the development of man, but is not calculated to improve his moral and intellectual faculties. How this happens will be best explained by an extract from Mr. Bates's admirable work now before us:

"In these tropical forests each plant and tree seems to be striving to outvie its fellow, struggling upwards towards light and air—branch, and leaf, and stem—regardless of its neighbours. Parasitic plants are seen fastening with firm grip on others, making use of them with reckless indifference as instruments for their own advancement. Live and let live is clearly not the maxim taught in these wildernesses. There is one kind of parasitic tree, very common near Para, which exhibits this feature in a very prominent manner. It is called the Sipo Matador, or the Murderer Liana. It belongs to the fig order, and has been described and figured by Von Martius in the Atlas to Spix and Martius's Travels. I observed many specimens. The base of its stem would be unable to bear the weight of the upper growth; it is obliged, therefore, to support itself on a tree of another species. In this it is not essentially different from other climbing trees and plants, but the way the matador sets about it is peculiar, and produces certainly a disagreeable impression. It springs up close to the tree on which it intends to fix itself, and the wood of its stem grows by spreading itself like a plastic mould over one side of the trunk of its supporter. It then puts forth, from each side, an arm-like branch, which grows rapidly, and looks as though a stream of sap were flowing and hardening as it went. This adheres closely to the trunk of the victim, and the two arms meet on the opposite side and blend together. These arms are put forth at somewhat regular intervals in mounting upwards, and the victim, when its strangler is full grown, becomes tightly clasped by a number of inflexible rings. These rings gradually grow larger as the murderer flourishes, rearing its crown of foliage to the sky mingled with that of its neighbour, and in course of time they kill it by stopping the flow of its sap. The strange spectacle then remains of the selfish parasite clasping in its arms the lifeless and decaying body of its victim, which had been a help to its own growth. Its ends have been served—it has flowered and fruited, reproduced and disseminated its kind; and now, when the dead trunk moulders away, its own end approaches; its support is gone, and itself also falls."

The Murderer Sipo merely exhibits, in a more conspicuous manner than usual, the struggle which necessarily exists amongst vegetable forms in these crowded forests, where individual is competing with individual and species with species, all striving to reach light and air in order to unfold their leaves and perfect their organs of fructification. All species entail in their successful struggles the injury or destruction of many of their neighbours or supporters, but the process is not in others so speaking to the eye as it is in the case of the matador. The efforts to spread their roots are as strenuous in some plants and trees as the struggle to mount upwards is in others. From these apparent strivings result the buttressed stems, the dangling air roots, and other similar phenomena.

The impenetrability of primeval forests, their non-adaptation to the human species, and the rivalry of vegetation, are not their only almost

peculiar and certainly striking phenomena. The climbing character of the plants and animals is equally remarkable. The tendency to climb, forced upon specific creations by the necessities of circumstance—the getting up in so dense a vegetation to light and air—is peculiarly attested by the fact that the climbing trees do not form any particular family or genus. There is no order of plants whose especial habit is to climb, but species of many and of the most diverse families, the bulk of whose members are not climbers, seem to have been driven by circumstances to adopt this habit. The orders Leguminosæ, the Guttiferæ, Bignoniaceæ, Moraceæ, and others, furnish the greater number. There is even a climbing genus of palms (*Desmoncus*), the species of which are called, in the Tupi language, *Jacitara*. These have slender, thickly spined, and flexuous stems, which twine about the taller trees from one to the other, and grow to an incredible length. The leaves, which have the ordinary pinnate shape characteristic of the family, are emitted from the stems at long intervals, instead of being collected into a dense crown, and have at their tips a number of long recurved spines. These structures are excellent contrivances to enable the trees to secure themselves by in climbing; but they are a great nuisance to the traveller, for they sometimes hang over the pathway and catch the hat or clothes, dragging off the one or tearing the other as he passes. The trees that do not climb are for the same reasons exceedingly tall, and their trunks are everywhere linked together by the woody flexible stems of climbing and creeping trees, whose foliage is far away above, mingled with that of the taller independent trees. Some are twisted in strands, like cables, others have thick stems contorted in every variety of shape, entwining, snake-like, round the tree trunks, or forming gigantic loops and coils among the larger branches; others, again, are of zig-zag shape, or indented like the steps of a staircase, sweeping from the ground to a giddy height.

The very general tendency of the animals that dwell in primeval forests to become climbers is as remarkable as in the plants. It must be premised that the amount and variety of life in the primeval forests is much smaller than would, *à priori*, be expected. There is a certain number of mammals, birds, and reptiles, but they are widely scattered, and all excessively shy of man. The region is so extensive and uniform in the forest clothing of its surface, that it is only at long intervals that animals are seen in abundance when some particular spot is found which is more attractive than others. Brazil, moreover, is throughout poor in terrestrial mammals, and the species are of small size; they do not, therefore, form a conspicuous feature in its forests. The huntsman would be disappointed who expected to find there flocks of animals similar to the buffalo herds of North America, or the swarms of antelopes and herds of ponderous pachyderms of Southern Africa. The largest and most interesting portion of the Brazilian mammal fauna is also arboreal in its habits. All the Amazonian, and, in fact, all South American monkeys, are climbers. There is no group answering to the baboons of the Old World which live on the ground. The most intensely arboreal animals in the world are the South American monkeys of the family Cebidæ, many of which have a fifth hand for climbing in their prehensile tails, adapted for this function by their strong muscular development, and the naked palms under their tips. A genus of plantigrade carnivora, allied to the bears (*Cercoleptes*),

found only in the Amazonian forests, is entirely arboreal, and has a long flexible tail like that of certain monkeys. Even the gallinaceous birds of the country—the representatives of the fowls and pheasants of Asia and Africa—are all adapted by the position of the toes to perch on trees, and it is only on trees, at a great height, that they are to be seen. A great proportion of the genera and species of the Geodephaga, or carnivorous ground beetles, are also in these forest regions fitted by the structure of their feet to live exclusively on the branches and leaves of trees. This, according to Mr. Bates, who adopts the Darwinian theory, would seem to teach us that the South American fauna has been slowly adapted to a forest life, and, therefore, that extensive forests must have always existed since the region was first peopled by mammalia.

Even reptiles and insects do not abound in primeval forests so much as might have been anticipated. A stranger is, at first, afraid in these swampy shades of treading at each step on some venomous reptile. But, although numerous in places, they are by no means so generally, and then they belong, for the most part, to the non-venomous genera. Our traveller got for a few moments once completely entangled in the folds of a snake—a wonderfully slender kind, being nearly six feet in length, and not more than half an inch in diameter at its broadest part. It was a species of dryophis. The hideous sucurugu, or water-boia (*Eunectes murinus*), is more to be dreaded than the forest snakes, save the more poisonous kinds, as the javaraca (*Craspedocephalus atrox*), and will often attack man. Boas are so common in the wet season as to be killed even in the streets of Para. Amongst the more common and most curious snakes are the *Amphisbœnæ*, an innocuous genus, allied to the slow-worm of Europe, and which lives in the subterranean chambers of the saüba ant. The natives call it, as the Orientals would do, Mai das Saübas, “the mother of ants.”

The primeval forest is also, for the most part, free from mosquitoes and other insect pests. It is this that, with the endless diversity, the comparative coolness of the air, the varied and strange forms of vegetation, and even the solemn gloom and silence, combine to render even this wilderness of trees and lianas attractive. Such places, Mr. Bates remarks, are paradises to a naturalist, and if he be of a contemplative turn, there is no situation more favourable for his indulging this tendency. There is something in a tropical forest akin to the ocean (Humboldt had made the same remark before) in its effects on the mind. Man feels so completely his insignificance there, and the vastness of nature.

Some idea may be formed of the appearance of things in the low ground, by conceiving a vegetation like that of the great palm-house at Kew spread over a large tract of swampy ground, but he must fancy it mingled with large exogenous trees, similar to our oaks and elms, covered with creepers and parasites, and figure to himself the ground encumbered with fallen and rotten trunks, branches, and leaves; the whole illuminated by a glowing vertical sun, and reeking with moisture.

This is not the case, however, with the great extent of the primeval forests—that which is truly geographical in importance, and which stretches many hundreds of miles in some directions without a break. The land is there more elevated and undulating; the many swamp plants, with their long and broad leaves, are wanting; there is less underwood,

and the trees are wider apart. The general run of these trees have not remarkably thick stems; the great and uniform height to which they grow without emitting a branch, is a much more noticeable feature than their thickness, but at intervals a veritable giant towers up. Only one of these monstrous trees can grow within a given space; it monopolises the domain, and none but individuals of much inferior size can find a footing near it. The cylindrical trunks of these larger trees are generally about twenty to twenty-five feet in circumference. Von Martius mentions having measured trees in the Para district which were fifty to sixty feet in girth at the point where they become cylindrical. The height of the vast column-like stems is not less than a hundred feet from the ground to their lowest branch. The total height of these trees, stem and crown together, may be estimated at from a hundred and eighty to two hundred feet, and where one of them stands, the vast dome of foliage rises above the other forest trees as a domed cathedral does above the other buildings in a city. The gallinaceous birds of the forest, perched on these domes, are completely out of reach of an ordinary fowling-piece.

A very remarkable feature in these trees is the growth of buttress-shaped projections around the lower part of their stems. The spaces between these buttresses, which are generally thin walls of wood, form spacious chambers, and may be compared to stalls in a stable: some of them are large enough to hold half a dozen persons. The purpose of these structures is as obvious, at the first glance, as that of the similar props of brickwork which support a high wall. They are not peculiar to one species, but are common to most of the larger forest trees. Their nature and manner of growth are explained when a series of young trees of different ages is examined. It is then seen that they are the roots which have raised themselves ridge-like out of the earth; growing gradually upwards as the increasing height of the tree required augmented support. Thus they are plainly intended to sustain the massive crown and trunk in these crowded forests, where lateral growth of the roots in the earth is rendered difficult by the multitude of competitors.

Many of the woody lianas suspended from trees, it is also to be observed, are not climbers, but the air roots of epiphytous plants (*Aroidæ*), whose home is at the top of the forest, in the air, and has no connexion with the soil below—a forest above a forest. The epiphytes sit on the strong boughs of the trees above, and hang down straight as plumb-lines. Some are suspended singly, others in leashes; some reach half way to the ground, and others touch it, ultimately, and then strike their rootlets into the ground.

The underwood of the primeval forest varies much in different places; at times it is composed mainly of younger trees of the same species as their taller parents; at others, of palms of many species, some of them twenty to thirty feet in height; others small and delicate, with stems no thicker than a finger; then, again, of a most varied brushwood, or of striving interlacing climbing lianas. Tree ferns belong more to hilly regions and to the forests of the Upper Amazons. Of flowers there are few. Orchids are very rare in the dense forests of the low lands, and what flowering shrubs and trees there are, are inconspicuous. Flower-frequenting insects are, in consequence, also rare in the forest. The

forest bees, belonging to the genera *Melipona* and *Euglossa*, are more frequently seen feeding on the sweet sap which exudes from the trees, or on the excrement of birds on leaves, than on flowers.

The annual, periodical, and diurnal cycle of phenomena, in the primeval forest, are all worthy of notice. As in all intertropical regions, the season is pretty nearly always the same, and there is no winter and summer; the periodical phenomena of plants and animals do not take place at about the same time in all species, or in the individuals of any given species, as they do in temperate countries. Of course there is no hybernation, nor, as the dry season is not excessive, is there any estivation, as in some tropical countries. Plants do not flower or shed their leaves, nor do birds moult, pair, or breed simultaneously. In Europe, a woodland scene has its spring, its summer, its autumnal, and its winter aspects. In the equatorial forests the aspect is the same, or nearly so, every day in the year—a circumstance which imparts additional interest to the diurnal cycle of phenomena—budding, flowering, fruiting, and leaf-shedding, are always going on in one species or another. The activity of birds and insects proceeds without interruption, each species having its own separate times. The colonies of wasps, for instance, do not die off annually, leaving only the queens, as in cold climates; but the succession of generations and colonies goes on incessantly. It is never either spring, summer, or autumn, but each day is a combination of all three. With the day and night always of equal length, the atmospheric disturbances of each day neutralising themselves before each succeeding morn; with the sun in its course proceeding midway across the sky, and the daily temperature the same within two or three degrees throughout the year, how grand in its perfect equilibrium and simplicity is the march of Nature under such peculiar circumstances!

At break of day the sky is, for the most part, cloudless. The thermometer ranges from 72 to 73 deg. Fahr., which is not oppressive. The heavy dew, or the previous night's rain, which lies on the moist foliage, is quickly dissipated by the glowing sun, which rising straight out of the east, mounts rapidly towards the zenith. All nature is refreshed, new leaf and flower-buds expanding rapidly. Some mornings a single tree will appear in flower, amidst what was the preceding evening a uniform mass of green forest—a dome of blossom suddenly created as if by magic. The birds all come into life and activity, and the shrill yelping of the toucans makes itself more especially heard. Small flocks of parrots take to wing, appearing in distinct relief against the blue sky, always two by two, chattering to each other, the pairs being separated by regular intervals; their bright colours, however, not apparent at that height. The only insects that appear in great numbers are ants, termites, and social wasps; and in the open grounds, dragon-flies.

The heat increases rapidly up to two o'clock, when the thermometer attains an average of from 92 to 93 deg. Fahr., and by that time every voice of mammal or bird is hushed; only on the trees the harsh whirr of the cicada is heard at intervals. The leaves, which were so moist and fresh in early morning, become lax and drooping; the flowers shed their petals. The Indian and mulatto inhabitants of the open palm-thatched huts are either asleep in their hammocks or seated on mats in the shade, too languid even to talk. On most days in June and July a heavy shower

falls, sometimes in the afternoon, producing a most welcome coolness. The approach of the rain-clouds is interesting to observe. First the cool sea-breeze, which commenced to blow about ten o'clock, and which had increased in force with the increasing power of the sun, would flag, and finally die away. The heat and electric tension of the atmosphere then becomes almost insupportable. Languor and uneasiness seize on every one; even the denizens of the forest betraying it by their motions. White clouds appear in the east, and gather into cumuli, with an increasing blackness along their lower portions. The whole eastern horizon becomes almost suddenly black, and this spreads upwards, the sun at length becoming obscured. Then the rush of a mighty wind is heard through the forest, swaying the tree-tops; a vivid flash of lightning bursts forth, then a crash of thunder, and down streams the deluging rain. Such storms soon cease, leaving bluish-black motionless clouds in the sky until night. Meantime all nature is refreshed; but heaps of flower petals and fallen leaves are seen under the trees. Towards evening life revives again, and the ringing uproar is resumed from bush and tree. The following morning the sun rises in a cloudless sky, and so the cycle is completed; spring, summer, and autumn, as it were, in one tropical day. The days are, more or less, like this throughout the year. A little difference exists between the dry and wet seasons; but generally the dry season, which lasts from July to December, is varied with showers, and the wet from January to June, with sunny days.

We often read, in books of travels, of the silence and gloom of the primeval forest. They are—Mr. Bates adds his testimony to the fact—realities, and the impression, he says, deepens on a longer acquaintance. The few sounds of birds are of that pensive or mysterious character which intensifies the feeling of solitude rather than imparts a sense of life and cheerfulness. Sometimes, in the midst of the stillness, a sudden yell or scream will startle one; this comes from some defenceless fruit-eating animal, which is pounced upon by a tiger-cat or stealthy boa-constrictor. Morning and evening the howling monkeys make a most fearful and harrowing noise, under which it is difficult to keep up one's buoyancy of spirit. The feeling of inhospitable wildness, which the forest is calculated to inspire, is increased tenfold under this fearful uproar. Often, even in the still hour of mid-day, a sudden crash will be heard, resounding afar through the wilderness, as some great bough or entire tree falls to the ground. There are, besides, many sounds which it is impossible to account for. Mr. Bates found the natives, generally, as much at a loss in this respect as himself. Sometimes a sound is heard like the clang of an iron bar against a hard, hollow tree, or a piercing cry rends the air; these are not repeated, and the succeeding silence tends to heighten the unpleasant impression which they make on the mind.

With the natives it is always the "Curupira," the wild man, or Spirit of the Forest, which produces all noises they are unable to account for. Myths are the rude theories which mankind, in the infancy of knowledge, invent to explain natural phenomena. The "Curupira" is a mysterious being, whose attributes are uncertain, for they vary according to locality. Sometimes he is described as a kind of *uran-utan*, being covered with long shaggy hair, and living in trees. At others he is said to have cloven feet, and a bright red face. He has a wife and children, and has been even

known to come down to the roças to steal the mandioco. "At one time," Mr. Bates relates, "I had a Mameluco (cross-breed) youth in my service, whose head was full of the legends and superstitions of the country. He always went with me into the forest; in fact, I could not get him to go alone, and whenever we heard any of the strange noises mentioned above, he used to tremble with fear. He would crouch down behind me, and beg of me to turn back. He became easy only after he had made a charm to protect us from the Curupira. For this purpose he took a young palm-leaf, plaited it, and formed it into a ring, which he hung to a branch on our track."

With all these drawbacks, there is plenty, in the contemplation or exploration of the primeval forest, to counteract any unpleasant impression which these various phenomena, and especially the reckless energy of the vegetation, might produce. There is the incomparable beauty and variety of the foliage, the vivid colours, the richness and exuberance everywhere displayed, which makes the richest woodland scenery in northern Europe a sterile desert in comparison. But it is especially the enjoyment of life manifested by individual existences which compensates for the destruction and pain caused by the inevitable competition. Although this competition is nowhere more active, and the dangers to which each individual is exposed nowhere more numerous, yet nowhere is this enjoyment more vividly displayed. If vegetation had feeling, its vigorous and rapid growth, uninterrupted by the cold sleep of winter, would, one would think, be productive of pleasure to its individuals.

In animals, the mutual competition may be greater, the predacious species more constantly on the alert than in temperate climates; but there is, at the same time, no severe periodical struggle with inclement seasons. In sunny nooks, and at certain seasons, the trees and the air are gay with birds and insects, all in the full enjoyment of existence; the warmth, the sunlight, and the abundance of food producing their results in the animation and sportiveness of the beings congregated together. We ought not to leave out of sight, too, the sexual decorations—the brilliant colours and ornamentation of the males, which, although existing in the fauna of all climates, reach a higher degree of perfection in the tropics than elsewhere. This seems to point to the pleasures of the pairing seasons. "I think," Mr. Bates remarks upon this, "it is a childish notion that the beauty of birds, insects, and other creatures is given to please the human eye. A little observation and reflection show that this cannot be the case, else why should one sex only be richly ornamented, the other clad in plain drab and grey? Surely, rich plumage and song, like all the other endowments of species, are given them for their own pleasure and advantage. This, if true, ought to enlarge our ideas of the inner life and mutual relations of our humbler fellow-creatures."

Such, then, are the main and leading features of the primeval forest: The impenetrability of this "forêt vierge" par excellence; its non-adaptability to human existence; the rivalry of vegetation; the climbing plants and animals; the few insects, and especially the freedom from mosquitoes; the marsh forest as contradistinguished from the upland forest; the colossal trees with their huge buttresses and pendent air-plants (a forest on a forest); the various underwood and struggling lianas; the

absence of flowers; the unvarying character of the annual, periodical, and diurnal cycle of phenomena; the silence and the gloom broken by mysterious and hitherto unexplained sounds; and the sources of enjoyment to be derived from the beauty and variety, richness and exuberance, and the vivid sense of existence with which all living creatures are endowed.

But there are also other and various phenomena which belong to the details of the same extensive regions, and which enter more particularly into a narrative of local explorations. Mr. Bates arrived with Mr. Wallace at Para on the 28th of May, 1848. This city is hemmed in by the perpetual forest on all sides landwards, but the white buildings roofed with red tiles, the numerous towers and cupolas of churches and convents, the crowns of palm-trees reared above the building, all sharply defined against the clear blue sky, give an appearance of lightness and cheerfulness which is most exhilarating. There are also picturesque country-houses to be seen scattered about, half buried in luxuriant foliage. On landing, however, the hot, moist, mouldy air, which seemed to strike from the ground and walls, reminded our explorer of the atmosphere of the tropical stoves at Kew. The merchants and shopkeepers dwelt in tall, gloomy, convent-looking buildings near the port; the poorer class, Europeans, negroes, and Indians, with an uncertain mixture of the three, in houses of one story only, of an irregular and mean appearance. Here, were idle soldiers, dressed in shabby uniforms, carrying their muskets carelessly over their arms; there, were priests, and negresses with red water-jars on their heads, and sad-looking Indian women carrying their naked children astride on their hips. Amongst the latter were several handsome women, dressed in a slovenly manner, barefoot or shod in loose slippers, but wearing richly decorated earrings, and round their necks strings of very large gold beads. They had dark expressive eyes, and remarkably rich heads of hair. "It was a mere fancy," Mr. Bates says, "but I thought the mingled squalor, luxuriance, and beauty of these women were pointedly in harmony with the rest of the scene, so striking in the view was the mixture of natural riches and human poverty."

The houses were mostly in a dilapidated condition, and signs of indolence and neglect were everywhere visible. The wooden palings which surrounded the weed-grown gardens were strewn about broken; and hogs, goats, and ill-fed poultry wandered in and out through the gaps. But amidst all, and compensating every defect, in the eyes of a naturalist, rose the overpowering beauty of the vegetation. Mangoes, oranges, lemons, dates, palms, bananas, and pine-apples are among the common fruits. There were also all kinds of noises by day and by night, cicadas, crickets, and grasshoppers rivalling the plaintive hooting of tree-frogs. This uproar of life never ceases, night nor day, and is one of the peculiarities of a Brazilian climate. The stranger becomes accustomed to it after a time; but Mr. Bates says that, after his return to England, the death-like stillness of summer days in the country appeared to him as strange as the ringing uproar did on his first arrival at Para.

The first walks were naturally directed to the suburbs of Para, through avenues of silk and cotton trees, cocoa-nut palms, and almond-trees. Much was found to interest our naturalists in their first explorations, the more especially as the species of animals and plants differed widely in

the open country from what are met with in the dense primeval forests. Parroquets, humming-birds, vultures, flycatchers, finches, ant-thrushes, tanagers, japorus, and other birds abounded. The tanagers represent our house sparrows. Geckos and other lizards are met with at every step. The gardens afforded fine showy butterflies and other insects. The most remarkable and obnoxious of this tribe were, however, the ants. Of these, two species make themselves more particularly obnoxious. One of these is a giant, an inch and a quarter in length, and stout in proportion. The other is the saüba—the pest of Brazil—whose underground abodes are very extensive. The Rev. H. Clark has related that the saüba of Rio de Janeiro has excavated a tunnel under the bed of the river Parahyba, at a place where it is as broad as the Thames at London-bridge. These are the Brunels of the insect world. Besides injuring and destroying young trees, the saüba ant is most troublesome to the inhabitants, from its habit of plundering the stores of provisions in houses at night.

Mr. Bates speaks of Para—albeit a tropical city—as very healthy. English residents, who had been established there twenty or thirty years, looked almost as fresh in colour as if they had never left their native country. “The equable temperature, the perpetual verdure, the coolness of the dry season when the sun’s heat is tempered by the strong sea-breezes, and the moderation of the periodical rains, make,” he says, “the climate one of the most enjoyable on the face of the earth.” It is, however, exposed to fearful attacks of epidemics.

The original Indian tribes of the district are now either civilised, or have amalgamated with the white and negro immigrants. Their distinguishing tribal names have long been forgotten, and the race bears now the general appellation of Tapuyo, which seems to have been one of the names of the ancient Tupinambas. The Indians of the interior, still remaining in the savage state, are called by the Brazilians, Indios or Gentios (heathens). All the semi-civilised Tapuyos speak the Lingoa Geral—a language adapted by the Jesuit missionaries from the original idiom of the Tupinambas. The language of the Guaranis, living on the Paraguay, is a dialect of it, and hence it is called by philologists the Tupi-Guarani language; printed grammars of it are always on sale at the shops of the Para booksellers. The fact of one language having been spoken over so wide an extent of country as that from the Amazons to Paraguay, is quite an isolated one, and points to considerable migrations of the Indian tribes in former times. At present the languages spoken by neighbouring tribes on the banks of the interior rivers are totally distinct; on the Juara, even, scattered hordes belonging to the same tribe are not able to understand each other.

The mixed breeds, which now form, probably, the greater part of the population of the province of Para, have each a distinguishing name. Mameluco denotes the offspring of White with Indian; Mulatto, that of White with Negro; Cafuzo, the mixture of the Indian and Negro; Curiboco, the cross between the Cafuzo and the Indian; Xibaro, that between the Cafuzo and Negro. These crosses are seldom, however, well demarcated, and all shades of colour exist; the names are generally only applied approximatively. The term Creole is confined to negroes born in the country. Trade and planting is chiefly in the hands of the

whites, the half-breeds constitute the traders, the negroes the field labourers and porters, the Indians the watermen. Amusingly enough, there are Gallegos, or Gallican water-carriers, in Para, as well as in Oporto and Lisbon.

The semi-aquatic life of the people is one of the most interesting features of the country. The montaria, or boat of five planks, takes the place of the horse, mule, or camel of other regions. Almost every family has also an igarite, or canoe, with masts and cabin. Our traveller's first experiences with the montaria was not happy. He got upset, and had to run about naked whilst his clothes were being dried on a bush. Marmosets, a family of monkeys, small in size, and more like squirrels than true monkeys in their manner of climbing, are common in Para, and are often seen in a tame state in the houses of the inhabitants. Many other species of monkeys are also kept tame. We have seen a French sketch of Para which has a monkey at every door.

In August, 1848, Messrs. Bates and Wallace started on an excursion up the Tocantins, a vast tributary to the Para river, which is ten miles in breadth at its mouth, and has been compared by Prince Adalbert of Prussia to the Ganges. Unfortunately, the utility of this fine stream is impaired by the numerous obstructions to its navigation in the shape of cataracts and rapids, which commence about a hundred and twenty miles from Cameta—a town of some importance, pleasantly situated on the left bank of the river some twenty miles from its embouchure. The river at that place is only five miles in width, and the broad expanse of dark green waters is studded with low, palm-clad islands. There are towns, villages, and large planters' establishments along the banks. The inhabitants are chiefly Mamelucos, showing that the mixed race thrives best in this climate, and they lead an easy, lounging, semi-amphibious kind of life. There is, says Mr. Bates, a free, familiar, *pro bono publico* style of living in these small places, which requires some time for a European to fall into. People walk in and out of the houses as they please. There is, however, a more secluded apartment, where the female members of the families reside. These Mamelucos are, however, by no means ignorant, and there is many a classical library in the mud-plastered and palm-thatched huts on the banks of the Tocantins. Higher up the river they met with families of tawny white Mamelucos encamped in the woods, to enjoy the cooler air and fresh fish. When we say encamped, their hammocks were slung between the tree trunks, and the litter of a numerous household lay scattered about. They had even their pet animals with them, and they pic-nic thus for three months at a time, the men hunting and fishing for the day's wants. On the 16th of September our travellers arrived at the first rapids, beyond which the river became again broad (it was about a mile at the rapids) and deep, and the scenery was beautiful in the extreme. They persevered up to the second falls at Arroyos, where the bed of the river, about a mile wide, is strewn with blocks of various sizes, and the wildness of the scene added to the roar of the rapids was very impressive. The descent by which they exchanged the dry atmosphere, limpid waters, and varied scenery of the upper river, for the humid flat region of the Amazons valley, was effected without any particular incidents. One day, when they were running their montaria to a landing-place, they saw a large serpent on the trees

overhead; the boat was stopped just in the nick of time, and the reptile brought down with a charge of shot. At the mouth of the Tocantins, numbers of fresh-water dolphins were rolling about in shoaly places. There were two species: one, the Tucuxi, rises horizontally, showing first its back fin, draws an inspiration, and then dives gently down, head-foremost; the other, the Boto, or porpoise, rises with its head upwards, it then blows, and immediately afterwards dips, head downwards, its back curving over. It seems thus to pitch head over heels. There is nothing that speaks more eloquently of the vast size of the "Queen of Rivers" than the presence of these fresh-water dolphins and porpoises. Both species are exceedingly numerous throughout the Amazons and its larger tributaries, but they are nowhere more plentiful than in the shoaly water at the mouth of the Tocantins, especially in the dry season. In the Upper Amazons, a third pale flesh-coloured species is also abundant. With the exception of a species found in the Ganges, all other varieties of dolphin and porpoises inhabit exclusively the sea. In the broader parts of the Amazons, from its mouth to a distance of fifteen hundred miles in the interior, one or other of the three kinds here mentioned are always heard rolling, blowing, and snorting, especially at night, and these noises contribute much to the impression of sea-wide vastness and desolation which haunts the traveller. Besides dolphins, porpoises, river cows, and anacondas in the water, frigate birds and fluviatile gulls and terns in the air are characteristic of the same great river. Flocks of the former were seen on the Tocantins hovering above at an immense height.

Mr. Bates stayed some time, at an after period, at Cameto, the chief produce of which are cacao, india-rubber, and Brazil nuts, and the population about five thousand. The inhabitants are almost wholly of a hybrid nature. The Portuguese settlers were nearly all males, the Indian women were good-looking, and made excellent wives; so the natural result has been, in the course of two centuries, a complete blending of the two races. The lower classes are as indolent and sensual as in other parts of the province, a moral condition not to be wondered at in a country where perpetual summer reigns, and where the necessities of life are so easily obtained. But they are light-hearted, quick-witted, communicative, and hospitable. The forest here is traversed by several broad roads, which pass generally under shade, and part of the way through groves of coffee and orange-trees, fragrant plantations of cacao, and tracts of second-growth woods. The houses along these beautiful roads belong chiefly to Mameluco, mulatto, and Indian families, each of which has its own plantation. Besides the main roads, there are endless by-paths which thread the forest, and communicate with isolated houses. Along these the traveller may wander day after day without leaving the shade, and everywhere meet with cheerful, simple, and hospitable people.

Mr. Bates had an opportunity here of verifying a fact in natural history which has been doubted. He detected a large hairy spider in the act of disposing of two small birds—finches—which he had caught in his dense white web. The hairs with which these bird-killing spiders are clothed come off when touched, and cause a peculiar, and our author says from sad experience, an almost maddening irritation. One day he saw some children with one of these monster spiders secured by a cord round its

waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog! There were only two monkeys near Cameta: the *Pithecia satanas*, a large species, clothed with long brownish black hair, and the tiny white and rare *Midas argentatus*, which, running along a branch, looked like white kittens. There were plenty of humming-birds; and Mr. Bates says there was no need for poets to invent elves and gnomes whilst Nature furnishes us with such marvellous little sprites ready to hand.

Among other excursions made in the province of Para was one to Caripi, a Scotch gentleman's establishment in a region once the centre of flourishing estates, but which have now relapsed into forest in consequence of the scarcity of labour and diminished enterprise. Mr. Bates was much troubled here with blood-sucking bats, which got into his hammock and bit him on his hip. A feline animal called the *Sassu-arana*, or false deer, from its colour, was also met with at this spot. The great ant-eater was likewise not uncommon. It was killed for the sake of its flesh, which is something like goose in flavour; sometimes, however, it would in its turn nearly kill the dogs that hunted it. It seems a pity to destroy this useful animal, where the ants are the pests of the country. There are at least four species, two of which are very small, and essentially arboreal. The great banded and maned ant-eater is the only ground species, just as the megatherium was the only ground species of the allied group of sloths, which are still more exclusively South American forms than ant-eaters. Humming-birds abounded in the orange-groves, and Mr. Bates several times shot by mistake a bird hawk-moth instead of a bird. It was only after many days' experience, he says, that he learnt to distinguish one from the other when on the wing. This resemblance, which is the subject of a curious illustration in Mr. Bates's work, has attracted the notice of the natives, all of whom, even educated whites, firmly believe that one is transmutable into the other. The resemblance is certainly remarkable; but there is nothing more in it. The analogy between the two creatures has been brought about, probably, by the similarity of their habits—both poisoning themselves before a flower whilst probing it with their proboscis. Mr. Gould relates that he once had a stormy altercation with an English gentleman, who affirmed that humming-birds were found in England, for he had seen one flying in Devonshire; meaning thereby the humming-bird hawk-moth, of which we have one well-known indigenous species.

Snakes abounded in this region; many of the species were arboreal, and sometimes looked like the flexuous stem of a creeping plant endowed with life, and threading its way amongst the leaves and branches—animated lianas. It was rather alarming, in entomologising about the trunks of trees, to suddenly encounter, on turning round, a pair of glittering eyes and a forked tongue within a few inches of one's head. Water-snakes will also sometimes take the bait intended for a fish, and the Amazonian angler often brings an unwelcome visitor to the surface. The extraction of the hook, which is generally swallowed, as with an eel, is an operation that is, we suppose, left to some bystander.

A curious question in connexion with the acclimatisation and domestication of animals—a subject which occupies the attention of Europe, as well as of Australia and other countries, in the present day—presented itself at Murucupi, a creek where Indians and half-breeds had lived for many generations in perfect seclusion from the rest of the world, the place being

little known or frequented. The spot is described, as far as scenery is concerned, as exquisitely beautiful. Then, again, the inhabitants had groves of bananas, mangoes, cotton, palm-trees, papaws, coffee, and sugar. They had also plots of Mandisca and Indian corn. But animal food is as much a necessary of life in this exhausting climate as it is in Europe. Now these people have no idea of securing a constant supply of meat by keeping cattle, sheep, or hogs, nor is there any lack of tameable animals fit for human food in the Amazonian forests. There are the tapir, the paca, the cutia, and the curassow turkeys; but the management of domestic animals is unsuited to their tastes, and such, says Mr. Bates, is the inflexibility of organisation in the red man, and by inheritance from Indians also in half-breeds, that the habit seems impossible to be acquired by them, although they show great aptitude in other respects for civilised life. Thus they continue to be fishers and hunters, despite the fatigue and uncertainty of the process; and this inveterate instinct is far more opposed to their progress in civilisation than the more imaginary one of their competition with an excessive vegetation.

On the first night of the rainy season there was a tremendous uproar—tree-frogs, crickets, goat-suckers, and owls, all joining to perform a deafening concert. The croaking and hooting of frogs was so loud that they could not hear one another's voices within doors. Ants and termites came forth in the winged state next day. Mr. Bates retreated to Para, under these adverse circumstances, and began to prepare for an expedition up the Amazons. At this epoch (1849) steamers had not been introduced, and nearly all communication with the interior was by means of sailing-vessels, and the voyage, made in this way, was tedious in the extreme. When the regular east wind blew—the “vento geræ,” or trade wind of the Amazons—sailing-vessels could get along very well; but when this failed, they were obliged to remain, sometimes many days together, anchored near the shore, or progress laboriously by means of the “*espia*.” This, where the density of vegetation put tracking out of the question, was accomplished by sending forward a cable by a *montaria*, which was secured to a tree or bough, and the vessel hauled up, and so on, repeating the process. Anything more tedious it is difficult to imagine. Mr. Bates obtained a passage in a schooner belonging to a young Mestizo, named Joao da Cunha Correia, who was ascending the river on a trading expedition. The channel by which the passage had to be effected from the Para to the Amazons was not more than eighty to one hundred yards in width, and was hemmed in by two walls of forest, which rose perpendicularly from the water to a height of seventy or eighty feet. The water was of great and uniform depth, even close to the banks. They seemed, indeed, to be in a deep gorge, and the strange impression produced was augmented by the dull echoes produced by the voices of the Indian crew and the splash of their paddles. This channel was thirty-five miles long, and it took three days and a half in effecting the passage. The extremity of the channel is said to be haunted by a *Paje*, or Indian wizard, whom it is necessary to propitiate by depositing some article on the spot, if the voyager wishes to secure a safe return from the “*sertão*,” as the interior of the country is called. Here the trees were all hung with rags, shirts, straw-hats, bunches of fruit, and so forth. The men caught plenty of fish in these channels, the prevailing

kind being a species of *Loricaria*, wholly encased in bony armour. A small alligator, not more than two feet in length, is also found in the shallow creeks.

The channel, on entering the Amazons Proper, formed a splendid reach, sweeping from south-west to north-east, with a horizon of water and sky both up stream and down. The majestic river did not, however, present the lake-like aspect which the waters of the Para and Tocantins affect, but had all the swing, so to speak, of a vast flowing stream. There was a spanking breeze, and the vessel bounded gaily over the waters. The same evening, however, a furious squall burst forth, tearing the waters into foam, and producing a frightful uproar in the neighbouring forests. In half an hour all was again calm, and the full moon appeared sailing in a cloudless sky.

The Amazons is at the junction of the Xingu, one of its great tributaries, ten miles broad, and, with the exception of a trifling detention of two days in the sickening heat, becalmed, the weather was delightful, the air transparently clear, and the breeze cool and invigorating. At daylight on the 6th, a chain of blue hills, the Serra de Almeyrim, appeared in the distance on the north bank of the river. The sight was most exhilarating, after so long a sojourn in a flat country. The coast throughout is described, however, as having a most desolate aspect: the forest is not so varied as on the higher land, and the water frontage, which is destitute of the green mantle of climbing plants that form so rich a decoration in other parts, is encumbered at every step with piles of fallen trees, peopled by white egrets, ghostly storks, and solitary herons. The Almeyrim range is only the first of a long series of hilly ranges, each having their separate names, and, for the most part, with steep rugged sides, destitute of trees and clothed with short herbage, but here and there exposing bare white patches. One of these ranges, called the Paranaquara, is remarkable for its flat tops. The valley, or river plain, is contracted to its narrowest breadth in this hilly region, being only from four to five miles broad. In no other part of the river do the highlands on each side approach so closely. Beyond, they gradually recede, and the width of the river valley consequently increases, until in the central parts of the Upper Amazons it is no less than five hundred and forty miles.

Santarem, a beautifully situated town, which Mr. Bates made his headquarters for no less than three years, lies at the mouth of the Tapajos, and, although four hundred miles from the sea, is accessible to vessels of heavy tonnage coming straight from the Atlantic. There is plenty of land here, and the Tapajos opens a direct way into the heart of the mining provinces of interior Brazil. But where is the population to come from, inquires Mr. Bates, to develop the resources of this fine country? At present the district, within a radius of twenty-five miles, contains barely six thousand five hundred inhabitants; behind the town the country is uninhabited, and jaguars roam nightly close up to the ends of the suburban streets. This while other countries are groaning under the necessity of contributing to the support of an excessive population. The tendency of mankind is to cumulate, instead of wisely distributing itself amidst virgin lands, forests, and waters. The progress in such regions is, hence, of an almost geological slowness.

Mr. Bates took up his head-quarters for the time being at Obydos, a

small town of twelve hundred inhabitants, on the north bank, airily situated on a high bluff and in a hilly district. The river here is contracted to a breadth of rather less than a mile (1738 yards), and the entire volume of its waters, the collective product of a score of mighty streams, is poured through the strait with tremendous velocity, and a depth of from thirty to forty fathoms. Behind is an extensive lake, called the Lago Grande da Villa Franca, which communicates with the Amazons both above and below Obydos. The inhabitants of Santarem are mainly whites, and they have lately imported negroes, before which they used to do, what a free negro is said to have recommended us to do in Australia, to force servitude on the Indians. It is indeed questionable if it is not better to teach the savages to earn a livelihood by honest industry, than to let them starve in idleness. There were heiresses at Obydos whose property was reckoned in cacao plantations, oxen, and slaves. Some enterprising young men had come over from Para and Maranham to appropriate to themselves the ladies and their fortunes. The people were very sociable and hospitable, but only one had enterprise sufficient to establish a sugar-mill.

The forest around Obydos was more varied than it is in the Amazons region generally, and is rendered utterly impenetrable by the thick undergrowth of plants of the pine-apple order, and by cacti. Monkeys abounded, and one species, a coaita, is much esteemed as an article of food. The worst is, that this is just the most mild, affectionate, intelligent, and human-like monkey. A wood-cricket is also met with here that sings so loudly that the natives place it, like a bird, in a wickerwork cage. Mr. Bates likewise met with some transition forms here among butterflies, which he believes tend to show that a physiological species can be and is produced in nature out of the varieties of a pre-existing closely allied one. The process of origination of a species in nature, he remarks, as it takes place successively, must be ever, perhaps, beyond man's power to trace, on account of the great lapse of time it requires. But we can obtain a fair view of it by tracing a variable and far-spreading species over the wide area of its present distribution, and a long observation of such will lead to the conclusion that new species in all cases must have arisen out of variable and widely disseminated forms.

Mr. Bates started from Obydos in a trader's boat, passing on his way numerous houses, each surrounded by its grove of cacao-trees. A cacao-tree costs about sixpence, and one family manages its own small plantation of ten to fifteen thousand trees. The life of these cacao cultivators is pleasant: the work is all done under the shade, and occupies only a few weeks in the year. But the people are poor, for they have no gardens, orchards, or domestic animals, and they live on fish and farinha. At night-time the boat generally lay to, and dinner was also cooked ashore, either in a shady nook of the forest or at the house of some settler. The mornings were cool and pleasant, but by evening the heat would grow intolerable; later, however, the hours were delicious. The hammocks were swung on deck, and they went to sleep amid a perpetual chorus of animals, among whom the chief performers were the howling monkeys. Their frightful, unearthly roar deepened the feeling of solitude which crept on as darkness closed around them. Soon after, the fireflies came forth and flitted about the trees. As night advanced, all became silent in the forest,

save the occasional hooting of tree-frogs, or the monotonous chirping of wood-crickets and grasshoppers. Now and then they came to large islands with sand-banks—open spaces in which the canoe-men take great delight—and hence they generally land at them, spending part of the day in washing and cooking. These sand-banks resembled the sea-shore. Flocks of white gulls were flying overhead, and sandpipers coursed along the edge of the water. These birds must have adapted fluviatile habits like the tern on the Nile and Euphrates. In this peculiarity they are analogous to the dolphins and porpoises, which in so vast a stream as the Amazons are, as we have seen, no longer marine, but purely fluviatile creations. There were also plenty of rarer birds, ibises, unicorn-birds, that bray like a jackass, barbets, or pig-birds, and others.

An elevated wooded promontory constitutes the boundary between the provinces of Para and Amazons. Beyond this the explorers stopped four days at the village of Villa Nova. There were pools here, in which grew the Victoria water-lily, and which swarmed with water-fowl, snowy egrets, striped herons, and gigantic storks. Canary-birds and macaws were stirring in the trees. There were also hawks and eagles. At a subsequent period, Mr. Bates passed eight months at this lively spot. The whole tract of land here is, in reality, a group of islands which extend from a little below Villa Nova to the mouth of the Madiera, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles; the breadth of this island and lacustrine district varying from ten to twenty miles. The country bordering these interior waters is said to be extremely fertile and not insalubrious, the broad lakes having clear waters and sandy shores. They abound in fish and turtle, and swarm with wild-fowl. The woods, unfortunately, abound in ticks, as in red acari in other places, which mount to the tips of blades of grass, and attach themselves to the clothes of passers-by. Mr. Bates says it occupied him a full hour daily to pick them off his flesh after his diurnal rambles. The Urubu vultures were another annoyance. They are so bold that if the kitchen was left unguarded for a moment, they walked in and lifted the lids of the saucepans with their beaks to rob them of their contents. They also follow the fishermen to the lakes, where they gorge themselves with the offal of the fisheries. Kept in their proper places, they are manifestly useful scavengers. The butterflies were at once colossal and most beautiful, and our naturalist describes it as a grand sight to see them by twos and threes floating at a great height in the still air of a tropical morning.

A next stay of ten days was made at a village where a line of clay cliffs diverts the course of the river. At a festival here, the meal consisted of a large boiled pirarucu—a manatee, or river cow—which had been harpooned for the purpose in the morning. Mr. Bates describes the meat as having the taste of very coarse pork; but the fat, which lies in thick layers, is of a greenish colour, and of a disagreeable, fishy flavour. The manatee, or "*vacca marina*," as it is also called, is one of the few objects which excite the dull wonder and curiosity of the Indians, notwithstanding that it is very common. The fact of its suckling its young at the breast, although an aquatic animal, seems to strike them as something very strange. One was killed on the Upper Amazons which was nearly ten feet in length, and nine feet in girth at the broadest part.

Mr. Bates did not proceed on his first ascent of the Amazons beyond Barra,

a large goodly town at the junction of the Rio Negro, and which is now the principal station for the lines of steamers which were established in 1853—a steamer running once a fortnight between Para and Barra, and a bi-monthly one plying between the latter place and Nanta, in the Peruvian territory. On a second excursion, Mr. Bates left Barra for Ega, the first town of any importance on the Solimoens, while Mr. Wallace explored the Rio Negro. The distance is nearly four hundred miles, which he accomplished in a small cuberta, manned by ten stout Cucama Indians, in thirty-five days. On this occasion he spent twelve months in the upper region of the Amazons. He revisited the same country in 1855, and devoted three years and a half to a fuller exploration of its natural productions. This in addition to his residence at Santarem and the exploration of the Tapajos.

The sketches of life and of the aspects of nature under such various circumstances, and during such a lengthened period, are minutely detailed and very entertaining—nor were all these explorations effected without adventures. When on the Cupari, a tributary to the Tapajos, a Sucuruju (the Indian name for the anaconda, or great water-serpent, *Eunectes murinus*) robbed the hencoop in the boat. Some days afterwards, the young men belonging to the different sitios agreed together to go in search for the serpent, which had committed many other depredations. It was found, after a long search, sunning itself on a log at the mouth of a muddy rivulet, and was despatched with harpoons. It was not a large one, only eighteen feet nine inches in length, but it had a most hideous appearance, owing to its being very broad in the middle and tapering abruptly at both ends.

At Ega, Mr. Bates relates, a large anaconda was near making a meal of a young lad about ten years of age. The father and his son went one day in their montaria a few miles up the Teffé, to gather wild fruit; landing on a sloping, sandy shore, where the boy was left to mind the canoe whilst the man entered the forest. The beaches of the Teffé form groves of wild guava and myrtle-trees, and during most months of the year are partly overflown by the river. Whilst the boy was playing in the water under the shade of these trees, a huge reptile of this species stealthily wound its coils around him, unperceived till it was too late to escape. His cries brought his father quickly to the rescue, and he rushed forward, and seizing the anaconda boldly by the head, tore its jaws asunder. There appears to be no doubt that this formidable serpent grows to an enormous bulk, and lives to a great age, for Mr. Bates heard of specimens having been killed which measured forty-two feet in length. The natives of the Amazons country universally believe in the existence of a monster water-serpent, said to be many score fathoms in length, which appears successively in different parts of the river. They call it the Mai d'agoa—"the mother or spirit of the water." This fable, which was doubtless suggested by the occasional appearance of Sucurujus of unusually large size, takes a great variety of forms, and the wild legends form the subject of conversation amongst old and young, over the wood fires in lonely settlements.

One day that Mr. Bates was entomologising alone and unarmed, in a dry ygapo, where the trees were rather wide apart and the ground coated to the depth of eight or ten inches with dead leaves, he was near coming

into collision with a boa-constrictor. He had just entered a little thicket to capture an insect, and was pinning it, when he was startled by a rushing noise. He looked up to the sky, thinking a squall was coming on, but not a breath of wind stirred in the tree-tops. On stepping out of the bushes, he met face to face a huge serpent coming down a slope, and making the dry twigs crack and fly with his weight as he moved over them. He had frequently met with a smaller boa, the Cutim-boia, in a similar way, and knew from the habits of the family that there was no danger, so he stood his ground. On seeing him the reptile suddenly turned, and glided at an accelerated pace down the path. There was very little of the serpentine movement in his course. The rapidly-moving and shining body looked like a stream of brown liquid flowing over the thick bed of fallen leaves, rather than a serpent with skin of varied colours. The huge trunk of an uprooted tree lay across his road; this he glided over in his undeviating course, and soon after penetrated a dense swampy thicket, where Mr. Bates, who had set after him at first, says he did not care to follow him.

Adventures with alligators are not less amusing. One day, when out turtle fishing in the pools in the neighbourhood of Ega, when the net was formed into a circle, and the men had jumped in, an alligator was found to be enclosed. "No one," Mr. Bates says, "was alarmed, the only fear expressed being that the imprisoned beast would tear the net. First one shouted, 'I have touched his head;' then another, 'He has scratched my leg.' One of the men, a lanky Miranha, was thrown off his balance, and then there was no end to the laughter and shouting. At last a youth of about fourteen years of age, on my calling to him from the bank to do so, seized the reptile by the tail, and held him tightly, until, a little resistance being overcome, he was able to bring it ashore. The net was opened, and the boy slowly dragged the dangerous but cowardly beast to land through the muddy water, a distance of about one hundred yards. Meantime, I had cut a strong pole from a tree, and as soon as the alligator was drawn to solid ground, gave him a sharp rap with it on the crown of his head, which killed him instantly. It was a good-sized individual; the jaws being considerably more than a foot long, and fully capable of snapping a man's leg in twain." The species was the large cayman, the Jacaré-uassu of the Amazonian Indians (*Jacare nigra*).

At another spot in the same neighbourhood no one could descend to bathe without being advanced upon by one or other of these hungry monsters. There was much offal cast into the river, and this, of course, attracted them to the place. "One day," Mr. Bates relates, "I amused myself by taking a basketful of fragments of meat beyond the line of ranchos, and drawing the alligators towards me by feeding them. They behaved pretty much as dogs do when fed; catching the bones I threw them in their huge jaws, and coming nearer and nearer, showing increased eagerness after every morsel. The enormous gape of their mouths, with their blood-red lining and long fringes of teeth, and the uncouth shape of their bodies, made a picture of unsurpassable ugliness. I once or twice fired a heavy charge of shot at them, aiming at the vulnerable part of their bodies, which is a small space situated behind their eyes, but this had no other effect than to make them give a hoarse grunt and shake themselves; they immediately afterwards turned to receive another bone which I threw to them."

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE TWENTY-FIRST.

I.

MR. REGINALD MAKES A MORNING CALL.

TIME elapsed. Autumn weather had come; and things were going on in their state of progression at Prior's Ash, as things always must go on. Be it slow or fast, be it marked or unmarked, the stream of life must glide forward; onwards, onwards; never stopping, never turning] from its appointed course that bears straight towards eternity.

In the events that concern us nothing had been very marked. At least, not outwardly. There were no startling changes to be recorded—unless, indeed, it was that noted change in the heart of the town. The bank of which you have heard so much was no more; but in its stead flourished an extensive ironmongery establishment—which it was to be hoped would not come to the same ignoble end. The house had been divided into two dwellings: the one, accessible by the former private entrance, was let to a quiet widow lady and her son, a young man reading for the Church; the other had been opened in all the grandeur and glory of highly-polished steel and iron. Grates, chimney-pieces, fire-irons, fenders, scrapers, gilded lamps, ornamental gratings, and other useful things more puzzling to mention, crowded the front windows and dazzled the admiring eyes of the passers-by. You might have thought it was gold and silver displayed there, when the sun reflected its light on the shining wares and brought out their brilliancy. Not one of the Godolphins could pass it without a keen heart-pang, but the general public were content to congregate and admire, as long as the novelty lasted.

The great crash, which had so upset the equanimity of Prior's Ash, was beginning to be forgotten as a thing of the past. The bankruptcy was at an end—save for some remaining proceedings of form which did not concern the general public, and not much the creditors. Compassion for those who had been injured by the calamity was dying out: many a home had been rendered needy, many desolate; but outside people do not make these uncomfortable facts any lasting concern of theirs. There were only two who did make them so, in regard to Prior's Ash: and they would make them so as long as their lives should last.

George Godolphin's wife was lying in her poor lodgings, and Thomas was dying at Ashlydyat. Dying so slowly and imperceptibly that the passage to the grave was smoothed, and the town began to say that he might recover yet. The wrong inflicted upon others, however unwillingly on his own part, the distress rife in many a house around, was ever present to him. It was ever present to Maria.

Some of those who had lost were able to bear it; but there were others upon whom it had brought privation, poverty, utter ruin. It was for these last that the sting was felt.

A little boy had been born to Maria, and had died at the end of a few days. He was baptised Thomas. "Name him Thomas: it will be a remembrance of my brother," George Godolphin had said. But the young Thomas died before the elder one. The same disorder which had taken off two of Maria's other infants took off him—convulsions. "Best that it should be so," said Maria, with closed eyes and folded hands.

Somehow she could not get strong again. Lying in bed, sick and weak, she had time to ruminate upon the misfortunes which had befallen them: the bitter, hopeless reminiscence of the past, the trouble and care of the present, the uncertainty of the future. To dwell upon such themes is not good for the strongest frame; but for the weak it may be worse than can be expressed. Whether it was that, or whether it was a tendency to keep sick, which might have arisen without any mental trouble at all, Maria did not get strong. Mr. Snow sent her no end of tonics; he ordered her all kinds of renovating dainties; he sat and chatted and joked with her by the half-hour together: and it availed not. She was about again, as the saying runs, but she remained lamentably weak. "You don't make an effort to arouse yourself," Mr. Snow would say, thumping his stick in displeasure upon the floor as he spoke. Well, perhaps she did not: the plain fact was, that there was neither the health nor the spirit within her to make the effort.

Circumstances were cruelly against her. She might have battled with the bankruptcy; with the shock and the disgrace; she might have battled with the discomforts of their fallen position, with the painful consciousness of the distress cast into many a home, with the humiliation dealt out to herself as her own special portion, by the pious pharisees around; she might have battled with the vague prospects of the future, hopeless though they looked: women equally sensitive, good, refined as Maria, have had to contend with all this, and have survived it. But what Maria could not battle with; what had told upon her heart and her spirit worse than all the rest, was that dreadful shock touching her husband. She had loved him passionately; she had trusted him wholly; in her blind faith she had never cast so much as a thought to the *possibility* that he could be untrue to his allegiance: and she had been obliged to learn that—infidelity forms part of a man's frail nature. It had dashed to the ground the faith and love of years; it had outraged every feeling of her heart; it seemed to have destroyed her trust in all mankind. Implicit faith! pure love! trust that she had deemed stronger than death!—all had been rent in one moment, and the shock had been greater than was her strength to endure. It was as when one cuts a cord asunder. Anything, anything but this! She could have borne with George in his crime and disgrace, and clung to him all the more because the world shunned him; had he been sent out to Van Dieman's Land the felon that he might have been, she could have crept by his side and loved him still. But this was different. To a woman of refined feelings, as was Maria, loving trustingly,

it was as the very sharpest point of human agony. It must be such. She had reposed calmly in the belief that she was all in all to him: and she awoke to find that she was no more to him than were others. They had lived, as she fondly thought, in a world of their own, a world of tenderness, of love, of unity; she and he alone; and now she learnt that his world at least had not been so exclusive. Apart from more sacred feelings that were outraged, it brought to her the most bitter humiliation. She seemed to have sunk down to a level she scarcely knew with what. It was not the broad and bare infidelity: at that a gentlewoman scarcely likes to glance; but it was the fading away of all the purity and romance which had enshrined them round, as with a halo, they alone, apart from the world. In one unexpected moment, as a flash of lightning will blast a forest tree and strip it of its foliage, leaving it bare—withered—helpless—so had that blow rent the heart's life of Maria Godolphin. And she did not get strong.

Yes. Thomas Godolphin was dying at Ashlydyat, Maria was breaking her heart in her lonely lodgings, Prior's Ash was suffering in its homes; but where was the cause of it all—Mr. George? Mr. George was in London. Looking after something to do, he told Maria. Probably he was. He knew that he had his wife and child upon his hands, and that something must be done, and speedily, or the wolf would come to the door. Lord Averil, good and forgiving as was Thomas Godolphin, had promised George to try and get him some post abroad—for George had confessed to him that he did not care to remain in England. But the prospect was a remote one at best; and it was necessary that George should be exerting himself while it came. So he was in town looking after the something, and meanwhile not by any means breaking *his* heart in regrets, or living like an anchorite up in a garret. Maria heard from him, and of him. Once a week, at least, he wrote to her, sometimes oftener; affectionate and gay letters. Loving words to herself, kisses and stories for Meta, teasings and jokes for Margery. He was friendly with the Verralls—which Prior's Ash wondered at; and would now and then be seen riding in the Park with Mrs. Charlotte Pain—the gossip of which was duly chronicled to Maria by her gossiping acquaintance. Maria was silent on the one subject, but she did write a word of remonstrance to him about his friendship with Mr. Verrall. It was scarcely seemly, she intimated, after what people had said. George wrote her word back that she knew nothing about it; that people had taken up a false notion altogether. Verrall was a good fellow at heart; what had happened was not his fault, but the fault of certain men with whom he, Verrall, had been connected; and that Verrall was showing himself a good friend now, and he did not know what he should do without him.

"A warm bright day like this, and I find you moping and stewing on that sofa! I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. George Godolphin, you are trying to make yourself into a chronic invalid."

Mr. Snow's voice, in its serio-comic accent, might be heard at the top of the house as he spoke. It was his way.

"I am better than I was," answered Maria. "I shall get well some time."

"Some time! It's to be hoped you will. But you are not doing

much yourself towards it. Have the French left you a cloak and bonnet, pray?"

Maria smiled at his joke. She knew he alluded to the bankruptcy commissioners. When Mr. Snow was a boy the English and French were at war, and he generally used the word French in a jesting way to designate enemies.

"They left me all," she said.

"Then be so good as put them on. I don't terminate this visit until I have seen you out of doors."

To contend would be more trouble than to obey. She wrapped herself up and went out with Mr. Snow. Her steps were almost too feeble to walk alone.

"See the lovely day it is! And you, an invalid, suffering from nothing but dumps, not to be out in it! It's nearly as warm as September. Halloa, young lady! are you planting cabbages?"

They had turned an angle and come upon Miss Meta. She was digging away with a child's spade, scattering the mould over the path; her woollen shawl, put on for warmth, turned hind before, and her hat fallen back with the ardour of her labours. David Jekyl, who was digging to purpose close by, was grumbling at the scattered mould on his clean paths.

"I'll sweep it up, David; I'll sweep it up," the young lady said.

"Fine sweeping it 'ud be!" grunted David.

"I declare it's as warm as summer in this path!" cried Mr. Snow. "Now mind, Mrs. George, you shall stop here for half an hour; and if you get tired there's a bench to sit upon. Little damsel, if mamma goes in-doors, you tell me the next time I come. She is to stay out."

"I'll not tell of mamma," said Meta, throwing down her spade and turning her earnest eyes, her rosy cheeks, full on Mr. Snow.

He laughed as he walked away. "You are to stay out for the half-hour, mind you, Mrs. George. I insist upon it."

Direct disobedience would not have been expedient, if only in the light of example to Meta; but Maria had rather been out on any other day, or been ordered to any other path. This was the first time she had seen David Jekyl since the bank had failed, and his father's loss was very present to her.

"How are you, David?" she inquired.

"I be among the middlin's," shortly answered David.

"And your father? I heard he was ill?"

"So he is ill. He couldn't be worser."

"I suppose the coming winter is against him?"

"There be other things again him as well as the coming winter," returned David. "Fretting, for one."

Ah, how bitter it all was! But David did not mean to allude in any offensive manner to the past, or to hurt the feelings of George Godolphin's wife. It was his crusty way.

"Is Jonathan better?" she asked.

"He ain't of much account, he ain't, since he got that hurt," was David's answer. "A doing about three days' work in a week! It's to be hoped times 'll mend."

Maria walked slowly to and fro in the sunny path, saying a word or

two to David now and then, but choosing safer subjects ; the weather, the flowers under his charge, the vegetables already nipped with frost. She looked very ill. Her face thin and white, her soft sweet eyes larger and darker than was natural. Her hands were wrapped in the cloak for warmth, and her steps were unequal. Crusty David actually ventured on a little bit of civility.

"*You* don't seem to get about over quick, ma'am."

"Not very, David. But I feel better than I did."

She sat down on the bench, and Meta came flying to her, spade in hand. Might she plant a gooseberry-tree, and have all the gooseberries off it next year for herself ?

Maria stroked the child's hair from her flushed face as she answered. Meta flew off to find the "tree," and Maria sat on, plunged in a train of thought which the question had led to. Where should they be at the gooseberry season next year ? In that same dwelling ? Would George's prospects have become more certain then ?

"Now then ! Is that the way you dig ?"

The sharp words came from Margery, who had looked out at the kitchen window and caught sight of Miss Meta rolling in the mould. The child jumped up laughing, and ran into the house for her skipping-rope.

"Have I been out half an hour, do you think, David ?" Maria asked by-and-by.

"Near upon 't," said David, without lifting his back or his eyes.

She rose to pursue her way slowly in-doors. She was so fatigued—and there had been, to say, no exertion—that she felt as if she could never stir out again. The mere putting on and taking off her cloak was almost beyond her. She let it fall from her shoulders, put off her bonnet, and sank down in an easy-chair.

From this she was aroused by hearing the garden gate hastily open. Quick footsteps came up the path, and a manly voice said something to David Jekyl in a free, joking tone. She bounded up, her cheek flushing to hectic, her heart beating. Could it be George ?

No, it was her brother, Reginald Hastings. He came in with a great deal of unnecessary noise and clatter. He had arrived from London only that morning, he proceeded to tell Maria, and was going up again by the night train.

"I say, Maria, how ill you look !"

Very ill indeed just then. The excitement of sudden expectation had faded away, leaving her whiter than before. Dark circles were round her eyes, and her delicate hands, more feeble, more slender than of yore, moved restlessly on her lap.

"I have been very feverish the last few weeks," she said. "I think I am stronger. But I have been out for a walk and am tired."

"What did the little shaver die of ?" asked Reginald.

"Of convulsions," she answered, her bodily weariness too great to speak in anything but a tone of apathy. "Why are you going up again so soon ? Have you got a ship ?"

Reginald nodded. "We have orders to join to-morrow at twelve. She's the *Mary*, bound for China, six hundred tons. I knew the

mother would never forgive me if I didn't come down to say good-by, so I thought I'd have two nights of it in the train."

"Are you going second officer, Reginald?"

"Second officer!—no. I have not passed."

"Regy!"

"They are a confounded lot, that board!" broke out Mr. Reginald in an explosive tone. "I don't believe they know their own business; and as to passing any one without once turning him, they won't do it. I should like to know who has the money! You pay your guinea, and you don't pass. Come up again next Monday, they say. Well, you do go up again, as you want to pass; and you pay another half-guinea. I did; and they turned me again; said I didn't know seamanship. The great owls! not know seamanship! I! They took me, I expect, for one of those dainty middies in Green's service who walk the deck in kid gloves all day. If there's one thing I have at my fingers' ends it is seamanship. I could navigate a vessel all over the world—and be hanged to the idiots! You can come again next Monday, they said to me. I wish the *Times* would show them up!"

"Did you go again?"

"Did I!—no," fumed Reginald. "Just to add to their pockets by another half-guinea! I hadn't got it to give, Maria. I just flung the whole lot over, and went down to the first ship in the dock and engaged myself."

"As what?" she asked.

"As A. B."

"A. B.?" repeated Maria, puzzled. "You don't mean—surely you don't mean before the mast?"

"Yes I do."

"Oh, Reginald!"

"It doesn't make much difference," cried Reginald, in a slighting tone. "The mates in some of those ships are not much better off than the seamen: you must work, and the food's pretty much the same, except at the skipper's table. Let a fellow get up to be first mate, and he is in tolerably smooth water; but until then he must rough it. After this voyage I'll go up again."

"But you might have shipped as third mate."

"I might—if I had taken my time to find a berth. But who was to keep me the while? It takes fifteen shillings a week at the Sailors' Home, besides odds and ends for yourself that you can't do without—smoke, and things. I couldn't bear to ask them for more at home. Only think how long I have been on shore this time, Maria. I was knocking about in London for weeks over my navigation, preparing to pass.—And for the mummies to turn me, at last!"

Maria sighed. Poor Reginald's gloomy prospects were bringing her pain.

"There's another thing, Maria," he resumed. "If I had passed for second mate, I don't see how I could go out as such. Where was my outfit to come from? An officer—if he is on anything of a ship—must be spruce, and have proper toggery. I am quite certain that to go out as second mate on a good ship would have cost me twenty pounds, for additional things that I couldn't do without. You can't get a sextant

under three pounds, second-hand, if it's worth having. You know I never could have come upon them for twenty pounds at home, under their altered circumstances."

Maria made no reply. Every word was going to her heart.

"Whereas in shipping as common seaman, I don't want to take much more than you might tie in a handkerchief. A fo'castle fellow can shift any way aboard. And there's one advantage," ingenuously added Reginald, "if I take no traps out with me, I can't lose them."

"But the discomfort?" breathed Maria.

"There's enough of that any way at sea. A little more or less of it is not of much account in the long run. It's all in the voyage. I wish I had never been such a fool as to choose the sea. But I did; so it's of no use kicking at it now."

"I wish you were not going as you are!" said Maria, earnestly. "I wish you had shipped as third mate!"

"When a sailor can't afford the time to ship as he would, he must ship as he can. Many a hundred has done the same before me. To one third mate that's wanted in the port of London, there are scores and scores of A. B. seamen."

"What does mamma say to it?"

"Well, you know she can't afford to be fastidious now. She cried a bit, but I told her I should be all right. Hard work and fo'castle living won't break bones. The parson told me——"

"Don't, Reginald!"

"Papa, then. He told me it was a move in the right direction, and if I would only go on so, I might make up for past short-comings. I say, Isaac told me to give you his love."

"Did you see much of him?"

"No. On a Sunday now and then. He doesn't much like his new place. They are dreadfully overworked, he says. It's quite a different thing from what the bank was down here."

"Will he not stop in it?"

"Oh, he'll stop in it. Glad, too. It won't answer for him to be doing nothing, when they can hardly keep themselves at home with the little bit of money screwed out from what's put aside for the Chisholms."

Reginald never meant to hurt her. He but spoke so in his thoughtlessness. He rattled on.

"I saw George Godolphin last week. It was on the Monday, the day that swindling board first turned me back. I flung the books anywhere, and went out miles, to walk my passion off. I got into the Park, to Rotten-row. It's precious empty at this season, not more than a dozen horses in it; but who should be coming along but George Godolphin and Mrs. Pain with a groom behind them. She was riding that beautiful horse of hers that she used to cut a dash with here in the summer; the one that folks said George gave——" Incautious Reginald coughed down the conclusion of his sentence, whistled a bar or two of a sea-song, and then resumed:

"George was well mounted too."

"Did you speak to them?" asked Maria.

"Of course I did," replied Reginald, with a slight surprise. "And Mrs. Pain began scolding me for not having been to see her and the Verralls. She made me promise to go down the next evening. They live at a pretty place down on the banks of the Thames. You take the rail at Waterloo-bridge."

"Did you go?"

"Well, I did, as I had promised. But I didn't care much. I had been at my books all day again, and in the evening, quite late, I started. When I got there I found it was a tea-fight."

"A tea-fight!" echoed Maria, rather uncertain what the expression might mean.

"A regular tea-fight," repeated Reginald. "A dozen folks, ladies mostly, dressed up to the nines: and there was I in my worn-out old sailor's jacket. Charlotte began blowing me up for not coming to dinner, and she made me go in to the dining-room and had it brought up for me. Lots of good things! I haven't tasted such a dinner since I've been on shore. Verrall gave me some champagne."

"Was George there?" inquired Maria, putting the question with apparent indifference.

"No, George wasn't there. Charlotte said if she had thought of it she'd have invited Isaac to meet me: but Isaac was shy of them, she added, and had never been down once, though she had asked him several times. She's a good-natured one, Maria, is that Charlotte Pain."

"Yes," quietly responded Maria.

"She told me she knew how young sailors got out of money in London, and she shouldn't think of my standing the cost of responding to her invitation; and she gave me a sovereign."

Maria's cheeks burnt. "You did not take it, Reginald?"

"Didn't I! It was like a godsend. You don't know how scarce money has been with me. Things have altered, you know, Maria. And Mrs. Pain knows it, too, and she has got no stuck-up nonsense about her. She made me promise to go and see them when I had passed.—But I have not passed," added Reginald, by way of parenthesis. "And she said if I was at fault for a home the next time I was looking out for a ship, she'd give me one, and be happy to see me. And I thought it very kind of her, for I am sure she meant it. Oh—by the way—she said she thought you'd let her have Meta up for a few weeks."

Maria involuntarily stretched out her hand—as if Meta were there and she would clasp her and hold her from some threatened danger. Reginald rose.

"You are not going yet, Regy!"

"I must. I only ran in for a few minutes. There's Grace to see and fifty more folks, and they'll expect me home to dinner. I'll say good-by to Meta as I go through the garden. I saw she was there; but she did not see me."

He bent to kiss her. Maria held his hand in hers. "I shall be thinking of you always, Reginald. If you were but going under happier circumstances!"

"Never mind me, Maria. It will be up-hill work with most of us,

I suppose, for a time. I thought it the best thing I could do. I couldn't bear to come upon them for more money at home."

"Yours will be a hard life."

"A sailor's is that, at best. Don't worry about me. I shall make it out somehow. You make haste, Maria, and get strong. I'm sure you look sick enough to frighten folks."

She pressed his hands between hers, and the tears were filling her eyes as she raised them, their expression one wild yearning. "Reginald, try and do your duty," she whispered, in an imploring tone. "Think always of Heaven, and try and work for it. It may be very near. I have got to think of it a great deal now."

"It's all right, Maria," was the careless and characteristic answer. "It's a religious ship I'm going in this time. We have had to sign articles for divine service on board at half-past ten every Sunday morning."

He kissed her several times, and the door closed upon him. As Maria lay back in her chair, she heard his voice outside for some time afterwards, laughing and talking with Meta, largely promising her a ship-load of monkeys, parrots, and various other live wonders.

In this way or that, she was continually being reminded of the unhappy past and their share in it; she was perpetually having brought before her its disastrous effects upon others. Poor Reginald! entering upon his hard life! This need not have been, had the means not grown scarce at home. Maria loved him the best of all her brothers, and her very soul seemed to ache with its remorse. And by some means or other, she was, as you see, frequently learning that Mr. George was not breaking *his* heart in remorse. The suffering in all ways fell upon her.

And the time went on, and Maria Godolphin grew no stronger.

II.

A SHADOW OF THE FUTURE.

THE time had gone on, and Maria Godolphin, instead of growing stronger, grew weaker. Mr. Snow could do nothing more than he had done; he sent her tonic medicines still, and called upon her now and then, as a friend more than as a doctor. The strain was on the mind, he concluded, and time alone would heal it.

But Maria was worse than Mr. Snow or anybody else thought. She had been always so delicate-looking, so gentle, that her wan face, her sunken spirits, attracted less attention than they would have done in one of a more robust nature. Nobody glanced at the possibility of danger. Margery's expressed opinion, "My mistress only wants rousing," was the one universally adopted: and there may have been truth in it.

All question of Maria's going out of doors was over now. She was really not equal to it. She would lie for hours together on her sofa, the little child Meta gathered in her arms. Meta appeared to have changed her very nature: instead of dancing about incessantly, running into every mischief, she was content to nestle to her mother's bosom

and listen to her whispered words, as if some foreshadowing were on her spirit that she might not long have a mother to nestle to.

You must not think that Maria conformed to the usages of an invalid. She was up before breakfast in a morning, she did not go to bed until the usual hour at night, and she sat down to the customary meals with Meta. She has risen from the breakfast-table now, on this fine morning, not at all cold for the late autumn, and Margery has carried away the breakfast-things, and has told Miss Meta, that if she'll come out as soon as her mamma has read to her and have her things put on, she can go and play in the garden.

But when the little Bible story was over, her mamma lay down on the sofa, and Meta appeared inclined to do the same. She hustled on to it and lay down too, and kissed her mamma's face, so pretty still, and began to chatter. It was a charming day, the sun shining on the few late flowers, and the sky blue and bright.

"Did you hear Margery say you might go out and play, darling? See how fine it is."

"There's nothing to play with," said Meta.

"There are many things, dear. Your skipping-rope, and hoop, and——"

"I'm tired of them," interposed Meta. "Mamma, I wish you'd come out and play at something with me."

"I couldn't run, dear. I am not strong enough."

"When shall you be strong enough? How long will it be before you get well?"

Maria did not answer. She lay with her eyes fixed outwards, her arm clasped round the child. "Meta darling, I—I—am not sure that I shall get well. I begin to think that I shall never go out with you again."

Meta did not answer. She was looking out also, her eyes staring straight up to the blue sky.

"Meta darling," resumed Maria, in a low tone, "you had two little sisters once, and I cried when they died, but I am glad now that they went. They are in heaven."

Meta looked up more fixedly, and pointed with her finger. "Up in the blue sky."

"Yes, up in heaven. Meta, I think I am going to them. It is a better world than this."

"And me too?" quickly cried Meta.

Maria laid her hand upon her bosom to press down the rising emotion. "Meta, Meta, if I might but take you with me!" she breathed, straining the child to her in an agony. The prospect of parting, which Maria had begun to look at, was indeed hard to bear.

"You can't go and leave me," cried Meta, in alarm. "Who'd take care of me, mamma? Mamma! do you mean that you are going to die?"

Meta burst into tears; Maria cried with her. Oh reader, reader! do you know what it is, this parting between mother and child? To lay a child in the grave is bitter grief; but to leave it to the mercy of the world!—there is nothing like unto it in human anguish.

Maria's arms were entwined around the little girl, clasping her

nervously, as if that might prevent the future parting; the soft, rounded cheek was pressed to hers, the golden curls lay around.

"Only for a little while, Meta. If I go first, it will be but for a little while. You——" Maria stopped; her emotion had to be choked down.

"It is a happier world than this, Meta," she resumed, overmastering it. "There will be no pain there; no sickness, no sorrow. This world seems made up of sorrow, Meta. Oh, child! but for God's love in holding out to our view that other one, we could never bear this, when trouble comes. God took your little sisters and brothers from it; and—I think—He is taking me."

Meta turned her face downwards, and laid hold of her mother with a frightened movement, her little fingers clasping the thin arms to pain.

"The winter is coming on here, my child, and the trees will soon be bare; the snow will cover the earth, and we must wrap ourselves up from it. But in that other world there will be no winter: no cold to chill us; no sultry summer heat to exhaust us. It will be a pleasant world, Meta, and God will love us."

Meta was crying silently. "Let me go too, mamma."

"In a little while, darling. If God calls me first, it is His will," she continued, the sobs breaking from her aching heart. "I shall ask Him to take care of you after I am gone, and to bring you to me in time; I am asking Him always."

"Who'll be my mamma then?" cried Meta, lifting her head in a bustle, as the thought occurred to her.

More pain. Maria choked it down, and stroked the golden curls.

"You will have no mamma then, in this world. Only papa."

Meta paused. "Will he take me to London, to Mrs. Pain?"

The startled shock that these simple words brought to Maria cannot well be pictured: her breath stood still, her heart beat wildly. "Why do you ask that?" she said, her tears suddenly dried.

Meta had to collect her childish thoughts to tell why. "When you were in bed ill, and Mrs. Pain wrote me that pretty letter, she said if papa would take me up to London she'd be my mamma for a little while, in place of you."

The spell was broken. The happy visions of heaven, of love, had been displaced for Maria. She lay quite silent, and in the stillness the bells of All Souls' church were heard to strike out a joyous peal on the morning air. Meta clapped her hands and lifted her face, radiant now with glee. Moods require not time to change in childhood: now sunshine, now rain. Margery opened the door.

"Do you hear 'em, ma'am? The bells for Miss Cecil. They be as glad as the day. I said she'd have it fine last night, when I found the wind had changed. I can't abear to hear wedding-bells ring out on a wet day: the two don't accord. Eh me! why here's Miss Rose a coming in!"

Rose Hastings was walking up the garden path with a quick step, nodding at Meta as she came along. That young lady slipped off the sofa, and ran out to meet her, and Maria rose up from her sick position, and strove to look her best.

"I have come for Meta," said Rose, as she entered. "Mamma thinks she would like to see the wedding." Will you let her come, Maria?"

Maria hesitated. "In the church, do you mean? Suppose she should not be good?"

"I will be good," said Meta, in a high state of delight at the prospect. "Mamma, I'll be very good."

She went with Margery to be dressed. Rose turned to her sister. "Are you pretty well this morning, Maria?"

"Pretty well, Rose. I cannot boast of much strength yet."

"I wish you would return with me and Meta. Mamma told me to try and bring you. To spend the day with us will be a change, and you need not go near the church."

"I don't feel equal to it, Rose. I should not have the strength to walk. Tell mamma so, with my dear love."

"Maria, I wonder they did not ask you to the wedding!"

"Do you? It is a foolish wonder, Rose. I am not sufficiently well for weddings, even had other circumstances been favourable. Cecil was here yesterday, and sat an hour with me."

"Only fancy!—she is to be married in a bonnet!" exclaimed Rose, with indignation. "A bonnet and a grey dress. I wonder Lord Averil consented to it! I should hardly call it a wedding. A bonnet!—and no breakfast!—and Bessy Godolphin and Lord Averil's sister, who is older if anything than Bessy, for the bridesmaids!"

"Would a gayer wedding have been consistent—under the circumstances?"

Rose knitted her brow at the words, but smoothed her hand over it, remembering who was looking at her. "I—I do not see, Maria," she hesitatingly said, "that what has past need throw its shade on the wedding of Cecil and Lord Averil."

"And the state of Thomas Godolphin?"

"Ah, yes, to be sure! I was not thinking of him. But it is very dreadful to be married without a wreath and a veil, and with only a couple of old bridesmaids."

"And by only one clergyman," added Maria, her lips parting with a smile. "Do you think the marriage will stand good, Rose?"

Rose felt inclined to resent the joke. The illusions of the wedding-day were, in her eyes, absolutely necessary to the marriage ceremony. Meta came in, ready; as full of bustling excitement as ever; eager to be gone. She kissed her mamma in careless haste, and was impatient because Rose lingered to say a word. Maria watched her down the path; her face and eyes sparkling, her feet dancing with eagerness, her laughter ringing in the air.

"She has forgotten already her tears for the parting that must come," murmured Maria. "How soon, I wonder, after I shall be gone, will she forget me?"

She laid her temples lightly against the window-frame, as she looked dreamily at the blue sky; as she listened dreamily to the sweet bells that rang out so merrily in the ears of Prior's Ash.

III.

NEARER AND NEARER FOR THOMAS GODOLPHIN.

PRIOR'S ASH lingered at its doors and its windows, curious to witness the outer signs of Cecilia Godolphin's wedding. The arrangements for it were to them more a matter of speculation than of certainty, since various rumours had gone afloat, and were eagerly caught up, although of the most contradictory character. All that appeared certain as yet was—that the day was charming and the bells were ringing.

How the beadle kept the gates that day, he alone knew. That staff of his was brought a great deal more into requisition than was liked by the sea of noses pressing there. And when the first carriage came, the excitement in the street was great.

The *first* carriage! There were but two; that and another. Prior's Ash turned up its disappointed nose, and wondered, with Rose Hastings, what the world was coming to.

It was a chariot drawn by four horses. The livery of the postilions and the coronet on the panels proclaimed it to be Lord Averil's. He sat inside it with Thomas Godolphin. The carriage following it was Lady Godolphin's, and appeared to contain only ladies, all wearing bonnets and coloured gowns. The exasperated gazers, who had bargained for something very different, set up a half groan.

They set up a whole one, those round the gates, when Lord Averil and his friend alighted. But the groan was not one of exasperation, or of anger. It was a low murmur of sorrow, of sympathy, and it was called forth by the appearance of Thomas Godolphin. It was some little time now since Thomas Godolphin had been seen in public, and the change in him was startling. He walked forward, leaning on the arm of Lord Averil, lifting his hat to the greeting that was breathed around; a greeting of sorrow meant, as he knew, not for the peer, but for him, and his fading life. The few scanty hairs stood out to their view as he uncovered his head, and the ravages of the disease that was killing him were all too conspicuous on his wasted features.

"God bless him. He's very nigh upon the grave."

Who said it of the crowd, Thomas Godolphin could not tell, but the words and their accent, full of rude sympathy, came distinctly upon his ear. He quitted the viscount's arm, turned to them, and raised his hands with a solemn meaning.

"God bless you all, my friends. I am indeed near upon the grave. Should there be any here who have suffered injury through me, let them forgive me for it. It was not intentionally done, and I may almost say that I am expiating it with my life. May God bless you all, here and hereafter!"

Something like a sob burst from the astonished crowd. But that he had hastened on with Lord Averil, they might have fallen on their knees and clung to him in their flood-tide of respect and love.

The Reverend Mr. Hastings stood in his surplice at the altar. He, too, was changed. The keen, vigorous, healthy man had now a grey,

worn look. He could not forget the blow; minister though he was, he could not forgive George Godolphin. He was not quite sure that he forgave Thomas for not having looked more closely after his brother and the bank generally: had he done so, the calamity might never have occurred. Every hour of the day reminded Mr. Hastings of his loss, in the discomforts which had necessarily fallen on his home, in the position of his daughter Maria. George Godolphin had never been a favourite of his: he had tried to like him in vain. It was strange that where so many owed to the fascination of George Godolphin, the Rector of All Souls' and his daughter Grace had held aloof; had disliked him. Could it have been some mysterious friendly warning of future ill, which would make itself heard in the heart of Mr. Hastings and whisper him not to give away Maria? At any rate, it had not answered. He *had* given her, and he had striven to like her husband afterwards: but he had not fully succeeded: he never would have succeeded without this last blow, which had drawn him under its wheels with so many others. The Rector of All Souls' was a man of severe judgment, and rumour had made too free with gay George's name for him to find favour with the rector.

He stood there, waiting for the wedding-party. A few ladies were in the church in their pews, and Rose Hastings sat there with Meta. All eyes were turned to the door in expectation: but when the group entered there was not much to see. No cortège, no marshalling, no veils, no plumes, no anything! But that Rose was prepared for it, she would have shrieked out with indignation.

Lord Averil was the first to enter. Cecilia Godolphin came next with Thomas. She wore a light grey silk robe, and a plain white bonnet, trimmed inside with orange-blossoms. The Honourable Miss Averil and Bessy Godolphin followed; old in Rose Hastings's opinion, certainly old for bridesmaids; their silk dresses of a darker shade of grey, and their white bonnets without the orange-blossoms. Lady Godolphin was next, more resplendent than any, in a lemon brocaded dress that stood on end with richness.

Did the recollection of the last wedding service he had performed for a Godolphin cause the Rector of All Souls' voice to be subdued now, as he read? Seven years ago he had stood there as he was standing to-day, George and Maria before him. How had that promising union ended? And for the keeping of his sworn vows, George best knew what he had kept and what he had broken. The rector was thinking of that past ceremony now.

This one was over. The promises were made, the register signed, and Lord Averil was leading Cecilia from the church, when the rector stepped before them and took her hand.

"I pray God that your union may be more happy than some others have been," he said. "That, in a great degree, rests with you, Lord Averil. Take care of her."

Her eyes filled with tears, but the viscount grasped his hand warmly. "I will; I will."

"Let *me* bless you both, Averil!" broke in the quiet voice of Thomas Godolphin. "It may be that I shall not see you again to do it."

"Oh, but we shall meet again; you must not die yet," exclaimed Lord Averil, with feverish eagerness. "My friend, I would rather part with the whole world, save Cecil, than with you."

Their hands lingered together—and separated. Not very long now would Thomas keep them out of Ashlydyat.

The beadle was nobbing his stick on the heads and noses with great force, and the excited crowd pushed and danced round that travelling carriage, but they made their way to it. The placing in Cecil and the taking his place beside her seemed to be but the work of a moment, so quickly did it pass, and Lord Averil, a pleasant smile upon his face, bowed to the shouts on either side as the carriage threaded its way through the throng. Not until it had got into clear ground did the postilions put their horses to a canter, and the bridegroom and bride were fairly away on their bridal tour.

There was more ceremony needed to place the ladies in the other carriage. Lady Godolphin's skirts, in their extensive richness, took five minutes to arrange of themselves, ere a space could be found for Thomas Godolphin beside her. The footman held the door for him.

"No," he said; "I will follow you presently."

Bessy felt startled. "You will not attempt to walk?" she said, leaning forward.

He smiled at her; smiled at the utter futility of such an attempt now. The time for walking to Ashlydyat was past for Thomas Godolphin.

"A fly is coming for me, Bessy. I have a call or two to make."

Lady Godolphin's carriage drove away, and Thomas turned into the rectory. Mrs. Hastings, grey, worn, old, ten years older than she had been six months before, came forward to greet him, commiseration in every line of her countenance.

"I thought I would say good-by to you," he said, as he held her hands in his. "It will be my only opportunity. I expect this is my last quitting of Ashlydyat."

"Say good-by?" she faltered. "Are you—are you—so near——"

"Look at me," quietly said Thomas, answering her unfinished sentence.

But there was an interruption. Bustling little feet and a busy little tongue came upon them. Miss Meta had broken from Rose and run in alone, throwing her straw hat aside as she entered.

"Uncle Thomas! Uncle Thomas! I saw you at the wedding, Uncle Thomas."

He sat down and took the child on his knee. "And I saw Meta," he answered. "How is mamma? I am going to see her presently."

"Mamma's not well," said Meta, shaking her head. "Mamma cries often. She was crying this morning. Uncle Thomas"—lowering her voice and speaking slowly—"mamma says she's going to heaven."

There was a startled pause. Thomas broke it by laying his hand upon the golden-haired head.

"I trust we are all going there, Meta. A little earlier or a little later, as God shall will. It will not much matter when."

A few minutes' conversation, and Thomas Godolphin went out to

the fly which waited for him. Bexley, who was with it, helped him in.

"To Mrs. George Godolphin's."

The attentive old retainer—older by twenty years than Thomas, but younger in health and vigour—carefully assisted his master up the garden path. Maria saw the approach from the window. Why it was she knew not, but she was feeling unusually ill that day: scarcely able to rise to a sitting position on the sofa. Thomas was shocked at the alteration in her, and involuntarily thought of the child's words, "Mamma says she's going to heaven."

"I thought I should like to say farewell to you, Maria," he said, as he drew a chair near her. "I did not expect to find you looking so ill."

She had burst into tears. Whether it was the unusual depression of her own spirits, or his wan face, emotion overcame her.

"It has been too much for both of us," he murmured, holding her hands. "We must forgive him, Maria. It was done in carelessness, perhaps, but not in wilfulness."

"No, no; not in wilfulness," she whispered. "He is my husband and your brother still."

There was a lull in their emotion. Thomas gave her some of the details of the wedding, and she was beguiled to ask different questions.

"Do you know what George is likely to do?" he suddenly inquired.

"No; I wish I did know. He talks much of this promise of Lord Averil's, and says he is looking out for something to do in the mean while. The uncertainty troubles me greatly. We cannot live on nothing."

"Has he sent you any money lately?" asked Thomas, in a voice of hesitation.

Maria's face flushed. "He gave me ten pounds when he was at home last, and it is not spent yet."

Thomas leaned his head on his hand musingly. "I wonder where he gets it?"

Maria was silent. To say "I think he is helped by Mr. Verrall," might only have given Thomas fresh pain. "It is very kind of you to come to see me," she said, changing the subject. "I feel it dull here all day alone."

"Why do you not come to Ashlydyat sometimes? You know we should be glad to see you."

She shook her head. "I can't go out, Thomas. And indeed I am not strong enough for it now."

"But, Maria, you should not give way to this grief; this weakness. You are young; you have no incurable complaint as I have."

"I don't know," she sighed. "At times I feel as though I should never be well again. I—I—have been so reproached, Thomas; so much blame has been cast to me by all people; it has been as if I had made away with their money; and you know that I was as innocent as they were. And there have been other things. If—if——"

"If what?" asked Thomas, leaning over her.

She was sitting back upon the sofa, her fair young face wan and

colourless, her delicate hands clasped together, as in apathy. "If it were not for leaving Meta, I should be glad to die."

"Hush, Maria! Rather say you are glad to live for her sake. George may, by some means or other, become prosperous again, and you may once more have a happy home. You are young, I say; you must bear up against this weakness."

"If I could but pay all we owe; our personal debts!" she whispered, unconsciously giving utterance to the vain longing that was ever working in her heart. "Papa's nine thousand pounds—and Mrs. Bond's ten pounds—and the Jekyls—and the tradespeople!"

"If I could but have paid!" he rejoined, in a voice broken by emotion. "If I could—if I could—I should have gone easier to the grave. Maria, we have a God, remember, who sees all our pangs, all our bitter sorrow: but for Him, and my trust in Him, I should have died long ago of the pain. Things have latterly been soothed to me in a most wonderful manner. I seem to feel that I can leave all the sorrow I have caused to Him, trusting to Him to shed down the recompense. We never know until our need of it comes, what His mercy is."

Maria covered her face with her hand. Thomas rose.

"You are not going?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, for I must hasten home. This has been a morning of exertion, and I find there's no strength left in me. God bless you, Maria."

"Are we never to meet again?" she asked, as he held her thin hands in his, and she looked up at him through her blinding tears.

"I hope we shall meet again, Maria, and be together for ever and for ever. The threshold of the next world is opening to me: this is closing. Fare you well, child; fare you well."

Bexley came to him as he opened the parlour door. Thomas asked for Margery: he would have said a kind word to her. But Margery had gone out.

Maria stood at the window, and watched him with her wet eyes as he walked down the path to the fly, supported by Bexley. The old man closed the door on his master and took his seat by the driver. Thomas looked forth as they drove away, and smiled a last farewell.

A farewell in the deepest sense of the word. It was the last look, the last smile, that Maria would receive in this life from Thomas Godolphin.

LADY JANE GREY.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

THERE is a Latin epistle extant, of Roger Ascham's to Lady Jane Grey—who, by-the-by, wrote to *him* in Greek—in which, alluding to his last interview with her (that memorable one, namely, when the good Cantab found her reading Plato, in her chamber alone, while the duke and duchess, her parents, with all the household gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park), Roger declares her to be happier in her love of good books, than in her descent from kings and queens. No doubt he spoke sincerely, is Hartley Coleridge's remark; but he knew not then how truly: her studious quietude of spirit was Jane's indefeasible blessing, while her royal pedigree was like an hereditary curse, afflicting her humility with unwilling greatness, and her innocence with unmerited distress.

What that royal pedigree was, is succinctly stated in that same "gentle book with a blustering title," as Uncle Southey called the *Biographia Borealis*—in which the too true truism is apologetically propounded (by way of preface to the pedigree in question), that genealogical tables are not at everybody's finger's end, and are, indeed, the most troublesome part of modern history. Thus stands the Grey line of descent, then: Lady Jane was the daughter of Frances Brandon, the daughter of Mary, Queen-Dowager of France, and sister of Henry VIII., by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Her father was Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, descended from Elizabeth, queen to Edward IV., by her former marriage, through her son, Thomas Grey, who married the king's niece. The father of Lady Jane was created Duke of Suffolk, on the failure of the male line of the Brandons. He had divorced his first Lady, the daughter of Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, on the ground of barrenness, in order to marry Frances Brandon. Thus among the other conformities between the Lady Jane and Edward VI., it may be observed that both were children of divorced fathers.*

The elective as well as other affinities between Edward and Jane, might well seem to warrant and promise an auspicious conjunction of the distinguished cousins. Our Northern Biographer himself suggests—in his sympathy with, and admiration for the youthful pair (never to be paired, though,)—that when Jane Grey was surprised with Plato in her hand, a sober hope might have conjectured, that if ever there was a marriage made in Heaven, if ever earthly pair was predestined to bless each other and their country, such a couple were Jane Grey and her cousin Edward. Roger Ascham was sober enough, and, in the case of either cousin, loyally and affectionately hopeful; and well may we assume that such a "sober hope" possessed his soul in peace, when he saw the noble girl over her *Phædo* that summer day—even

Her, most gentle, most unfortunate,
Crown'd but to die—who in her chamber sate

* *Biographia Borealis*: Roger Ascham.

Musing with Plato, though the horn was blown,
And every ear and every heart was won,
And all in green were chasing down the sun ! *

How stood, as Ascham's biographer states them, the relative qualifications and attractions of the gentle dual? Of one blood, and companionable age,† their studies, talents, virtues, faith the same; each seemed a "fair divided excellence," to be perfected in holy union. "He, the gentle offspring of a most ungentle sire; she the meek daughter of the haughtiest of women; both the elect exceptions of their races, as if the saintly Margaret of Lancaster, cutting off the intermediate line of Tudors, had entailed her nature on these her distant progeny.

"But it was not to be so. Their fortunes were never ordained to meet, but ever to run parallel. Each bore awhile the royal title, while others exercised the sovereign power. Both gave forced assent to deeds done in their name, which their hearts approved not. Both lived to see their kindred dragged, not guiltless, to the scaffold, though Jane was spared the agony of consenting to the execution. In fine, they both died young, but who can say that they either died untimely? Rather be it thought, that they had done *their* work; they had fitted themselves for immortality: and as for the work of the world, what God purposes, God will do, using indifferently the agencies of good and evil, as of day and night, sunshine and storm. Nor let it be supposed that He whose name is Merciful, was less merciful in calling Jane to himself by the swift stroke of an axe, than in conducting Edward homewards by the slow declivity of a consumption. This at least is certain, that she was favoured in the defeat of the party which usurped her name. For what was the death she died, what had been the life in death of an inquisitorial dungeon, to what she must have undergone, if the wicked Dudleys had deflowered her conscience? forcing her to things which, in her simplicity, she could not distinguish

Whether she suffered or she did,‡

but which would have left her, like Lucretia, impure in her own eyes, though stainless before the universal reason?"§

There is a well-known Imaginary Conversation between Ascham and Lady Jane, in which the former professes already to see perils on perils which the fair young bride does not see, "albeit wiser than her poor old master;" and in which he says that, having once persuaded her to reflect much, he would now—on the eve of her marriage—persuade her to avoid the habitude of reflection, to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and steadfastly on what is under and before her. As for the bridegroom, "Gentle is he," testifies the Mentor—"gentle and virtuous: but time will harden him: time must harden even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou,

* Rogers, Human Life.

† "Jane Grey, eldest daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, was nearly of the same age with Edward. Edward had been precocious to a disease; the activity of his mind had been a symptom, or a cause, of the weakness of his body. Jane Grey's accomplishments were as extensive as Edward's," &c.—Froude, Hist. of England, vol. vi. p. 6.

‡ S. T. Coleridge: The Pains of Sleep.

§ Hartley Coleridge: Northern Worthies.

complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition." Jane intimates, in modest reply, that her Guilford is avowedly contented with her and with home. But, "Ah, Jane! Jane!" rejoins Master Roger, "men of high estate grow tired of contentedness." Then she relates how Guilford has told her he never likes books unless she reads them to him; so she will read them to him every evening—will open new worlds to him richer than those discovered by the Spaniard—will conduct him to treasures, O what treasures! on which he may sleep in innocence and peace. But Ascham would have her rather walk with her unbookish husband, and ride with him, play with him, be his faery, his page, his everything that love and poetry have invented; yet, "watch him well; sport with his fancies; turn them about like the ringlets round his cheek, and if ever he meditate on power," adds Roger, proleptically, "go toss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse."* In fine, the sage would have her teach Dudley to live unto God and unto her, and so discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.

That *time must harden even thee, sweet Jane!* as the trustful scholar cannot but distrustfully foresee,

'Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true.

But did it so harden her as to justify the almost antipathy with which some writers regard her—the stringent severity with which they pronounce sentence on her brief career as wife and queen? Even a censor so pervadingly gentle and generous as Leigh Hunt—whose general bias rather was to laxity of indulgence and over-kindness in judgment—even this mild optimist appears to have a spite against Lady Jane. In several of his miscellaneous writings he acts the iconoclast by this fair image. He is no believer either in her, or in her cousin Edward. He has no tenderness whether for the boy-king of a few years, or for the girl-queen of a few days. In his essay on the Female Sovereigns of England he remarks of "Queen Jane," that she did but reign long enough (ten or eleven days) to undo the romance of her character and quarrel with her husband. The world, he says, has been in the habit, "with an honourable credulity," of taking Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guilford Dudley for a pair of mere innocent lovers and victims. "Victims they were, but not without a weakness little amiable on one side, if not on both."† In another work the same author complains that "Even poor Lady Jane Grey's character does not improve upon inspection." The Tudor blood, he says, manifested itself in her by her sudden love of supremacy the moment she felt a crown on her head, and her preferring to squabble with her husband and his relations, "who got it her," rather than let him partake her throne. "She insisted he should be only a duke, and suspected that his family had given her poison for it. This undoes the usual romance of 'Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guilford Dudley;'—and thus it is that the possession of too much power spoils almost every human being, practical or theoretical. Lady Jane came out of the elegancies and tranquillities of the schools, and of her Greek and Latin,

* Lander, *Imaginary Conversations: Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Grey.*

† Leigh Hunt, *Female Sovereigns of England.*

to find her Platonisms vanish before a dream of royalty. She rediscovered them, however, when it was over, and that is something. She was brought up a slave, and therefore bred to be despotic in her turn; but habit, vanity, and good sense alike contributed to restore her to the better part of herself at the last moment.*

These *Leontine* estimates are certainly calculated to "undo the romance" of Jane's brief royalty, and disenchant her admirers in general of their particular admiration. Such a reading of her character and disposition is incompatible with the ideal one cherishes of her, as of the "emperour's doughter" in Chaucer—

In hire is hye bewtè, withoutè pryde;
Yowthè, withoutè grefhed or foyle;
To alle hire werkès vertu is hire gyde;
Humblesse hath slaine in hire tyrannye;
Sche is myrour of allè curtesye,
Hir herte is verrey chambre of holynesse,
Hir hond mynistrè of fredom and almesse.†

But, as Leigh Hunt, in vivacious historical essay, so Sharon Turner and others, in heavy-paced history, with all its dignity and all its gravity, have sought to disillusionise us of our weakness for Jane. Turner, for instance, says, that, mild and modest and young, as she unquestionably was, the spirit of royalty and power had within twenty-four hours gained such an ascendancy in her studious mind, that she heard the intimation of her husband being elevated to the same dignity as herself with vexation and displeasure. "As soon as she was left alone with him, she remonstrated against this measure; and after much dispute, he agreed to wait till she herself should make him king, and by one act of parliament. But even this concession, to take this dignity as a boon from her, did not satisfy the sudden expansion of her new-born ambition."‡ And so on. For a fair and free account of these domestic differences—so far as the *rationale* of Jane's remonstrancy is concerned—we cannot do better than consult the graphic historian of England under the Tudors.

When the Marquis of Winchester came into Lady Jane's apartment, to wish her joy, he brought the crown with him, we are told, which she had not sent for, but which he desired her to put on, and see if it required any alteration. She said it would do very well as it was. He then told her, continues Mr. Froude, that, before her coronation, another crown was to be made for her husband; whereupon Lady Jane started, and the dreary suspicion seems for the first time to have crossed her mind that she was, after all, but the puppet of the ambition of the duke to raise his family to the throne. "Winchester retired, and she sate indignant§ till Guilford Dudley appeared, when she told him that, young as she was, she knew that the crown of England was not a thing to be trifled with. There was no Dudley in Edward's will, and, before he could be crowned, the consent of parliament must be first asked and obtained." Then we read how the boy-husband went whining to his mother, while Jane sent

* The Town, vol. ii.

† The Canterbury Tales: The Man of Lawes Tale.

‡ History of the Reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. By Sharon Turner. Vol. iv. p. 219.

§ Le quale parole io senti con mio gran dispiacere.—Bacardo.

for Arundel and Pembroke, and told them that it was not for her to appoint kings: she would make her husband a duke, if he desired it; that was within her prerogative; but king she would not make him. "As she was speaking, the Duchess of Northumberland rushed in with her son, fresh from the agitation of Mary's letter.* The mother stormed, Guilford cried like a spoilt child that he would be no duke, he would be a king: and when Jane stood firm, the duchess bade him come away, and not share the bed of an ungrateful and disobedient wife.†

"The first experience of royalty had brought small pleasure with it. Dudley's kingship was set aside for the moment, and was soon forgotten in more alarming matters. To please his mother, or to pacify his vanity, he was called 'Your Grace.' He was allowed to preside in the council, so long as a council remained, and he dined alone—tinsel distinctions, for which the poor wretch had to pay dearly."‡

Jane might well be cautious, considering the hands into which she had fallen, and the means by which her present elevation had been attained. Her own title was wrongfully, and by her had been protestingly, assumed. Lord Macaulay's diatribe on the character and career of Archbishop Cranmer, comprises some bitter strictures on the movement which made him, "from whatever motive," the accomplice of the worthless Dudley. The virtuous scruples of another young and amiable mind were to be overcome. As Edward had been forced into persecution, Jane was to be seduced into treason.

"No transaction in our annals," Macaulay emphatically affirms, "is more unjustifiable than this. If a hereditary title were to be respected, Mary possessed it. If a parliamentary title were preferable, Mary possessed that also. If the interest of the parliamentary religion required a departure from the ordinary rule of succession, that interest would have been best served by raising Elizabeth to the throne. If the foreign relations of the kingdom were considered, still stronger reasons might be found for preferring Elizabeth to Jane. There was great doubt whether Jane or the Queen of Scotland had the better claim; and that doubt would, in all probability, have produced a war both with Scotland and with France, if the project of Northumberland had not been blasted in its infancy."§

Mr. Landor has concocted an Imaginary Conversation between the Princess Mary and the Princess Elizabeth (of which unsisterly pair he likes the latter lady considerably the least)—supposed to occur while Queen Jane's brief hour of sovereignty is taking its flight. In this colloquy, the vixenish younger sister, being incidentally checked in her objurgations by Mary's prudish reminder, "Sister! sister! you forget that the Lady Jane Grey (as was) is now queen of the realm," hotly replies: "Forget it indeed! The vile woman! I am minded to call her as such vile women are called out of doors." Mary remonstrates once

* The letter, namely, of July 9, 1553, to the Lords of the Council, in which Mary claimed the crown as her right, and required them to proclaim her accession in London.

† Baoardo.

‡ Froude, *History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*, vol. vi. pp. 15-6.

§ *Critical Essay on Hallam's Constitutional History.*

more, with a "pray abstain;" but Bess is not to be kept from pursuing her game, at her own speed, and in her own helter-skelter style. She is hardly a saint, she owns; indeed, far from it; and she is much too young for a martyr. "But that odious monster, who pretends an affection for reformation, and a reverence for learning, is counting the jewels in her crown, while you fancy she is repeating her prayers, or conning her Greek."*

It may seem to most readers that this Conversation is more Imaginary than usual, and that the characters of the interlocutors are not in keeping with individual vraisemblance and historical truth. But whether it be likely or not, possible or not, that so discreet, demure, and reticent a damosel as the youthful Elizabeth was, should have "spoken her mind" in this free-and-easy fashion, one can readily believe that, of the two sisters, she may have personally cherished the heartier grudge against Lady Jane.

Mr. Froude, indeed, virtually implies in his History of the Tudor reigns, that Mary would have suffered Jane to live, but for the outbreak of Wyatt's rebellion. In an essay of his, however, contributed some years since to the *Westminster Review*, we find a story mentioned with some degree of credit, the tendency of which is to trace Mary's unforgiveness of Jane to a personal feeling of long rankling religious resentment. The essayist, after commenting on Mary's mode of dealing with the rebels at large, proceeds to say, that she disgraced her previous clemency by the execution of her cousin—an execution which "was neither necessary nor just, and was no more than a useless piece of cruelty." Lady Jane Grey, he further observes, was not implicated in Wyatt's rebellion; nor was she to have profited by it if it had succeeded; and other motives are supposed to have influenced the queen beyond what appeared on the surface. "It is said that she never forgave a speech which Lady Jane had made a year or two before, when on a visit to her at New Hall. One of the ladies in waiting was showing her over the house, and took her, among other places, into the chapel. In passing the altar, the lady curtsied. Lady Jane asked what she meant by that. Her God was present there, the lady answered, and she curtsied to Him. Lady Jane, with a half smile, said she believed the baker had made him.

"Such a piece of profanity, doubtless, lost nothing on the way through the lady in question to Mary; and, on the mind of so thoroughly devout and real a believer, may well have made an impression which could never be effaced. It would of course be foolish to suppose that this, or any other *single* feeling, determined her upon acting as she did, but the sense that she was punishing an obstinate heretic, as well as her rival to the throne, may have softened the reluctance which we will hope that she experienced. This warrant was signed the day after the battle in the streets, in the midst of that excitement of feeling which follows the escape from serious danger."†

No such mention is made of this story by Mr. Froude in his History.

* Imaginary Conversations, by Walter Savage Landor: Princess Mary and Princess Elizabeth.

† *Westminster Review*, New Series, No. V. Art. "Mary Tudor."

He there says, merely, that Jane Grey was guiltless of this last commotion—her name not having been so much as cited among the insurgents; but she was guilty of having been once called queen, and Mary, who before had been generously deaf to the Emperor's advice, and to Renard's arguments, yielded in her present humour. Philip was beckoning in the distance; and while Jane Grey lived, Philip, she was again and again assured, must remain for ever separated from her arms.*

Samuel Taylor Coleridge incidentally illustrates one phase of a perverted intellect by the policy of those "zealots for legitimate succession after the decease of our sixth Edward, who not content with having placed the rightful sovereign on the throne, would wreak their vengeance on 'the meek usurper,' who had been seated on it by a will against which she had herself been the first to remonstrate."†

The story is a sad one, for all concerned. Mr. Plumer Ward dilates, almost sentimentally, on the sympathy and anguish, "I might almost say, the agony of mind," with which one views the "unmerited suffering of the meek, humble, and pious Jane Grey. As far from intending crime as an angel of light; in herself pure as accomplished, beautiful as young, and unpretending as beautiful, her hard, hard fortune must interest a savage; and one passes in haste over the page of her merciless execution, lest the heart grow too sick with pity."‡ How different the informing spirit of that tribute, from Leigh Hunt's chilly conclusion that Jane's best—and by implication we might well-nigh infer her only—claim to the respect of posterity must remain with her taste for literature. "She had the good sense to feel, and avow, that there was no comfort like her books in adversity. Her nature seems in other respects to have had a formal insipidity, excitable only by stimulants which did not agree with it."§ Scant measure for the height and depth of England's all but universally beloved and lamented Lady Jane.

Even her excellences as a literate person are but faintly recognised in the foregoing passage—always considering how kindly disposed, and how even eager in eulogium, the writer of it generally is. He could not, however, but pay his respects, in passing,—coldly as it is done,—to a merit of which three centuries, and two hemispheres, have been sounding the praises.

Hartley Coleridge reverently styles her "a creature whose memory should singly put to rout the vulgar prejudice against female erudition."|| The question may be mooted and discussed, of Lady Jane's comparative scholarship, in relation to the advanced standard of a later age. But question there is none of her absolute superiority in literary culture and classical lore. Mr. Froude's account is, that she had acquired a degree of learning rare in matured men, which she could use gracefully, and could permit to be seen by others without vanity or consciousness; and that her character had developed with her talents. "At fifteen she was learning Hebrew and could write Greek; at sixteen she corresponded with Bullinger in Latin at least equal to his own; but the matter of her letters is more striking than the language, and speaks more for her than

* Froude's *History of England under the Tudors*, vol. vi. ch. xxxi.

† *The Friend*, essay i.

§ *Men, Women, and Books*, vol. i. p. 306

‡ Tremaine, vol. iii. ch. xxxiii.

|| *Northern Worthies*, vol. ii.

the most elaborate panegyries of admiring courtiers. She has left a portrait of herself drawn by her own hand; a portrait of piety, purity, and free noble innocence, uncoloured, even to a fault, with the emotional weakness of humanity.* While the effects of the Reformation in England had been chiefly visible in the outward dominion of scoundrels and in the eclipse of the hereditary virtues of the national character, Lady Jane Grey had lived to show that the defect was not in the Reformed faith, but in the absence of all faith—that the graces of a St. Elizabeth could be rivalled by the pupil of Cranmer and Ridley. The Catholic saint had no excellence of which Jane Grey was without the promise; the distinction was in the freedom of the Protestant from the hysterical ambition of an unearthly nature, and in the presence, through a more intelligent creed, of a vigorous and practical understanding.”†

Twenty to one—we might, without risk, increase the odds even ten or twentyfold—the reader is wholly unread in the now dim pages which delineate, in some seven or eight volumes, of some fifty Letters each, the history of Sir Charles Grandison and the Honourable Miss Byron. What Sir Charles had to say, therefore, on the erudition of Lady Jane, is old enough to be new, now-a-days, by way of quotation. Not that there is novelty in his point of view, or mode of expression; but for his now obsolete popularity’s sake let us give the *chevalier sans reproche* a hearing. The age in which Shakspeare flourished Sir Charles pronounces the age of English learning, as well as of English bravery—the queen and her court, the very ladies of it, he says, being more learned than any court of our English sovereigns was before, or hath been since. “What a prodigy of learning, in the short reign of Edward the Sixth, was the Lady Jane Grey!—Greek, as well as Latin, was familiar to her, as it was to Queen Elizabeth. And can it be supposed, that the natural geniuses of those ladies were more confined or limited, for their knowledge of Latin and Greek?”‡ But we must not let even Sir Charles seduce us to hear him argue out that collateral issue.

On the subject of relative female scholarship, as of the sixteenth century *versus* the nineteenth, Macaulay thought there was so much misapprehension, that, nearly a quarter of a century ago, he devoted some energetic remarks to the refutation of what he reckoned a popular fallacy. He had often heard men speak with rapture of the English ladies of the sixteenth century, and lament that they could find no modern damsel resembling those fair pupils of Ascham and Aylmer who compared, over their embroidery, the styles of Isocrates and Lysias, and who, while the horns were sounding, and the dogs in full cry, sat in the lonely oriel, with eyes riveted to that immortal page which tells how meekly and bravely the first great martyr of intellectual liberty took the cup from his weeping gaoler. But surely, argued the Edinburgh Reviewer, these complaints have very little foundation. “We would by no means disparage the ladies of the sixteenth century or their pursuits. But we conceive that those who extol them at the expense of the women of our time forget

* Letters of Lady Jane Grey to Bullinger: *Epistolæ Tigurinae*, pp. 3-7. (Froude, VI. 6.)

† Froude’s History of England, vol. vi. ch. xxx.

‡ History of Sir Charles Grandison, vol. vi. letter iv.

one very obvious and very important circumstance. In the time of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, a person who did not read Greek and Latin could read nothing, or next to nothing. The Italian was the only modern language which possessed anything that could be called a literature. All the valuable books then extant in all the vernacular dialects of Europe would hardly have filled a single shelf." England, he goes on to say, by way of proof and example, did not yet possess Shakspeare's plays and the Fairy Queen, nor France Montaigne's Essays, nor Spain Don Quixote. Then, looking in his mind's eye round a well-furnished library, how many English or French books, he asks, can we find which were extant when Lady Jane Grey and Queen Elizabeth received their education? Chaucer, Gower, Froissart, Comines, Rabelais, seem to him nearly to complete the list. "It was therefore absolutely necessary that a woman should be uneducated or classically educated. Indeed, without a knowledge of one of the ancient languages no person could then have any clear notion of what was passing in the political, the literary, or the religious world. The Latin was in the sixteenth century all and more than all that the French was in the eighteenth.

"This is no longer the case. All political and religious controversy is now conducted in the modern languages. The ancient tongues are used only in comments on the ancient writers. The great productions of Athenian and Roman genius are indeed still what they were. But though their positive value is unchanged, their relative value, when compared with the whole mass of mental wealth possessed by mankind, has been constantly falling. They were the intellectual all of our ancestors. They are but a part of our treasures. Over what tragedy could Lady Jane Grey have wept, over what comedy could she have smiled, if the ancient dramatists had not been in her library?"*

Accordingly this keenly retrospective reviewer presumes that a modern reader can make shift without *Œdipus* and *Medea*, while he possesses *Othello* and *Hamlet*; and reminds us that if he knows nothing of *Pyrgopolynices* and *Thrasso*, he is familiar with *Bobadil*, and *Bessus*, and *Pistol*, and *Parolles*; that if he cannot enjoy the delicious irony of *Plato*, he may find some compensation in that of *Pascal*; and that if he is shut out from *Nephelococcygia*, he may take refuge in *Lilliput*. In fine, it is *Macaulay's* averment, that the stock of intellectual wealth bequeathed to us by the ancients has been so carefully improved, that the accumulated interest now exceeds the principal. He contends that the books which have been written in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, during the last two hundred and fifty years,—translations from the ancient languages, of course, included,—are of greater value than all the books which at the beginning of that period were extant in the world. And inasmuch as Englishwomen are at least as well acquainted as Englishmen with the modern languages of Europe, he professes to have no hesitation, when comparing the acquirements of Lady Jane Grey with those of an accomplished young woman of our own time, in awarding the superiority to the latter.

All this, however, leaves untouched the positive excellence of Lady Jane as an exemplary and eminent scholar, indeed of *pre-eminent* mark

* *Macaulay's Critical Essays*, vol. ii. Art. "Lord Bacon."

and likelihood. Still is she seen to stand out, prominent from the virgins that be her fellows, as one who—again to draw a comparison from another tale of Chaucer's—

Whan sche had leyser and might therto entent,
To lernè bookès was al hir likying,
How sche in vertu might hir lyf despent.*

It is not unpleasing to see that weatherbeaten warrior and stout-hearted old cavalier, Agrippa d'Aubigné,—the energetic, restless, indomitable grandsire of Madame de Maintenon,—subdued to the melting mood, *s'attendrissant*, when recording in one of his many writings, *la mort tragique de Jeanne Gray*, who, in the words of a modern biographer of Agrippa's, united “à un savoir qui eût honoré un homme toutes les vertus de son sexe.”† It moved the stalwart Gaul to think and write of her last sayings, so much “plus graves qu'on ne pouvait l'espérer de sa jeunesse,”‡ especially if that *jeunesse* had been French born and bred. But, in life and death, and the manner of them both, Jane was true English.

Wyatt's rebellion was, as we have seen, the ostensible cause of her doom, although that enterprise was one in which no selfish or personal interest, politically speaking, could have been taken by her. Here was a good opportunity, which must not be missed, the Spanish party insisted, to make a good riddance of the house of Suffolk, and sweep away that nest of pestilent traitors from the face of the earth. No time was lost in conveying to Lady Jane the message of her now inexorable fate. She was appointed to have been put to death on Friday, the 10th of February (1554), “but was stayed”—until Monday, the 13th,—“for what cause is not known,” writes the Chronicler of Queen Mary. Baoardo supplies our living historian of the Tudors with the explanation. Which is, in effect, that, in killing her body, Mary yet desired to have mercy on heretic Jane's poor soul, and sent the message of death by the excellent Feckenham, afterwards Abbot of Westminster, who was to bring her, if possible, to obedience to the Catholic faith. Feckenham, whom Mr. Froude describes as a man full of gentle and tender humanity, felt to the bottom of his soul the errand on which he was despatched: he felt as a Catholic priest—but he felt also as a man. “On admission to Lady Jane's room, he told her that she was to die the next morning [Friday], and he told her, also, for what reason the queen had selected him to communicate the sentence.—She listened calmly. The time was short, she said; too short to be spent in theological discussion; which, if Feckenham would permit, she would decline.

“Believing, or imagining that he ought to believe, that, if she died unreconciled, she was lost, Feckenham hurried back to the queen to beg for delay; and the queen, moved with his entreaties, respited the execution till Monday, giving him three more days to pursue his labours. But Lady Jane, when he returned to her, scarcely appreciated the favour; she had not expected her words to be repeated, she said; she had given up all thoughts of the world, and she would take her death patiently whenever her Majesty desired.—Feckenham, however, still pressed his services,

* Canterbury Tales: The Monkes Tale.

† Léon Feugère.

‡ Histoire Universelle, par Agrippa d'Aubigné.

and courtesy to a kind and anxious old man forbade her to refuse them. He remained with her to the end; and certain arguments followed on faith and justification, and the nature of sacraments. . . . Lady Jane was wearied without being convinced.”*

Not until they parted on the scaffold steps on Monday morning, had she the heart to tell the good old man how much he had bored her, for all that was over now. It was with “warm thanks” for his attentions that she took leave of him—“although, indeed,” she fairly confessed, “those attentions have tried me more than death can now terrify me.”† He would not be dismissed, however, but to the last acted on the adage that while there’s life there’s hope.‡ Her last words to him, notwithstanding that solemn leave-taking, were not yet said. Lady Jane too, like so many less innocent sufferers, had her more last words. Should she say the *Miserere*? she asked him, as he clung to her side; and the heavy-hearted old churchman approved, and listened to her soft breathing of the fifty-first psalm, verse by verse, all of them so deeply fraught with devoutest supplication and penitential passion, ere she let down her long hair, and uncovered her white neck.

Hume’s less appreciative version of the Feckenham episode is, that the queen’s zeal, under colour of tender mercy to the prisoner’s soul, induced her to send divines, who “harassed her with perpetual disputation; and even a reprieve for three days was granted her, in hopes that she would be persuaded, during that time, to pay, by a timely conversion, some regard to her eternal welfare.” He admires the Lady Jane’s “presence of mind,” which enabled her, “in these melancholy circumstances,” not only to defend her religion by all the topics then in use, but also to write a letter to her sister in the Greek language;§ in which, besides sending her a copy of the Scriptures in that tongue, she exhorted her to maintain, in every fortune, a like steady perseverance.|| It was only by message, too, that she would (or perhaps could) take leave of her husband. The Council had decreed, we are told, that Lady Jane and Lord Guilford should be executed together on the same scaffold, on Tower-hill; but afterwards, “dreading the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence, and noble birth,” rescinded that order, and directed Jane’s execution to take place within the verge of the Tower.

The morning on which they were to suffer, Guilford begged for “a last interview and a last embrace”—it being left to herself to consent or refuse. Her reply was, that, if the meeting would benefit either of their souls, she would see him with pleasure; but, in her own opinion, it would only increase their trial. They would meet soon enough in the other world. He died, therefore, without seeing her again. She saw him once

* Froude, VI. 183-5.

† Baoardo. Ibid., 187.

‡ “Je ferai remarquer,” says M. Dargaud, in his recent monograph, as the phrase goes, “que si Feckenham, en offrant à Jane Grey la vie pour la conversion, pouvait être de bonne foi, Marie certes tendait un piège.”—*Histoire de Jane Grey*, par J. M. Dargaud. Paris: 1863.

But, objects one of M. Dargaud’s English reviewers, neither Feckenham nor Mary made any offer of life as the reward of conversion,—at least as the story is told alike by Hume, Turner, Lingard, and Froude: Jane did not die on any point of religion at all; and Feckenham was simply sent to try to save her soul in the next world, when it was determined to destroy her in this.—See *Saturday Review*, No. 390.

§ Foxe, III. 35; Heylin, 166.

|| Hume, *History of England*, ch. xxxvi.

alive, however, writes Mr. Froude, as he was led to the scaffold, and again as he returned a mutilated corpse in the death-cart.

Not that this was wilful cruelty. Only the officer in command awkwardly happened to forget that the ordinary road led past Jane's window. "But the delicate girl of seventeen was as masculine in her heart as in her intellect. When her own turn arrived, Sir John Brydges led her down to the green; her attendants were in an agony of tears, but her own eyes were dry. She prayed quietly till she reached the foot of the scaffold, when she turned to Feckenham, who still clung to her side." To that wistful, disappointed confessor she then made the frank but not ungracious confession to which reference has been made. This done, she sprang up the steps, and in a few words declared her innocence. Then ensued that repetition of the *Miserere* psalm already mentioned—and then was her hair let down, and her neck uncovered for the executioner's axe.

The end is soon told, and simply,—the more simply the better. An old chronicler will do this best. "The hangman kneeled down and asked her forgiveness, whom she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the straw, which doing, she saw the block. Then she said, I pray you despatch me quickly. Then she kneeled down, saying, Will you take it off before I lay me down; and the hangman answered No, Madam. She tied a kercher about her eyes; then, feeling for the block, she said, What shall I do? where is it? One of the bystanders guiding her thereunto, she laid her head down upon the block, and stretched forth her body, and said, Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit. And so she ended."*

The artless directness of this simple record is more effective, and affecting, by far, than the elaborate elegiacs of old Agrippa d'Aubigné, though he, too, is genuine in his way, and commemorates the *mort tragique* of his favourite *Jeanne* with still more emphasis in his most ambitious poem, than he had done in his History. The fourth book of his "Tragiques," which he entitles *les Feux*, is a sort of Protestant martyrology, and proposes to rescue from oblivion the names and fair fames of not only a John Huss, a Jerome of Prague, a Cranmer, a Norris, &c., but also a galaxy of suffering women, perfected through suffering, and triumphant through and for the truth. Among these he assigns a foremost place to English Jane—and thus he describes the closing scene which vindicates her right to that place:

Les mains qui la paraient la parerent encore ;
Sa grace et son honneur, quand la mort la dévore,
N'abandonnent son front ; elle prend le bandeau ;
Par la main on la mène embrasser le poteau ;
Elle demeure seule, en agneau dépouillée.
La lame du bourreau de son sang fut mouillée ;
L'âme s'enrole en haut : les anges gracieux
Dans le sein d'Abraham la ravirent aux cieux.†

Nevertheless, with all possible respect for the respectable but rather trite machinery (that now creaks a little in the working) of gracious angels and Abraham's bosom, we prefer the unvarnished *finis* of the old chronicler, And so she ended.

* Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary (Camden Society, 1850).

† Les Tragiques, l. iv.

LORD HATHERTON.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

THE generations of man, with all his advances in civilisation, pass away as in the beginning of things. Even those who are marked by qualifications or virtues of a superior class still fall into the same obliviousness. Thus the social state is continually assuming a new aspect. Fresh actors come upon the stage, and the more remarkable are passed by for ever in the course of a few years, whether benefactors to their species or the reverse. The multitude has no time to spare for the nurture of its gratitude or the outpourings of its censures, before it participates in the same sentence. Indeed, if the many had the power and use of reflection, which they never yet exhibited, the quality would be idle. Memory is short-lived, and monuments soon fall to pieces,* and only one thing is immortal, co-existent, in fact, with humanity, the imperishable record upon the most perishable of materials—the fragility of the paper on which the type of the printer is impressed—there alone can names run a race with time. Those who were the contemporaries of the departed walk by their last sojourn unregarded. Friends and enemies pass away together without the slightest emotion on the part of the living, who are not reminded of their own fate by that of others, however honoured, still acting upon the sentiment of the poet: “All men think all men mortal but themselves.”

Perhaps it is the frequency of death that renders us so regardless of its effects. We must be struck with that which is sudden and rare. Familiarity subjugates fear, and the dreaded evil no more occupies the thoughts. Some, indeed, upon whose minds it presses, get rid of it by the notable resolve that as it is inevitable, it is time enough to trouble themselves about it when the evil comes.

So much for the masses that exist and pass away unheeded, like summer flies; but Death equally makes his prey of those who have stood out conspicuously from among them. Their benefactors die as well as their enemies; those who have enlightened them by their talents, toiled, perhaps thanklessly, for their welfare, ruled them judiciously and justly, or by latent and indirect means unostentatiously contributed to their good, as well as to that of the whole social body—men who may not have dazzled their fellows by any astonishing qualities, so as to conceal failings of equal magnitude, but who have supported throughout life a high character, perhaps on the whole preferable, and fully as beneficial to the community, as those who flashed like meteors upon the vision, but left on the horizon no beneficial traces of their light after they had passed.

These reflections are suggested by the death of a nobleman whose course through life was marked by that unostentatious utility which in a country like England is one of the most valuable any individual subject can possess. We allude to the late Lord Hatherton, who expired, after a long declining state of health, at his seat of Teddesley, in Staffordshire, of which fine county he was lord-lieutenant. His lordship had, indeed,

* *Nec solidis prodest sua machinâ terris.*

exceeded the prophetic age of man a year or two, but his customary habits and appearance led to the promise of a longer term of existence. It was early last year that he began to exhibit symptoms of a change in his usual health, which, if not immediately of much moment, was the commencement of a long and serious indisposition, to which he finally succumbed. His usual kindness of temper towards others did not forsake him during his long illness. In truth, urbanity of disposition, and exceeding good will towards others, were prominent traits in his character. Perhaps few public men had a larger circle of friends, a fact which speaks for itself the reputation of the individual. No one in public life ever passed through it with a more amiable temperament, a clearer mind, or more active and unflagging habits in public business. Without being a man of genius, he possessed qualities fully, perhaps more valuable to the community in the sphere within which he was called upon to act by his distinguished place in society. The duties he exercised were most assiduously and correctly fulfilled up to the last moment he was able to perform them, indeed, too long exercised for the increasing advance of that insidious attack, which took from the community one of its most valued members. Lord Hatherton was one whom society could least spare, on many accounts, for not only were his public legislative and magisterial labours valuable, as already stated, but in his capacity as a scholar, an agriculturist, and a hospitable country gentleman, no one will be more missed in the county in which he resided—a county the residence of some of the oldest English families, of which his own was not one of the least noted.

The family of Luttleton, in the reign of Henry III., were settled in Worcestershire. The fifth in descent from that reign was Thomas Luttleton, of Frankley, who was bred to the law, and was the first who wrote his name Lyttleton, about 1464. He had three sons, William, whence the Lords Lyttleton, Richard, and Thomas. His eldest son, William, succeeded him. The second, Richard, spelled the name Littleton, and his descendants resided at Pillaton Hall, Staffordshire. The last of this branch, Sir Edward Littleton, dying in 1812, the baronetcy became extinct, and the estates passed to Edward John Littleton, of Teddesley, then M.P. for Staffordshire.

Lord Hatherton, from his first taking his seat in parliament, had always been an independent country gentleman in the fullest sense of the term. He was one of the small old stock of liberal landholders who voted as they saw fit, according to what they deemed the true bearing of a question, unawed by the ministry of the day—the fag-end of the Pitt and Addington administration, united under Lord Liverpool. There were few better men of business in parliament at that time than Mr. Littleton, and it is extremely probable that the independent party, to which he belonged, saved the country from those permanent encroachments upon popular freedom, which the unscrupulous disregard of every form of the constitution which stood in his way made Lord Castlereagh be regarded with such just suspicion during his whole career. When efforts of this nature were made, Mr. Littleton, and those who took the same views of the different questions brought forward by that minister, at once threw themselves into the breach, and, if not successful in resisting the efforts made, and supported by flagrant corruption, they acted as a restraining power. He originated many important and useful measures

in parliament connected with trade, manufactures, and the working classes, all which he thoroughly understood. He was seated in one of the most remarkable districts of England for the magnitude of its iron trade, while a little way to the north lay the singular space of ground, comprising several large towns, called the Potteries, almost unknown a few years ago to the rest of the country. Lord Hatherton had the sagacity to perceive how remarkably the extension of manufactures and the value of land and its produce acted upon one another. The conveyances of agricultural produce to large manufacturing places was easy and rapid in Staffordshire by canals, even before railways were brought into use. Teddesley, extra parochial, in the parish of Penkridge, or adjoining it, was thus, as it were, invited to improve itself, and its noble-minded owner did not want sagacity to perceive, what neither his own example nor that of others could be brought to credit, that free trade in all commodities was the spur to the increase of the value of landed property, and greatly for the benefit of the nation at large. In vain had the Honourable Charles Villiers for a long season stood almost alone in the House of Commons in bringing this principle before parliament, and supporting it out of doors and in the district of which we are speaking more particularly.* This was at a time, too, when Sir Robert Peel could see no benefit from it, although his father had seen it long years before. Lord Hatherton, however, not only saw the great advantage of it, but acted upon the principle as far as possible. He began to restrict his game preserves, and to improve his land. He reflected what markets he had near him, and how facile were the conveyances. With a complete dismissal of all those prejudices embraced in that caricature of sound reason, used upon such occasions, "the wisdom of our ancestors," uppermost in too many stolid heads in those times, his lordship set his shoulder to the wheel, and was amply gratified by the result.

It was at this time, or about twenty-five years ago, that we had first the honour of his lordship's acquaintance, having gone down for the purpose of aiding in the good work, under the support of another nobleman of the same county. Lord Hatherton was at that time exceedingly active in behalf of the free-trade question. Lord Wrottesley, then Sir John, was another powerful supporter, together with Lord Lichfield and the Ansons. It was singular, however, that some men of note in the county of liberal principles in other respects, and who would not openly support Sir Robert Peel in his opposition, remained neuter upon the point of free trade. Not so Lord Hatherton, who, when the battle raged fiercely, comported himself with that calm moderation which is exhibited by those clear-sighted individuals who are conscious of their own strength of argument, and foresee the certainty of an ultimate conclusion to their satisfaction.

Before and while the question was pending, Lord Hatherton not only farmed highly and largely, but he "rolled away in his wheelbarrow," as old Earl Stanhope would have said, a number of petty, injurious, and vexatious legislative measures, which had grown up out of the trading and manufacturing superstitions of the past, for we may not inappropriately denominate them such. He had great weight in committees of

* Mr. Cobden did not make his appearance as another powerful advocate of free trade until long subsequently to Mr. Villiers.

the House of Commons, for he was well read in parliamentary proceedings, and his judgment was excellent. He saw at a glance, before free trade became so heavy a question, what a number of small and vexatious enactments and regulations crippled not only the master manufacturer, but the smaller workmen. He brought in a bill for a change in the old pernicious truck system. He declared that the masters made fifteen per cent. by that abuse. "I know some masters who employ five or six thousand men," he observed, "who were about to leave off paying in money." A great sensation, Lord Hatherton observed, "had been raised by that injurious practice, and it was necessary to relieve the workmen from its baneful and demoralising influence." His lordship affirmed that the riots at Nottingham, and those of the Luddites in 1812, had their source in the same system.

It was singular that Hume opposed a measure clearly necessary to protect the workmen from injustice, and that Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Sadler, and Mr. C. P. Thompson supported Mr. Littleton. Mr. Hume divided the House against it, but lost his motion. It was upon this bill that Mr. Littleton and O'Connell had a difference. It appeared that some reflections of O'Connell regarding the truck bill were erroneous. The member for Waterford told O'Connell that Mr. Littleton slighted Ireland, or had made use of words to that effect. Mr. Littleton replied that he deemed it a duty, as a public man, to expose such a misrepresentation. It appeared that the member for Waterford, Sir John Newport, if we recollect rightly, had addressed Mr. Littleton, and concluded by asking him if he had any objection to leave Ireland out of the bill; on which Mr. Littleton replied in a negligent way: "Well, I do not care about Ireland;" meaning, he did not think the measure essential for that country. This was construed by the hot blood of Irishmen at a public meeting into the sense that nobody cared about Ireland in this country. Mr. Littleton replied that he had a right to allude to such a misrepresentation.

"Have I not a right to complain, that, having done all I could to advance the interests of the Catholics, after the manner in which I have always advanced the interests of Ireland for the last eighteen years, it should now be necessary to defend myself from the charge of caring nothing about Ireland, and of being insensible to the interests of the Irish people. I did not believe that any man could have given utterance to a charge so unjust, so utterly unfounded, and so injurious to my character."

O'Connell made an apology, expressing his regret that he should have misunderstood the honourable member, though it had at the time the effect upon his mind which he had ascribed to it. We do not call to remembrance any other instance in which Mr. Littleton's equable temper was ever tried in the House of Commons. He was of all men the most self-sustained and amiable, punctual in everything, and, with his quiet, firm line of conduct, little calculated to excite political animosity, except on the part of antagonists the most exceptionable.

The manufacturers of Staffordshire must long retain a grateful memory of his lordship, if it were only for his success in putting down extents-in-aid. He had in his operations here to combat one of the most obstinate and wrong-headed of officials, in days when men of common sense, seeing such men in public posts, exclaimed, as of the fly in amber,

The thing we know is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil it got there!

It was a proof not only of Mr. Littleton's sense of justice, but of his patient perseverance, at last successful by the aid of a strong party of friends pertinaciously keeping their object in view. In local undertakings throughout the county in which he resided, it need not be recorded that he was active and energetic. In canals, railroads, and all that could promote the general interests of the people of all classes, his lordship was foremost. Chairman of some of the most important undertakings, he considered as well all that was submitted to him by those who were inventors or projectors of anything conducive to the public benefit. He reformed the local currency by his influence, which at one time was little more than tradesmen's tokens under a certain value, and, in short, brought his own clear intellect to bear upon questions, the benefit or the reverse of which involved no light responsibility. He was before his earlier friends generally in his view of political measures, particularly those who seemed only to feel their way and go onward more upon the prompting of instinct than reason.

Mr. Littleton had been one of the more strenuous advocates of parliamentary reform. He saw quite enough under the existing system to convince him of the necessity of a measure which caused the most flagrant abuses. He advocated religious freedom, and ardently supported Catholic emancipation. He was, in fact, a sincere reformer at a time when the clamour was heard on every side of constitutional ruin, on the part of those who did not really understand, or would not do so, in what the constitution consisted. To this he was uniform in giving his support. There is something noble in that consistency which, seeing almost insurmountable obstacles in its way, when compelled to pull up the reins, will not retrograde; that has the conviction it will conquer* in the end, and therefore seldom fails to do so; that can face a reverse with an unshaken spirit, and renew the contest with more than Antean freshness.

That the subject of these observations should have rejoiced at the accession of Mr. Canning to office can hardly be doubted. He saw in that accession the destruction of the hopes of a party whose measures had been as much opposed to the spirit of the age as to the dictates of reason. Whether Mr. Littleton was aware that, at the moment, the tocsin had sounded the knell of extreme Toryism, it is not for us to say. That he supported the measures for the relief of Ireland, whether brought in by his own party or the Tories, was a matter of no question under that quiet, determined spirit of patriotism which marked all his public conduct, shone throughout his whole career, and put to shame, by its own unpretending nature, the waverers and time-servers that were continually crossing his path. There is no higher source of honest exultation for mortal man, than when standing on the verge of life, and casting a retrospective glance towards conduct and action fast fading in the distance, he can say to himself, "I have acted strictly in accordance with both feeling and honour in my passage thus far. I have endeavoured to do my best with the talent that my master entrusted to me. I can only charge myself with those failings inseparable from the nature of man, but in my public duties I have a clear breast." How few statesmen can make such a declaration. Lord Hatherton was one of the few by whom we do not

* Possunt quia posse videntur.

hesitate to express a belief that declaration might have been honestly made.

There was no moral cowardice in his character about that reform from which men of more renown would have shrunk. How Burke would have discharged a more than volcanic fury of anathemas upon such a sweeping measure, and Windham have again invoked the bull-baiters and cock-fighters of the "good old times," to perform a Hockley Hole lustration for the introduction of such an innovation upon the good old constitution. Mr. Littleton, who knew his countrymen well, and was not for denying them the right which belonged to them, upon the clearest grounds of usage and the constitution, had no fear upon the subject of the restoration contemplated by Lord Grey, even had it gone to the full extent which that noble reformer originally contemplated. In the part he took more immediately as the chief in the laborious portion of designating the limits of the places represented, he performed his task, in conjunction with his coadjutors, with his usual assiduity. He was, indeed, one of the leading reformers of the time, invaluable to the ministry from his fidelity to his party, the enlightened character of his views, his close attention to business, and his knowledge of the different phases of feeling and usage in the agricultural and manufacturing districts.

Lord Hatherton was not only an invaluable public man in a political sense, an earnest liberal, but a thorough adept in all that concerned the agricultural and manufacturing interests of his native land. He farmed largely, and was in a continued interchange of discoveries and improvements with the more noted agriculturists of his time. He was a good scholar, and possessed an excellent library at Teddesley, where he usually kept up his general and Christmas hospitality in particular, in the true style of an English country gentleman, a position in life of which, if all so circumstanced were duly sensible (*O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint Agricolas !*), they would thank God for their lot.

Mr. Littleton was chief secretary for Ireland under the lord-lieutenancy of the Marquis Wellesley, whose daughter was his first wife, and by whom he left a son, Edward Richard Littleton, his successor in his title and estates. Never was there a more difficult time for the fulfilment of both offices than that of his Irish appointment. The agitation for the repeal of the Union was at its height. The lord-lieutenant and secretary were alone in agreement. There were differences in the cabinet, O'Connell wielding all his weapons of annoyance, not without effect. The ruling powers on the spot saw no need of that apprehensive policy which they feared could only tend to exacerbate, and remonstrated unsuccessfully against renewing the coercion bill. The ministry itself was by no means a compact body in agreement, even upon main points. During this emergency, Lord Stanley and other members of the cabinet retired; among them was Sir James Graham. Lord Stauley, since the Earl of Derby, it was said, gave way to the old cry of "the Church in danger," among other reasons, real or affected, for his desertion of his old principles and friends. In the end, the obnoxious act was introduced, and the consequences foreseen ensued.

It was during these perplexities of the cabinet that Mr. Littleton was accused of making known to O'Connell, in an indiscreet way, at a personal meeting, the disunited state of the cabinet. O'Connell turned

the result to his own advantage. Mr. Littleton had been too open in dealing with a crafty politician, the whole breed of which, in all lands and times, have rarely indeed hesitated to sacrifice a confiding disposition if a profit could be made of it. There was about Lord Hatherton exactly that principle of honour and kind confiding disposition, of which a fully ripe diplomatist or minister, not, like Moloch, unversed in wiles, might sooner make a victim, than of one of his own wary and circumventing temper. It was not possible for Mr. Littleton to do otherwise than give up his post, and the retirement of the ministry followed.

He held no office under Lord Melbourne's administration, though he sat for South Staffordshire. He soon after received the peerage, and certainly no one who had a value for such an honour more deservedly merited it for his public services. It was in 1835 that he was created Baron Hatherton. He was subsequently appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Staffordshire, the duties of which office he performed for between eight and nine years, with his customary assiduity.

Lord Hatherton married a second time, in 1852, Mrs. Davenport, the relict of Edward Davies Davenport, Esq., of Caperthorne, a lady well meriting his lordship's choice, by rendering to him and partaking in return those consolations and comforts which sweeten the later period of human existence, when the days come upon our humanity in which it proclaims it has comparatively so little pleasure.

We know not the exact nature of the complaint which deprived a host of friends and well-wishers, if it were only from the kindliness of his nature, of his lordship's presence. A knowledge of twenty-five years gives us some ground to form an estimate of human character, and we can only look back upon that term with a saddened feeling, and deeply regret his country should have been deprived of him at a time when human life, it has pleased God, has become more protracted than in the days of our fathers. If the manners and feelings of an open-hearted nobleman, one who honoured the peerage much more than the peerage could honour him; if candour, incapacity of craft, generous emotions, a high sense of duty, and strict performance of it; if urbanity of manner, joined with great aptitude for public business, and a sound judgment, a spirit incapable of guile, and a clear understanding of the true interests of the country, were united in any individual character to so great a degree as in Lord Hatherton, the example must be rare, and the magnitude of such a loss be indeed largely felt. We have never encountered—we own it—a second example in any walk of life that can be styled his lordship's parallel in those points by which he was most generally known and best estimated.

THE ENGLISH NOBILITY.

THE names of celebrated families form a portion of the national glory, and justly occupy the first place in the pages of history. Honour, above all, is due to the son who worthily represents the title which his ancestors obtained by their services to the country, or the prince, the representative of that country. Respect for ancestors strengthens the feeling of self-respect, and in this sense the motto *noblesse obligé* is to be understood.

When we follow in history the career of national celebrities, or regard the varied origin and peculiar fortunes of noble families, we cannot refrain from reflecting on the political, social, and moral influence of the nobility. Is the magic of noble birth increasing or decreasing? Is it a benefit or a misfortune for humanity? Should it be supported in old states or destroyed in new ones? Is it a material component of a constitutional monarchy? Is it adverse to republican liberty? How have hereditary distinctions and old birth benefited civilisation, science, literature, and the arts? When we allow—and it would be difficult to deny it—that the privileged classes have done the state eminent service at certain times, must we, on the other side, declare that their career, like that of the mediæval monastic orders, is worn out, or that it is an impediment to the progress of enlightenment, since we have possessed representative assemblies and liberty of the press? Finally, when was pride in ancestry carried to the highest pitch, and what was its most substantial basis?

At the present day the histories of families are traced more zealously than ever, and not alone in the Old World: the search after genealogical trees has now become fashionable also in the United States. It would be an idle task to defend genealogical studies against conventional accusations. These studies, which are stated to be dry and sterile, are rooted in feelings, inclinations, or prejudices inseparable from human nature. We will not be too eager to trace in this a mental weakness: we remember that Lord Byron was prouder of his birth than of his poems, and that the author of “Waverley” spent his entire fortune in order to found a line of Scotch feudal lords. And yet how chimerical is such a hope? How often is this ambition deluded? The contemporaries of Byron saw Newstead change owners twice, and the Scotts of Waverley have, in the feudal sense of the term, ceased to exist. If we run over the celebrated names of England, we are astonished to see how few of them are represented by male descendants. Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Raleigh, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Bacon, Locke, Newton, Hampden, Blake, Marlborough, Nelson, Clarendon, Hume, Goldsmith, Burke, Pitt, and Fox belong to the list, and we could lengthen it *ad infinitum*. The majority of these prominent men have left no descendants.

In our opinion the nobility, based on a social agreement, ceases to exist if it is not confined to very narrow bounds. Otherwise, it resembles the circles produced by throwing a stone into the water, which disappear as they become wider spread. This occurs when the nobility goes on in the female line. In order to judge with what speed the most renowned blood is extended by marriage and female descent, it is sufficient to refer to the great number of persons who indubitably have in their veins a few drops

of the royal blood of England : they are reckoned by tens of thousands. Sir Bernard Burke says, that among the descendants of Edmond of Woodstock, Earl of Kent and sixth son of Edward I., who only left daughters on his demise, were a Mr. Joseph Smart, butcher at the village of Hales Green, and a Mr. Wilmot, turnpike-keeper near Dudley. Jacob Penny, a sexton at St. George's Church, in London, is descended from the female line of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward, and he gave his eldest son, when christened, the name of Plantagenet. Through a single misalliance the ruin of a family is rapidly entailed. In 1637, a son of the great grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of the Duke of Clarence, was a soap-boiler at Newport. If this descendant of kings had married and left children, he could have stocked England with ragged or barefooted little Plantagenets. Duke Bernard of Norfolk one day had the notion of inviting all the descendants of the Norfolk, who was the friend of Richard III., to dinner, but gave it up again on seeing, from an imperfect list, that their number exceeded six hundred. All the true Howards have the right of quartering the royal arms, through their descent from Margaret Mowbray, who married the head of their family. In 1854, a genealogical list was drawn up of all the persons quartering the arms of the various dynasties that have reigned in England: the most ignorant amateur in English heraldry is aware how easy it is to prove a descent in the female line from Edward I., Edward III., or Henry III. American genealogists declare that Washington was also descended from English kings. In Corsica, a saint of the name of Napoleon has been found in the calendar for the Bonaparte family, and in the Italian archives a race of Bonapartes, who go back beyond the twelfth century. So much is certain, that every man who can reckon back to the sixteenth member has 65,536 paternal and maternal ancestors, and that in this number there will be the most respected as well as the most unworthy persons.

The Dukes of Northumberland carry their heads as high as if they were descended in the direct male line from the northern Percys. Still that line of the English branch of the family was extinct so far back as Henry I., when Agnes Percy, daughter of the third lord of that name, married the son of the Duke de Brabant, Jocelin of Louvain, who assumed the name and arms of the Percys. No other feudal family has played a more important part, or been more mixed up in the troubles which harassed England. Possessing, as the family did, such large estates and widely extending influence, it was impossible for them to avoid taking part in the political or religious disputes, and they would have required more luck than sense if they wished to be always on the conquering side ; but it must be allowed that the Percys had a special vocation for rushing into conspiracies and revolts. At one moment they took part in insurrections, when these came in their way ; at others they were the actual originators of them ; and among them a natural death in bed was rather an exception than the rule.

The first Earl of Northumberland was killed at Braham Moor, his brother was beheaded, and his son Hotspur killed in the battle of Shrewsbury : the second fell at St. Alban's, the third at Towton, and the fourth murdered in a rebellion : the fifth, it is true, died in his bed, but, to make up for that, his second son was executed at Tyburn, and his eldest died

of grief and misery. After him the fortunes of the family seemed to pale : his estates and titles were given to a Dudley, but when the latter in his turn was condemned to lose them, they were returned to the Earl of Northumberland as legal heir. He had, however, learned nothing from his misfortunes, but took part in an insurrection against Queen Elizabeth, and lost his life on the scaffold. The eighth earl was imprisoned in the Tower for acting on behalf of Mary Stuart, where he either committed suicide or was murdered. The ninth, as a partner in the gunpowder plot, was condemned to pay a fine of 30,000*l.*, and imprisonment for life. The eleventh and last representative of the English male line left only a daughter, whose life career was as strange and adventurous as that of her father. At the age of sixteen she had been twice a widow, and married for the third time. At the age of thirteen she was affianced to the young Duke of Newcastle, who died a few months later. The second husband selected for her was Thynne of Longleat, but this marriage was not consummated, because the notorious Count Königsmarck, who was after the rich heiress, had her betrothed killed. Still the heiress escaped him, for she married the proud Duke of Somerset, who at a later date, when his second wife, a Miss Finch, tapped him on the shoulder, or, according to others, sat down in his lap, said, angrily, "Madam, my first wife was a Percy, but she would have never taken such a liberty."

The first Duchess of Somerset is best known by the circumstances that she persuaded Queen Anne not to give Swift a bishopric. In this way she avenged herself on Swift, who had ridiculed her red hair, and accused her of having been an accomplice in the murder of Thynne, her betrothed. "It is not known," says Walter Scott, "whether she was most infuriated at the ridicule or at the other accusation, which was only founded on Swift's malice." The estates and title of Northumberland then passed through the sole heiress to Hugh Smithson, a baronet of good family in Yorkshire. His son, who was dissatisfied at not having the Garter in addition to all his other honours, complained bitterly about it to George III., remarking that he was the first Duke of Northumberland to whom the order had been refused. "Certainly," the king replied ; "but you are also the first Smithson who ever asked for it." This is the only joke of which George III. was ever guilty.

The story of the Nevilles shows us the most remarkable changes of fortune, if we compare the position of the great Earl of Warwick, the king-maker, with that of his descendant, Charles Neville, the sixth Earl of Westmoreland, in 1572. The last of the barons (as Sir Lytton Bulwer calls the king-maker) enjoyed an income of 300,000*l.*, and kept an open table in his castles for thirty thousand persons daily. His descendant lived in the Netherlands on a small pension which the King of Spain granted him, and Lord Seton speaks in a letter to Mary Stuart of his extreme poverty. He died in misery, and without male descent, in 1601.

Misfortune seems also to have dogged the Dukes of Buckingham. The first who bore this title, Humphrey de Stafford, fell with his eldest son in the wars of the Roses. His second son and successor was the friend and victim of Richard III. Shakspeare has preserved for us the sad fate of the third duke. He had foolishly defied Wolsey, who contrived to bring a charge of high treason against him, and he was be-

headed on Tower Hill. Villiers, to whom the title was given, fell by Felton's knife : a sad ending for a man who had dared to declare his love to a queen of France. Pope makes a sneering comment on the death of another Duke of Buckingham, in lines familiar to our readers. But his was a poetic licence, for the duke really died in the best bedroom of his steward's house. The literary productions of Sheffield, who was made Duke of Buckingham in 1703, cast a lustre over his ducal crown. His family expired in the person of his son, who died at Rome of a chest complaint.

The Cromwells furnish an example of the greatest elevation and deepest fall. Dugdale says that Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, who bore the sobriquet of the " Hammer of Monasteries," was the son of a blacksmith at Putney, and served under the Constable de Bourbon at the siege of Rome. As he had no children, he adopted a nephew of the name of Richard Williams, who assumed his name, and became head and founder of the family. There are five representatives between him and Oliver Cromwell, whose story we may pass over. The sudden fall and utter disappearance of this family is a most remarkable circumstance. The Lord Protector had four sons and four daughters ; two of these sons survived him : Richard, who followed him in the protectorship ; and Henry, who was governor of Ireland. Richard, whose government only lasted eight months, passed twenty years in exile, and it is believed that, on his return to England, he lived in seclusion under the name of Clarke. According to an anecdote told by Miss Hawkins, Richard Cromwell, in 1705, had a trial in the Court of Chancery, and as the counsel for the opposite party alluded in no complimentary terms to the name of Cromwell, Lord Chancellor Cowper asked whether Mr. Cromwell were in court ; on receiving an answer in the affirmative, the chancellor invited him to take a seat by his side, through which step the counsel was induced to check his anti-republican eloquence. He died in 1712, and left only two daughters. Henry, the ex-governor of Ireland, lived, till his death in 1673, at his estate, Spinney Abbey, and left five sons and three daughters. All his sons died childless with the exception of one, who, after he had squandered all his property, wrote to his aunt Lady Fauconberg : " Our family has sunk deep, and there are people who assert that it is just ; still, I know that we belong to a race which is older than many others." His son became a grocer on Snow-hill, and died in 1748, leaving only one son, christened Oliver, who was a simple clerk in the offices of St. Thomas's Hospital. This Oliver Cromwell died in 1821, and had one daughter, who married Mr. Russell, of Cheshunt Park. Among Cromwell's descendants in the female line, we may mention a basket-maker at Cork, one married to a shoemaker, another to the son of a butcher, with whom she was in service in the same house.

It has recently been publicly stated that a descendant of Simon de Montfort is a saddler in Tooley-street, and that the heir of Earl of Mar—an earl whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity—has been discovered in the garb of a collier. A bricklayer's labourer might have asserted a claim to the earldom of Crawford. Hugh Miller, who was also a bricklayer in early life, often heard the following words addressed to Crawford : " Heh, John Earl of Crawford, bring the hod here ! hand me the trowel !" The father of the last Earl of Glengall was a baker's apprentice when he heard what honours awaited him.

The Drummond family is remarkable among those which, though subjected to hard trials, ever retained sufficient strength to rise again: fortunately it found a chronicler, whose sympathy and talent befitted him, more than any other, to write its annals. The genealogy of the Drummonds begins with a scion of the royal house of Hungary (probably a descendant of Attila) of the name of Maurice, who was captain of the ship in which Edgar Atheling and his sisters sailed across the sea to Hungary. One of the ladies, Margaret Atheling, married Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, who gave Maurice the estates of Drymen and Drummond in the county of Dumbarton. Whatever truth there may be in this origin, the rank which the family attained certainly agrees with it. Without referring to its direct and indirect connexions with the Bourbons, Bruces, Stuarts, and other royal or princely houses, it gave Scotland a queen, and figures in all the grades of the peerage. The partial decay of the family fortunes dates from the Revolution of 1688, when the head of the Drummonds clung to the fallen dynasty, without taking the usual precaution in Scotland of letting an influential member of the family join the opposite side. This led to the banishment of the Drummonds; their peerage was legally extinguished, and they received but a poor compensation for it in the dignities which the exiled king granted them at St. Germain. After the Union, Andrew Drummond settled in London. He was a clever man of business, and had a well-earned reputation for honesty; and hence most of the Jacobites placed their money affairs in his hands. This was the origin of the celebrated banking firm. The founder of the house, be it remarked, however, in his later years, always drew a marked distinction between a banker and a gentleman compelled by circumstances to take part in banking operations. Just in the same way the father of the bourgeois gentilhomme was not a cloth-dealer, but merely kept in his house a stock of cloth which he exchanged for gold, solely to oblige his friends.

The position of the Drummonds leads us to the question, how far any one dishonours his nobility by entering into trade. In Germany and Spain it is generally assumed that such employment is degrading, but such was not the case with the patricians of Venice and Genoa. In France, a noble who went into trade was obliged to lay aside his sword, and could only resume it when he retired from business. In England, even Pitt, who always remained Mr. Pitt, made it a condition, on raising the head of the banking firm of Smith and Co. to the peerage, as Lord Carrington, that he should retire from business. This was the express desire of George III., who had German prejudices as regards rank and titles. Lords Ashburnham and Overstone gave up business when they entered the Upper House, although no condition to that effect was made. Still, the name of a banker or man of business is always most honourable in England.

It would be wrong to believe that at the head of every genealogy in England we must find a nobleman dating back to the Norman conquest. If we may follow Augustine Thierry and the authorities he quotes, the army of William the Conqueror was mainly composed of low-born adventurers, whom he collected around him by the prospect of loot: sutlers and camp-followers may have clothed themselves in the spoils of the enemy, presented themselves as cavaliers, and in that quality obtained fiefs.

"The neatherds of Normandy, and the Flanders weavers," writes Thierry, "could, with a little courage and good luck, become brilliant barons in England, and their names, which on one side of the Channel were common and unknown, became noble and glorious on the other. Would you like to know, says an old French chronicler, what were the names of the great arrivals under the conqueror William? Here follow the names as they were written, but without the christian names, which are often missing, or altered: Mandeville and Dandeville, Omfreville and Domfreville, Bouteville and Estouteville, Mohun and Bohun, Biset and Baset, Malin and Malvoisin. . . . In one of these lists the names are given in groups of three: Bastard, Brassard, Braynard; Bigot, Bagot, Talbot; Toret, Trivet, Bonet; Lucy, Lacy, Percy. . . . Another list of the conquerors of England, which was long preserved at Battle Abbey, contains names of a low and equivocal nature, such as Bonvilain and Boutevilain, Trousselot and Trousebout, L'Engaine and Longue Epée, Oeil de Bœuf and Front de Bœuf."

Five or six generations are certainly sufficient to satisfy the ambition of any man, and so long an interval is not even necessary to acquire universal respect for names, which are connected in the history of the country with instances of courage, genius, or patriotism. The celebrated family of the Russells does not require to bring down its genealogy from the Lords of Rozel, and it is sufficient to assume that it is descended from John Russell, Constable of the Castle of Curfew in 1221. Shakespeare, by bringing the names of the Talbots, Stanleys, Cliffords, Nevilles, Greys, Blounts, and Vernons on the stage, did more for them than the whole College of Heralds. Gibbon is of opinion that the Spenser family should regard the Faërie Queene as the finest part of their arms, and says that the romance of Tom Jones will survive the imperial eagle of the house of Hapsburg, of which the Fieldings declared themselves a branch. No one in France would now deny that the Book of Maxims is the finest pearl in the ducal crown of the Rochefoucaulds, and the Memoirs of St. Simon have imparted greater lustre to his name than his presidency in parliament or in the chapel of Versailles.

Heroic deeds, adventures, misfortunes, and perhaps unusual crimes, generally do more than peaceful virtues to render a family remarkable, and distinguish it from the great mass. Many lords and baronets have gained a title of honour through sentences passed on their ancestors, or by plundering monasteries, in which the Pophams, Horners, and Thynnes played so great a part. If we find the Burdetts holding knightly rank since the reign of Edward IV., it comes from the fact that Sir Robert Burdett was condemned to death for conspiring against the life of that prince. If the Fulfords are denied any share in the Crusades, they can at least display the written capitulation by virtue of which they surrendered their castle to Fairfax after a gallant defence. The crest of the Stanleys consists of an eagle feeding a child. Tradition tells us that a child of the Latham family, who surrendered their seat of Knowsley to the Stanleys, was exposed on a mountain, and owed its life to this strange nurse.

The motto of the Leslies, "Grip fast," was given them by Margaret, consort of King Malcolm Canmore, because, when crossing a swollen ford she fell from her horse, and was on the point of drowning, when

Bartholomew Leslie seized her by the girdle, and brought her ashore. Richard de Percival followed Cœur de Lion to Palestine, and sat his horse even after he had lost a leg in action; another scimitar-cut lopped off an arm, but for all that he kept his seat, and held his bridle between the teeth. For this reason this family has as device an armed man with only one leg. This emblem may be seen emblazoned on the windows of their seat at Weston. If this story be true, we cannot doubt the one told by Lamartine, that General Lesourd, at the battle of Waterloo, after receiving six sabre-cuts, got off his horse, had his arm amputated, mounted his horse once more, and attacked afresh at the head of his troops.

Many bourgeois and even peasant families can trace their genealogy back far into antiquity. We are told of a pastrycook in Brighton, that he has a farm in Sussex, which has been in his family since the reign of Henry I. The direct descendant of the woodcutter who helped to carry William II., when shot, into a neighbouring hut, is still living in the vicinity of Southampton.

In very many cases traditions must not be absolutely rejected, for they are often the sole and best testimony to facts which could not be established in any other way; but when family pride speculates on the credulity of people, it is surely permissible to doubt. We are not bound to believe everything that the bards and minstrels have sung in praise of their masters, whose genealogists they have eventually become. As they were paid to glorify their patrons and keep them in good humour, they did not hesitate to adorn the truth. If we were to believe these poetical chroniclers, nearly all the chiefs of Scottish clans were descended from kings, and their ancestors were contemporaries of those monarchs whose portraits or caricatures decorate the walls of Holy Rood; for instance, Fergus, who is said to have ascended the Scottish throne exactly six years after the death of Alexander the Great. Among the Scotch genealogies that of the Stuarts is most amusing, for they are proved to descend in a direct line from Cecrops, King of Athens. Unluckily, these genealogies of the bards constantly contradict one another, and some clans—for instance, the M'Ivors—are divided between two rivals, both of whom claim the supremacy. A Glengarry wrote to the second Lord Macdonald to demand the dignity of head of the clan, but received the following laconic answer: "Until you can prove to me that you are my chief, I remain yours, MACDONALD."

The succession in the male line rendered it highly desirable for every Scot to settle all his degrees of relationship, even the most remote, for a number of accidents might unexpectedly render him heir to rich estates. In spite of this law and custom, however, many large fiefs have been lost by the male line of their former holders. The royal branch of the Bruces is extinct, but the present Bruces, the Earl of Elgin and the Marquis of Aylesbury, are descended from Robert Bruce, to whom King David II. gave the castle and estate of Clackmannan, as his loving and faithful cousin. The name of the Grahams, who have become Dukes of Montrose, appears for the first time in William de Graham, who is produced as a witness in a deed of the year 1128. He was doubtless a respected person: at any rate, a title seven or eight generations old is an inheritance with which the descendants of the great Montrose may surely be satisfied.

Very curious is the origin of the emblems which the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn bear in their coat—namely, a bloody dagger, with the motto, “I mak sicker.” The story of its origin is as follows: Roger Kirkpatrick met Robert Bruce just coming out of the church in which he had stabbed Comyn. “I believe I have killed him,” said Bruce. “You only believe it,” Kirkpatrick replied, “but I will mak sicker.” And, entering the church, he dealt Comyn the death-blow on the steps of the altar.

All Europe knows at present that the Countess of Montijo, mother of the Empress of France, is a Kirkpatrick. When the former lady was about to be married to the son of a Spanish grandee, she was requested to produce her genealogy, and Charles Kirkpatrick procured it for her, duly attested by the Scotch heralds. When the document was laid before King Ferdinand VII., he exclaimed, “Of course we permit young Montijo to marry the daughter of Fingal.”

If we were asked what country has seen the most marked changes in the fortunes of its nobility, we should unhesitatingly say Ireland. That unhappy island has been subjected to confiscations unexampled in history, and every fresh proscription entailed the downfall or disappearance of families, which had up to that time been powerful and celebrated by the native bards. A proof of the systematic misfortune that has weighed down the Irish families is found in the list of Irish peers, which only contains four old Irish names: O’Neil, O’Brien, O’Grady, and O’Callaghan. Still Ulster believes that, with the exception of the O’Laughlins, the five or six royal families that divided the island between them have all representatives. The last of the Maguires, Princes of Fermanagh, was killed in 1660 in a battle with the English troops. A few years ago a legacy was left to his direct heirs, and so many Maguires came forward that the payment of the legacy was declared to be impossible.

The great Norman families that took part in the conquest of Ireland have been preserved better in proportion to their number than those which conquered England. The present De Burghs, the St. Lawrences, the Butlers, Westmeaths, Talbots of Malahide, Brabazons, Fitzgeralds, and Fitzmaurices, are descended in a direct line from brave barons, who founded their family in the twelfth century. John Constantine de Courcy, Lord Kinsale, premier baron of Ireland, is descended from Sir John de Courcy, who was made Earl of Ulster in 1181. When this John de Courcy was attacked by twenty armed men in the churchyard of Downpatrick, he tore up a heavy oak cross, and, with this improvised club, killed twelve of his opponents. He also displayed his courage and enormous strength in fighting for King John, who, in return, gave him the hereditary privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the sovereign. When Almeric, the twenty-third baron, on the arrival of William III., made use of his privilege, the monarch inquired what such free and easy conduct meant; and when he received the explanation, he remarked, ratherly bitterly, “Your lordship can keep on your hat in my presence, if you think it becoming, but I hope you will take it off to the queen.” When Louis XIV., after the battle of Fontenoy, came up to the spot where the captured English officers were standing, the latter all raised their hats, with the exception of Lord Courcy. After the king had heard the cause of this strange behaviour, he said, with his studied politeness, “My lord, will you dine with me?” “I am not hungry.” “I do

not ask whether you are hungry, but whether you will dine with me," Louis XIV. replied, and turned his back on the ill-bred nobleman.

The most powerful of the Anglo-Normans who settled in Ireland were the Fitzgeralds and the Butlers. There was a time when the Butlers held eight peerages in the various branches of their house, and the Fitzgeralds, who were settled in the centre and south of the island, compared themselves to a tree whose branches overshadowed it. The Marquis of Kildare published, in 1858, a history of his family. Would that any equally skilful pen would write the annals of the Earls of Desmond, which are so rich in romantic episodes. Changes of fortune are exceedingly numerous in this family. The sixth earl was disinherited by his uncle for marrying a girl of low birth: the great Earl of Desmond exclaimed, as he was being borne from the field on the shoulders of Ormond's soldiers, "I am in my right place, on the neck of the Butlers." Eventually the last earl, who had an income of 40,000*l.* from his estates, staked everything on an insurrection, and perished miserably through the treachery of a renegade.

The Irish gentleman who received the title of the great Earl of Cork himself tells us that he came to Dublin in 1558 with his entire fortune, consisting of 27*l.* in his pocket, a diamond ring, a gold bracelet, a pair of black velvet trunk hose, two cloaks, the necessary changes of linen, and a sword. Two years before his death, in 1641, he was the owner of castles, domains, parks, and other landed property, which produced him an income of 50*l.* a day. Though he was greatly aided by fortune, his cleverness did him equally good service. Over the door of one of his castles may be seen his coat-of-arms, with the motto, "The providence of God is my inheritance." He might also have used the motto, "*Aide toi et Dieu t'aidera.*"

The splendid estates of the Powerscourts were given to their ancestor by Queen Elizabeth, who robbed the O'Tooles of them. He had the flattering audacity to ask this queen, who combined the greatest feminine vanity with masculine strength, for the scarf she was wearing, which he considered more precious than all the dignities and estates she had just given him. He is represented in an old portrait wearing this scarf as a sword-belt. The scarf itself was hung up under the portrait until the aunt of the last Viscount Powerscourt cut it up to cover footstools with. The old lady could never be brought to understand what wrong she had done by such treatment of this historic relic.

To complete our remarks about the Irish nobility, we must refer to the gentlemen who left their country in consequence of the political persecutions after the dethronement of James, and spread over many continental states. In 1692, fifteen or twenty thousand Irish, who had been raised for James II., passed into the service of Louis XIV. Their officers were Catholic gentlemen, and these troops constantly distinguished themselves. When Marshal Villeroi was surprised and made prisoner at Cremona, the Irish, under the command of an O'Mahony, retrieved the fortunes of the day, and drove the battalions of Prince Eugène out of the city. In the list of the knights of St. Louis we find Irish names on every page. At the present day there is a marshal of Irish origin in France, MacMahon, one in Austria, Nugent, and one in Spain, O'Donnell.

The exaggerated pretensions of the gentry of Wales as to the age of their families are based on no solid foundation, and the want of written

documents, and even of at all credible traditions, has led their genealogists into the most improbable fables when they attempt to go beyond the sixteenth century. The family tree of the Mostyns of Mostyn, which has been preserved in their archives for three centuries, is written on parchment decorated with drawings, and is more than seventy feet long, and one foot in width. It begins with the patriarch Noah (why not with Adam?), passes with but few exceptions through all the princely houses mentioned in the Bible, divides into sundry imperial and royal branches, and at length comes to the Edwards, Kings of England, where it stops. Sir Bernard Burke has performed an equally useless labour by following the Tudors through the mists of the first period of Welsh history, in order to adorn the family tree of an orator and author, who in no way needed such glorification. From the moment when an ancestor of Sir Bulwer Lytton married a real Tudor, we can dispense with her deriving her descent from persons who ruled in Wales in the sixth century, and who had names which it is utterly impossible to pronounce.

Bentham and his scholars asserted that the lords and gentry of the three kingdoms were mushrooms when compared with the continental nobility, and add, that if a people is to be oppressed and plundered by a noble caste, the latter should at least be the real sort. These strong-minded gentlemen have no great cause of complaint, for Great Britain in this respect does not stand far behind other countries.

The asserted superiority of the continental nobility disappears when it is subjected to the same investigation as the British nobility. However far back a family may go, we must come at last to some plebeian who founded its renown and power; furthermore, Gibbon remarks that it is almost impossible to prove a pedigree by names, arms, and authentic documents much beyond the tenth century of the Christian era. It is said that the Dukes of Lewis, in France, boasted of being descended from the princes of the House of Judah, and that they showed an old painting, on which one of these ancestors stands with up-raised hat before the Virgin, who says to him: "Cover yourself, cousin." The Dukes of Croy have a worthy counterpart to this picture in a representation of the Deluge, where a drowning man is shouting to Noah, who is on the point of entering the ark, "Save the archives of the House of Croy." Nothing, however, surpasses the pedigree of the Valdez in Spain; it begins thus: "First was Valdez I.; his successor was Valdez II.; then came Valdez III.; about this period God created the world." A French bishop, notorious for his vanity, is said to have replied to the serious exhortations of his confessor: "Nonsense, God will never have the courage to condemn a Clermont Tonnerre!"

The pretensions of the Montmorencys are tolerably well known. Their nobility does not require to be surrounded by a feigned halo in order to heighten it. One of their ancestors married the widow of a King of France; they gave their country several connétables: one of the marshals of their name was no more and no less than that Duke of Luxembourg, whom the people christened the Upholsterer of Notre-Dame, because his victories had covered the walls of that church with so many flags. There is, however, no certain confirmation that a Montmorency existed before the middle of the tenth century, and their title of first Christian baron cannot be supported or understood, if it be asserted that their ancestor was the first Christian raised to the rank of baron, or the first baron who

became a Christian. The title of first baron of France could be better explained if we understood by France the province of Ile de France, in which the old seigneurie of Montmorency is situated. The pride of a French nobleman chiefly consists in the fact of being descended from one of the counts, dukes, or princes who occupied the great territorial domains under monarchy. The Dukes de Gramont retained their sovereignty over Bidache up to the year 1781. The pretensions raised at the present time in France consist in having had an ancestor at the Crusades, and we find in the *Annuaire de la Noblesse* a number of names claiming this honour; but it cannot be decided with certainty, except in the case of families whose arms are visible in the Hall of the Crusades at Versailles.

The oldest and most illustrious of all great families, says Gibbon, is indubitably the French royal house: it has sat on the throne for above a thousand years, and has a direct descent from male to male since the middle of the ninth century. Bonaparte, in 1808, created a new nobility in France, and distributed the titles of dukes, counts, and barons, but not those of marquis and viscount—several old marquises were forced to content themselves with the title of count, or even of baron. The hereditary peerage was destroyed in 1831, and all titles were abolished in 1848. The new Empire restored them, and the present laws regard names and arms as a property standing under their protection.

Could the modern Roman nobility prove they were really descended from the Patricians of ancient Rome, they would be the oldest nobility in the world, but Gibbon and Muratori unhesitatingly deny the fact. Petrarch, who addresses the Romans in his celebrated letter to Rienzi, says: "Your lords are foreign adventurers. Inquire into their origin. They came from the valley of Spoleto, from the valleys of the Rhine and the Rhône, and from the remotest and darkest corners of the earth." In truth, the Ursinis came from Spoleto in the twelfth century. The Colonnas, who turn up for the first time in 1100, themselves confess that they came from the banks of the Rhine; but their flatterers, for all that, gave them a Roman origin, by asserting that their ancestor was a cousin of Nero, who fled from Rome and founded Mayence. The claims of the Massimi, to be descended from Fabius Maximus, are only based on the resemblance of name. If this substantiate a claim, the Annibali are exceedingly modest for not giving themselves out to be descendants of the Carthaginian hero, and the Cossés in France could then claim the inheritance of Cocceius Nerva.

The nobles of Venice, who are inscribed in the celebrated golden book, formed four classes of very unequal rank; the last consisted of the descendants of those who had acquired nobility by purchase; the first, or most illustrious, comprised the descendants of the twelve persons who, in 697, undertook the election of the first doge, and to them were added the families of four other Venetians, who signed the acts for the foundation of the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore, in 800. The families of the Ponti (bridges) quarrelled with the Canali (canals), and asserted that the Ponti stood above the Canali; but their rivals objected that the canals must have existed before the bridges. The Council of Ten, which heard their arguments, put an end to the discussion by stating that it could not only pull down the bridges, but fill up the canals.

The two most renowned Florentine houses are the Medici and the

Strozzi. A branch of the Medicis lives in Naples, and not long ago two Strozzi were in the Austrian service. A Medici was, in the year 1295, elected gonfalonier of the Florentine republic, at a time when the nobles were excluded from this office, which appears to justify their "medical" origin, ascribed to them on account of their name, and the celebrated *palle* in their arms. The Strozzi, who are said to be descended from a Roman pro-consul, first made themselves known in the thirteenth century; that is something; and more than this, they played a brilliant part in the French armies during the reign of Henri II. The Alighieris became extinct in 1558. The immortal Dante Alighieri was convinced that he was the descendant of an old Roman family, which fled to Florence upon the overthrow of the empire. The noble race of the Ariostos at Bologna has equally ceased to exist.

In Spain, excepting in the mountains, the asylum of Pelagus and the first Christians, it is difficult to find any blood never commingled with Moorish, African, Mexican, or even Jewish. A peculiar privilege here separated the noble from the bourgeois class, of which the following is an instance: The relations of a highwayman, who was condemned to death with three other bandits, claimed for him the privilege of his birth, and offered to pay all the expenses incurred. Hence, while his accomplices were hung on ordinary gallows, he was garroted on a scaffold hung with black cloth, after which a protocol was drawn up and handed to his family as a title-deed of nobility. The Spanish *grandees* of the first class have, it is well known, the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the sovereign, and as one and the same person can hold several *grandeeships*—for both male and female line can succeed—people say that he has several hats, in order to express that he has more than one claim to remain covered before the king or queen. The Duke of Ossuna has many hats, and a quire of paper is needed to record all his titles.

The "Almanach de Gotha" is the best authority for the present condition of the highest nobility on the Continent, and especially for the branches of the mediatised German princely houses.

The true test of a nobleman is to know whether his arms have been transmitted to him through several generations, or whether the Heralds' College has found them for him. The difference between the English peers and the other citizens is only a political distinction, which has no influence on the privileges which a person may have a right to claim through his birth in other countries. A Howard of Corby cannot officially use the title of esquire, unless he is a member of parliament or a magistrate, but for all that he stands on a level, and rightly so, with the princes of Russia or Sicily, the dukes of Naples or Rome, the *grandees* of Spain, the counts of France, and the barons of Vienna or Berlin.

Formerly, the heralds made visitations through all the counties, and held meetings for the verification of titles, which the nobility were invited to attend. The corrected genealogies were then formally registered, and at the end of each list may generally be found the names of persons who give up the right of bearing arms. The last of these visitations took place in 1687. In 1737 an attempt was made to establish a noble court, but it failed. Still, it is reported that when the actor O'Keeffe amused himself by driving through the streets of Dublin in a carriage on

which the arms of the kings of Ireland were emblazoned, the heralds stopped the carriage in the street and ordered the arms to be removed.

People have grown accustomed to the idea that our age is, above all, one of movement and transition, that property changes hands more quickly than ever, and, hence, that the old territorial nobility of England will disappear before the children of trade and speculation, like the red-skins of America before the white population. If we examine into this more closely, however, we shall probably arrive at a very different opinion. In former times there were more sudden and frequent changes of proprietorship than we see in our days. The civil wars, which entailed the impoverishment and destruction of so many families, will never again, let us trust, break out in England. The time when a favoured minister was able to secure a princely revenue, and found earldoms and marquisesates, is gone never to return. Under the Plantagenets, the disorder was so great that persons who felt a desire for a rich estate needed only to take it by force. When the Earl of Warren was ordered by Edward I. to produce his title-deeds, he fetched an old sword, and said, "That is the document in power of which I hold my estates, and with whose help I will defend them." Under Henry VIII., the confiscation and plundering of the abbey lands afforded the king the means to enrich favoured families, without laying any sacrifice on the crown. Under Elizabeth, Burleigh certainly fished in troubled waters without attracting great attention, but, for all that, he left his heirs a colossal fortune, though at the beginning of his career he had only been a briefless barrister. The Revolution of 1688 so little interfered with the custom of making presents at the cost of the crown lands, that the parliament was compelled to interfere in order to set limits to it; and when William III. wished to add to his immense presents to his friend Bentinck another large territory, the murmurs of the parliament and the people compelled him to desist. Eventually the crown lands were declared inalienable; but up to the middle of the eighteenth century, pensions and offices gave the favourites no cause for complaint. Thus, when Montagu was nominated Duke of Manchester and peer of the realm, with a revenue of 12,000*l.*, his enemies amused themselves by asking him whether he remembered the time when he found great difficulty in earning 50*l.* a year. In his notes to Bishop Burnet, Lord Dartmouth calculates that the salaries of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, together, amounted to 90,000*l.* a year. Robert Walpole also amassed a stupendous fortune, and it is nothing to the purpose to say that a portion of it was acquired by his speculations in the South Sea Company.

It must also be taken into consideration that the development of trade and commerce improves the position of the landed gentry by raising the value of their estates. The increased revenue of Lords Bedford, Portland, Grosvenor, Portman, and Berkeley, in London and its vicinity, gives us an example of the change produced when the population and wealth of a city are increased. The proprietors of mines also find their revenues augmented.

The present age, therefore, appears to us to be much less favourable than olden times to those persons who are called, whether justly or unjustly, parvenus, and we believe, on the contrary, that the advantage is now on the side of the historically established nobility, whose position and proprietorship have attained the strength of a *fait accompli*.

THE FEDERAL SPY.

It was at the beginning of the present American civil war, whose first battles were fought in Western Missouri, no great distance from the Indian border; all the young Germans in St. Louis who could carry a musket and were not bound to remain in the town had enlisted in the volunteer regiments, in order to oppose the desire of the governor to sever the state from the Union and make it join the Confederation. The adherence of Missouri to the North was for the German element in the state not only a political but a vital question; the Germans had ever been the sharpest opponents of slavery in that state, and under the rule of the Southern barons they would have become utter pariahs. In addition, business was at such a stand-still, there was such a lack of money and work, that many took to soldiering, in order at least to make certain of a livelihood. Still the entire force with which the commander-in-chief, General Lyons, undertook his first expedition into the interior of the state, hardly exceeded seven thousand men, of whom only the officers wore uniforms, but the exercise had been learned wonderfully quick under the pressure of circumstances. I had the good fortune to be elected lieutenant, and confirmed by government, but soon after the general took me on his staff, principally because I was a ready writer.

It was an oppressively warm evening, and the main corps of our small army was encamped in front of a wooded hill, waiting for Colonel Sigel to join us with a still smaller corps. We had but very undecided news about the enemy: we knew that Governor Jackson had summoned the entire male population in these parts under arms, and led them to join the force of the rebels under General Price; but how far off this force might be, or what its strength was, were questions which we had been unable to answer, in spite of all the information we had collected. The entire district in which we now were was attached to the Confederation. Usually, when we approached a farm, we did not see a single white face, but merely grinning negroes, who stared at us with amazement; but whenever we got hold of an American or a farmer's wife, we had found nothing but an ostensibly entire ignorance about our opponents: for a long time past no one had seen or heard anything of them, and even the blacks, who were at length induced to speak, seemed to have a thorough understanding with their masters.

I was lying in front of the general's tent on the grass, enjoying the light cool breeze which blew on us from the mountains, and listening to the songs which echoed from amid the encamped troops. We had entire singing clubs among us, who, in spite of the fatigue of the march, allowed no evening to pass without singing splendid quartets. There was one song to a march tune, written expressly for the Missouri Volunteers, which specially attracted me, and which deserved to become the Marseillaise of the Germans in the commencing struggle. At least I thought so then, while I was still surrounded by all the enthusiasm for our cause, the romance and poetry of the first beginning of our "holy war"—to-day, when we have been so bitterly deluded, when the Germans

have perished by thousands through the treachery of the commissariat and the ignorance of the so-called generals, the said song sounds like a living mockery.

When the last sounds of this song died out on this evening, I was, as usual, so excited by it that I should have liked to risk my life in some heroic deed, careless of the danger. At this moment the entrance of the tent was opened, and the general stepped out, with a sharp glance around him. I was on my feet in a second, and he gave a pleased nod on noticing me. "Let us step on one side for a moment, Reuter," he said to me, and pushed back his grey bushy hair—a movement I had constantly noticed when any grave thoughts occupied him; "I should like to speak a couple of words with you." He walked in front of me out of the camp, until we stood half way between it and our pickets, looked sharply around the landscape, which was brightly illumined by the moon, and then began, in a cautiously suppressed voice:

"I have received some vague information about the present position of General Price, but am still utterly in the dark as to the strength and nature of his force. The terrain is growing difficult, demands the utmost caution, and, if we have to fight a superior force, which has been, besides, recruited from the best strength of the counties, our young fellows, in spite of their bravery, may suffer a defeat, which must have a most deleterious effect on the whole state at the present moment. Everything depends on my obtaining an accurate report of the strength and position of the Confederates. Do you know any one among our people who will expose himself to the risk, but, at the same time, speaks English so fluently, and is so well acquainted with the state of affairs, that he can pass as a settler of many years' standing in these parts?"

He uttered the last sentence more slowly, but his flashing eye was fixed so inquiringly on me, that I at once knew what he intended by his question, though I did not for a moment hesitate to satisfy his expectations:

"If you consider it necessary that I should go, general, you have only to give the order," I replied.

My explanation seemed to be almost too quick for him, for he looked at me as if undecided, and passed his hand through his hair.

"I confess that I certainly thought of you," he at last said, slowly. "It is an enterprise, on the success of which the fate of all of us probably depends; still, Reuter, I must say one thing to you, if you are detected, you will not be treated as a prisoner of war, or shot, but be dishonourably hanged."

I may possibly have turned pale on hearing this, for he turned away with a painful frown.

"I am aware that few would undertake this duty," he muttered. "The strictest secrecy is the first requirement, and I dare not confide in many——"

"I will go, general," I interrupted him. I had quickly overcome the sudden attack of moral weakness which had taken possession of me. "If I am hanged, I know why I have sacrificed myself, and you will defend my honour. However, I have to be caught first. Give me your instructions, general."

He looked at me, as if wishing to test my seriousness; then he offered me his hand, and pressed mine heartily.

"Come into my tent," he said, shortly, and walked back ahead of me.

Half an hour later, dressed like a true farmer's boy, and escorted through our lines by the general himself, I was proceeding towards the narrow road that ran into the wooded hills. Over my shoulder hung a canvas bag, containing two live hens and a dozen eggs. To the present day I do not know whence the clothes I wore were obtained: they lay waiting for me in the tent; but the hens and eggs were stock laboriously collected by the general's German servant to improve his scanty dinners, and I shall not easily forget the look poor Fred gave when he was ordered by the general to place his *spolia opima* in my sack. When the special history of the present war comes to be written, a memorial is certain for this German lad. When, a few weeks later, General Lyons fell in the field as a glorious example for his troops, he sank, with the cry, "Fred, I am going up!" into the arms of this faithful fellow, who never left his side, and drew his last breath on his bosom.

I turned into the path that led into the hills, as I said, and thought over the part which was allotted to me. I must give myself out as an enthusiastic Secessionist, who was making a long journey in order to offer the rebel general a little fresh fare. That I, as a young and powerful man, would not be let go again, but forced to enlist, was natural: hence it would be best for me to announce myself at once as a volunteer, and try to escape again during the night.

Although darkness had already set in, it could not be more than eight o'clock, and if the news the general had received was trustworthy, I must reach the enemy's camping-ground long before ten o'clock. The farther I went the clearer the night became. The wood often fell back on both sides for a long distance, and left space for cultivation. Here and there a farm-house emerged from the gloom, fireflies glistened all around me, but the warm air produced such an enfeebling effect on my nerves that I should have certainly fallen into a half-waking dream had not the consciousness of my dangerous enterprise aroused me with a jerk.

According to my watch I had been walking for a good hour: the country was more open, and now the path turned into a high road, on whose side the grass had been trodden down for many yards wide and trampled. Now I knew that I was on the right track. Cavalry had passed here, an arm of which our small army was almost ignorant, and it was only the thought of our artillery, which was served by veteran gunners, that removed the unpleasant feeling produced in me by this superiority on the part of the foe. I went on as if anxious only to reach my journey's end, for I might meet some one at any moment, in which case my external demeanour would be of great consequence. In a few minutes the wood entirely retired, and a brick house, surrounded by densely foliated fruit-trees, a garden with a neat paling and a wide extent of enclosed fields, became visible. A wooden piazza seemed to run round the house, and an open window could be distinguished between the broad-leaved creepers which had clambered up the gable end. In the midst of the verdure and silence it looked like an image of peace, so that I almost began to doubt the vicinity of the Secessionists, tales about

whose cruelty were current in our camp. I had involuntarily halted: at the same moment, however, a voice shouted to me no great distance off:

"Stop, my fine fellow; I should like to know whither you are bound."

At the same moment one of those powerful men, who may be so often met in the interior of the land, leaped over the fence, with a rifle on his shoulder. I saw that the time had arrived to begin playing my part.

"Have you any business in camp?" he at length asked, with a look full of mistrust. "We hear that the Germans are only six miles from here."

"I know it, sir," I nodded, as calmly as possible. "I even saw their outposts, but got out of their way, so as not to be examined."

"It seems to me, though, in spite of your fluent English, as if you were a German yourself," he replied, with a sharp glance.

"There may be something of the sort about my accent," I replied, long prepared for the remark. "My grand-parents were German, and my mother could be recognised for German up to her death. But all that has nothing to do with the matter. I was born in Laclede county, when a boy was a good democrat, and now wish that all the republicans, Germans, Irish, or Americans, may go to the devil—that is all."

"And probably you now wish to join the governor's troops?" he asked, with a cunning smile.

"That is the fact, sir," I replied, with decision, "if there is a gun left for me. I have brought with me all that was left on the farm—two fowls and a dozen eggs—for the governor or general; others may have done more, but I have nothing better to offer."

He still looked at me dubiously. "Well, sir, the descendants of Germans have generally the least talent for lying," he at length said, slowly. "There are many of them hereabout who are true friends of the South, and so I will believe you. In any case we are going the same road, and as I have examined you here, it will save you much talking on our arrival."

He threw his rifle over his shoulder, signed to me to follow, and then walked on by my side. I, however, regarded this meeting as a lucky omen for the execution of my design. Half legitimatised by this man, any special suspicion could hardly fall on me, and if I managed matters with decent cleverness, my retreat during the course of the night would not be very difficult.

"The governor seems to have plenty of cavalry with him," I commenced, after a short spell of silent marching, as if to begin a conversation, and pointed to the trampled grass.

"Perhaps you will like to know how many?" he said, with so peculiar an intonation that I turned round quickly and found myself once again face to face with my man.

"Why not, if you can tell me?" I replied, calmly. "Is the question not allowed?"

"You seem to me to wear too fine shirts for a farmer's lad from Laclede," he replied, pointing with a sharp, distrustful laugh to my left sleeve, under which my shirt-cuff was visible, and it required all my self-possession for the moment not to display any embarrassment. Still the

consciousness with which I had set out, that I could only gain my object by a bold course of lying, soon restored my coolness.

"Do you know," I said to him, as I pulled up my coat-sleeve and quietly turned back my shirt-cuff, "that I was disposed through your recent expressions to take you for a German-American too? I was mistaken, I see, for otherwise you must have known that most of the old German immigrants into the state were members of the respectable classes, and gave their children and grandchildren the best education in their power. I myself attended the college of St. Louis, and if I happen to be wearing a good shirt now, it is because I am used to it. My clothes are bad, but I did not wish to run the risk of having better ones torn off my back. However, I have nothing to do with you, but only with the general or the governor, to whom I am carrying my fowls and eggs."

I turned away with an angry movement and walked on, and my companion followed in silence.

"Well, sir," he said, after a while, "you may be right. I am myself of German origin."

"You say so, and that is sufficient," I replied, without checking my pace, "but I noticed nothing of it in your conduct to me."

From this moment we did not exchange another syllable, till at the expiration of about a quarter of an hour we reached a wide, treeless plateau, and saw the flashing of several fires at a short distance wonderfully blended with the moonlight. Fifty paces farther and a sturdy voice challenged us. "All right," my companion replied; and, with a sign to me to halt, walked up to the sentry, who had emerged from behind a bush. The couple only exchanged a few words, then I was summoned, and under the searching glance of the contender for Southern rights, who, in his ragged exterior, fully confirmed my previous notions, I followed by guide, who was rapidly advancing towards the fires. So soon as we were near enough to distinguish anything, all my senses passed into my eyes. I was able to survey the whole camp, and strove to form an idea of the probable strength of the foe; for, once inside the lines, I should probably find no opportunity of making an estimate, through fear of asking dangerous questions.

On my left I could plainly see between the camp-fires the lines of horses, whose neighing reached our ears, and all the arrangements taught me that the chief command was in thoroughly practised hands. The camp was considerably larger than ours, and a wild buzzing rose from it. I also noticed heavy guns flashing in the firelight—two pieces, however, were all I could discover, in spite of the most careful search, and in the anxiety to obtain a certainty as to the strength of this arm, I turned to my companion:

"A couple more of those grumblers, sir, would do no harm."

He quickly turned towards me with a frown. "Such remarks may injure you, sir; you have a remarkably sharp eye for a peaceable farmer."

A loud "Hilloh, Charley, whom have we here?" at our rear, stopped my replying, and the next moment we were surrounded by five or six armed men, probably returning from a patrol; their leader, however—one of those vagabonds who are at home at the Mississippi landing in St. Louis, and who was only distinguished from the rest by having a firelock—laid his

broad, bony hand on my shoulder. I felt an irresistible impulse to loose his grasp, but overcame the feeling in time.

"I am not quite clear myself," my hitherto companion replied, while his face, however, displayed a slight dissatisfaction at the familiarity of the other fellow. "He says he comes from Laclede county, and has fowls and eggs for the governor, or general, in his sack."

"Hilloh, hilloh, eggs and fowls!" the patrol leader suddenly laughed, in the coarse fashion of his breed, while his hand clutched my shoulder more tightly. "I say, Charley, this child is suspicious, otherwise he must know that the faithful Missourians let their governor and general suffer no want of such dainties, while the army, it is true, must eat rusty bacon and rotten salt pork. I propose that we examine him thoroughly here; give him what he deserves, and take what he has about him to pay the costs of the court-martial."

"I think otherwise, sir, and must request you to be good enough to set the man at liberty," my companion said to the patrol leader with a flushed face. "He has come voluntarily to our camp, trusted to my protection, wishes to enter our ranks, and no one shall say that any improper violence has been done him among us. General Price shall himself settle about the man."

An ugly scowl played round the mouth of the first speaker.

"Oh! you have just come from a good supper at your own house," he said; "but if I consider the man suspicious, I trust that you will have nothing to say against it. I think I have seen his face somewhere, and not in Laclede county. Take care that you do not draw suspicion on yourself, Mr. Werner."

The speaker laid so marked a stress on the German name, that it was at once clear to me that this was sufficient to weaken perfect confidence among the Secessionists; at the same time, however, I also knew that the bearer of this name belonged to the house which had so struck me by the cleanliness and order of its belongings.

"Well, sir," I said with decision, preventing the answer of my companion, "I will find my way to the general, even though you may stop me here and plunder me; but then we shall know what those have to expect who come into camp with the best will. I am of German descent too, sir. My name is Reuter, and if you want to know anything more, I have a couple of strong fists which can defend their owner. I suppose all present do not wish to play the thief with me."

At the same moment, by a strong jerk, I liberated myself from his grasp, and stood opposite to him with clenched fists. I knew that people of this stamp must be addressed in their own language if you wish to get anything from them, and that giving way only heightens their cowardly brutality; but in this instance I appeared to have made a mistake.

"Who do you call thief?" the man yelled, as he raised his musket to his cheek. At the same moment, however, my companion struck up the gun, while two men of the patrol sprang between us.

"Stay, Stevens, stay; he seems to be a worthy fellow. The general might have a crow to pluck with us, as it is, about the fowls," I heard several fellows mutter. And Stevens lowered his firelock with a poisonous glance.

"Very well, he can come with us into the camp," he said, after a short visible struggle with himself; "but I'll be hanged if I do not know the face, and the Lord have mercy on him if all is not right with him."

He gave his men a sharp order to take me between them, and we started for camp at quick march. Within scarce five minutes the groups round the nearest camp-fire were clearly perceptible, and I honestly confess that my heart began to beat more impetuously at the earnestness of the danger, which now rose distinctly before me. Wherever I looked, I could only discover ruffians of the same stamp as my guardians—men who would display the same contempt for death in action, as they did in every street row for knives and revolvers, but who had hardly any other feeling than that of rough brutality, and had taken part in the war solely in order to punish the detested Dutchmen; for in Missouri the war from the outset had degenerated into a struggle between the German and American nationalities. Card-playing and swearing, with here and there a funny fellow who imitated a nigger, seemed to offer the sole amusement, and it was not till we reached the centre of the camp that the noise began to lull. Here I saw the uniform of several regular militia companies from St. Louis, to which only full-blooded Americans belonged; then came a wide open space, in the middle of which a camp-fire blazed, and twenty yards from it a halt was commanded, while the leader of the patrol and my first guide walked towards the fire.

I had perfect time to arrange my ideas. We were certainly in the vicinity of one of the general officers, and my difficulties were really about to begin; but how, even if I remained unsuspected, I was to escape unnoticed from the mob, appeared to me for the moment inexplicable, while it would be utterly impossible, should I become an object of suspicion, to which Stevens seemed much inclined. Still, I had not much time allowed me for useless reflections. Stevens returned, and ordered me to follow him, with a sulky look. An officer in handsome attire, with several aides, was now standing before the fire; behind it orderlies of the St. Louis militia were walking about—but the gentleman awaiting my arrival was not General Price.

My examiner was a thorough Southerner, with pale face, dark hair and beard, and black flashing eyes, which were fixed on me as I approached as if they wished to penetrate to my very soul.

"What has brought you into camp, sir?" he asked, sharply.

"The same thing that may have brought others, sir," I replied, giving my voice all possible firmness. "I took the last fowls and eggs from our farm to bring them to the general, and to ask whether there is a musket to spare for me."

"You say that you come from Laclede county?" was the second query.

"Yes, sir, not far from Oakland."

"And what have you to say to the contrary?" the examiner turned to Stevens; "the affair seems to me quite simple."

"I have only to say, colonel," Stevens replied, while a hateful smile played round his lips, "that a man can easily give himself out for what he pleases; but I know his face from St. Louis, though I do not remember exactly who he is; that the man is a German, and that I, there-

fore, suspect he does not come from Laclede county, but from General Lyons, confound his soul."

A quick, dark glance was darted at me by the officer.

"You have heard, sir?"

Though I felt most uncomfortable in my mind, I mustered up enough courage to shrug my shoulders contemptuously.

"I think, sir, I know this man's face, or, at least, some very like it, belonging to the fellows called *Levéé Rats* at St. Louis—I was at college there—and that I am not mistaken is proved by the fact that this man proposed to his patrol to plunder me of all I had before entering the camp, and get rid of me in some way or other."

"I can confirm the last statement, colonel, although I am not disposed to be answerable for this person in any way," my first companion now said, who had been standing in the shade aside from the fire; and, after a quick glance at the speaker, the officer looked at my accuser with a peculiar expression of disgust. I saw how he despised the wretched fellows employed to regain the so-called Southern rights, and, at the same time, saw that my cause was gained for the moment.

"Have you any answer to make to this charge?" he asked shortly, as if he repelled every superfluous word; and when Stevens only replied with a furious glance at me, he turned to the nearest officer:

"I see no reason for undue suspicion. Let the man deliver what he has for the general, and then place him in the reserve with the new recruits." Then he gave me a hasty nod. "If your sentiments are really what you describe them, I thank you for your patriotism; if not, you may be assured that you will have a bullet in your back at the first wrong step."

He walked to the other side of the fire: I gave my fowls and eggs up, and then, to my great relief, was led to the extreme end of the camp, where, it is true, the fires burned as brightly as elsewhere, but the idle way in which the soldiers lay about revealed novices in the art of war. I fancied I had quite escaped any danger, when suddenly a voice shouted my name, and a young man leaped up from the nearest fire:

"*Reuter*, old fellow, what has brought the sheep among the goats—and what, by Jingo, is the meaning of the masquerade? Has the lieutenant secretly bolted from his countrymen to enlist under the right flag?"

At the first words my heart felt as if it were standing still, but when I heard Stevens's voice a short distance behind me, a perfect horror seized upon me. In the last year I had been engaged in one of the large mercantile firms of St. Louis, where Stevens, who, like most of his sort, probably gained a livelihood as porter on the quay, had often seen me. The young man, though, who had addressed me, had been clerk to a neighbouring firm, knew me well, and had, like myself, on the cessation of all trade, taken up a musket, though I was on the side of the Germans, and he, as an American, on that of his countrymen. My deception must now be revealed, and the former friend had, although involuntarily, handed me over to the rope. I saw his features assume an expression of surprise on noticing my face, which must have turned ashen white, and also heard the officer accompanying me say, in so peculiar a tone that it pierced my heart, "Oh, Jim, so you know the gentleman." But I had only one

thought, that behind the nearest fires was freedom, and that scarce two hundred paces from us a sharp forest spur jutted into the plain. At the same time I knew that I must not hesitate a moment in acting, for if I hoped to save myself, it must be effected by surprise, and I should have a run for life. If I were shot down I should still escape the rope. Hence the officer had hardly finished his sentence ere I bounded out of the throng, and ran between the squatting soldiers straight out into the plain.

I flew like a startled deer towards the forest, and for two seconds everything remained quiet behind me. Then, however, they shouted all the more wildly, "A spy! stop the spy!" I distinctly recognised the rough hoarse voice of Stevens. "Stop the spy!" twenty voices repeated after him. At this moment a man suddenly rose before me: it was one of the chain of pickets, but I ran him down ere he could understand the matter: a bullet pinged behind me, a second and a third followed it, but I felt myself unwounded, and fled onward. Had not there been only raw recruits behind me, and mostly unarmed, a worse lot would assuredly have befallen me. Still I felt that the whole camp was alarmed, saw Stevens dogging my heels like a bloodhound, and knew that even the wood would not save me from my pursuers, unless some fortunate accident intervened in my favour. In this way, without daring to take a single back glance, I reached the trees, which at least secured me against further shots, but a sudden disappointment relaxed all my muscles. What I had taken in the moonshine for a wooded spur was only a clump of bushes of small circumference, and I could see the open, bare plateau when I had forced my way through the copse and reached the last trees. A short distance behind me I heard loud yells: every moment's delay must hand me over to my pursuers, but in the midst of all the confusion I thought with marvellous clearness, and I soon made up my mind while continuing my flight at the top of my speed. On the right lay the road along which I had come, and which I must reach again, if I did not wish to get into an utterly unknown country. The bushes must for a while conceal the altered direction of my flight, and even should it be discovered, I had at any rate equally swift feet and just as enduring lungs as any of my enemies. I had not gone a hundred yards, however, when loud shouts behind me announced that I was discovered on the bare, moonlit plain. My road might have been cut off here from the camp, and I took a hurried, timid glance in the direction, but as no trace of new pursuers was visible here, I prepared myself for the long race which must now infallibly ensue, and the possibility which rose before me of being able to escape after all poured perfectly fresh life into my veins.

From this moment I only know that I reached my former road, and followed it as if held by magnetic force, at a pace which soon made me feel as if my chest were bursting; common sense should have urged me to gain the wood lying on the side, but an irresistible impulse drove me onwards towards the camp of my German comrades; at the same time I fancied that I could not be at all far from the point at which the wood rejoined the road, and would offer me a covering without the necessity of a flank movement, but I already began to feel that I must stop to draw fresh breath, and my eyes, over which a thick mist was beginning to

settle, could nowhere discover the bushes. Just as I was thinking of taking a compulsory short rest, the breeze bore a sound down to my ear which aroused a feeling of desperation in me—the sound of galloping horsemen. My pursuers had given up following me on foot, but knew only too well that with horses they must catch me up in the open. Perhaps I should still have been able to reach the wood had my strength been fresh; but I was utterly exhausted, and for a moment asked myself whether it would not be best to let myself be trampled under foot by the approaching horses, and thus escape all the torture which would await me from the moment of capture up to that of hanging.

At this moment something gleamed in the distance ahead of me; my eye turned in the direction mechanically, but soon became fixed on a well-known object—some two hundred yards from me stood the house with its enclosures, which had attracted my attention on my outward journey—the house of my countryman Werner, who was now probably one of my most eager pursuers, but for all that my sole hope, if I would not surrender unresistingly to the foes whose approach became with each minute more audible. The orchard was densely foliated, but it must be the first place searched, so soon as I disappeared from the sight of my pursuers, hence I rejected the choice of this hiding-place. All at once I noticed the open window, almost concealed by creepers, which seemed to me like a sanctuary. According to appearance, it opened from a passage or some unused room; the piazza, on which it looked out, could be easily scaled, and in the house itself they were least likely to seek me.

So soon as I reached the first fence I clambered over it in order to conceal myself as far as possible. I reached the house, slipped between the fruit-trees, and a glance told me that the window was still open. At the same time, however, the loud shout of one of my pursuers sounded so close to me in the road that I scarce hoped to have time to climb up the piazza, but an answer from a distance showed me that my pursuers were in doubt as to the road they should follow. Once again a little strength returned to my muscles, which enabled me to reach one of the short columns of the piazza, but when I had forced my way through the narrow orifice offered by the window, I felt that my senses were leaving me, and, unable to keep up, I fell on my knees.

But a clear, powerful, girlish voice suddenly aroused me from my semi-insensibility.

“Who’s there?” I heard; “answer quickly, or I fire.”

Now I saw for the first time by the moonbeams that I had entered a room in the background of which a white form was sitting up in bed, and pointing a revolver at me with the utmost determination.

“For Heaven’s sake, miss, if you do not wish to let a man be murdered in cold blood, silence,” I exclaimed; at this moment only thinking of my own pressing danger. “I have fallen among the Secessionists; they take me for a spy, and if you give me up I shall be a dead man in half an hour.”

Her weapon sank before my breathless speech and worn appearance, and I saw, though as through a veil, her large eyes sharply fixed on me. “Who are you? But tell the truth at all hazards,” she said, in a suppressed voice, which, however, lost none of its peculiar inflection.

I had no reason for concealing anything that was already known in the rebel camp; but I revelled in the thought of surrendering unconditionally to this girl, who, under the pressure of circumstances, did not seem to notice her peculiar situation with a young man.

"I am a Federal officer," I replied, without any hesitation. "I know that an inhabitant of this house has joined General Lyons; but if there be human blood in your veins, as I conjecture, I know that you will not surrender a worn-out German fugitive to his foes and a disgraceful death."

I had uttered the last words hurriedly, for I heard hasty footsteps cracking the dry branches in the orchard I had just left. I had scarce ended, when a man began speaking outside, and I recognised Stevens's peculiar organ.

"Either the earth has swallowed him up, or he has climbed through that window—there is no hole here to hide him."

"We shall soon know how matters are," another voice said; "two men here to watch the window and back part of the house, two to keep the door, and we will fetch the fox out of his earth, if he is in it."

Two minutes later heavy blows were dealt the house door, and the girl raised her arm with a gentle movement. "In there, sir," she cried, pointing to a small side door; "lie down on the ground, cover yourself with anything you may find, and do not stir till I myself fetch you out of your hiding-place."

I did not wait for the order to be repeated; certain that she had the best wish to save me, I opened the door of the closet, which seemed to be the lady's wardrobe. I stumbled against a large chest, behind which the sloping roof formed a cavity: into this I crept, and might consider myself safe if no search was made in my hiding-place. But I was hardly on the ground, ere I heard my pursuers on the ground floor eagerly talking with a man, who had evidently opened the house door to them, and soon after the heavy footsteps of several persons were audible on the stairs. They stopped before the door of the girl's bedroom, and there was a deep silence. Then came a cautious tapping, and some one said, "Maggy, Maggy!"

"What is it, father—what means the noise in the house?" the girl asked, in perfect calmness.

"Maggy, you must open the door for a few minutes; a German spy is said to have sought shelter in your room, and the gentlemen, who are following him, insist on searching."

"Father, I am in bed, but for the last hour awake, and know there is no one in my room except myself. Tell them that, and they will not think of extending their search to a young lady's bedroom."

A loud murmuring reached my ears, and then the father said, more decidedly than before:

"It is of no use, Maggy; we are living in war times; throw something over you quickly, and be assured that all possible gentleness will be shown you."

"A minute's patience, then, if it must be," cried Maggy; and I heard her foot gently touch the floor. Soon after, the door-bolt was drawn back, but at the same time she cried, "Two seconds and then you can enter."

She hurried to my hiding-place, leaving the door of it wide open, and asked, in a whisper, "Where are you?"

"Here," I replied. And the next instant she was seated on the chest, completely concealing the hole where I lay with her petticoats; at the same time, however, the room door was burst open, and I could notice a bright jet of light.

"Maggy?" exclaimed the father, who was probably looking round for her in vain.

"I am here, father, but cannot show myself in this state, and expect the gentle treatment promised me; indeed, this appears to me a mode of behaviour quite unusual with gentlemen."

There was no reply to this, and I could only conjecture, from the sounds and oaths that reached my ear, that my pursuers were seeking me. My position had now become so fearfully uncomfortable that I often felt a cramp run through all my limbs, and yet the narrow space allowed of no change. While the attention of the searchers was confined to the bedroom, I was just going to attempt a half turn, when the rough voice of Stevens was audible close to the door of the closet, and almost robbed me of breath.

"Here is another room, and the lady must consent to a search. The fellow was good-looking enough to produce all sorts of thoughts."

"Stop, sir," Maggy cried, in a peculiarly changed voice, and at the same time I heard the cock of a revolver twang. "I granted, gentlemen, admission to my bedroom, and any one who comes too near me here, where there is scarce room enough for myself, I will shoot down as a ruffian. If my father cannot defend his daughter's honour from insult, I will try to do so myself."

"Maggy, no one will do you any harm," was the old man's answer; "but it is war now, and I will not have it said that I offered any obstacle to my house being searched."

"Very well, father. Now ask yourself whether it is possible for any one to be hidden here. I said that I could not let myself be seen in this state; and Americans who forget the most common respect for their own ladies, deserve no other treatment than loafers."

"Enough of this. After all, our suspicions are too superficial to torture this brave girl any longer," said the same voice which had before ordered the guard in the house. "You believe, on your honour, sir, that this man's supposition is based on a mistake?"

"I was convinced of it from the beginning, for I know my daughter," the old man replied; "still, in the present times, I did not like to offer the slightest opposition."

"And have you no idea of a hiding-place in the vicinity where the fugitive may be?"

"I do not see, sir, why he may not have laid himself in the shadow of a fence, or in the tall grass on the skirt of the forest. If he altered his course here, anything is more likely than that he should have entered a house where he does not know a soul."

A short pause ensued, in which I heard my own heart beat.

"It certainly seems that we have delayed here unnecessarily," the first voice said. "Pardon us, miss, but circumstances compel us to many an unusual step."

A short, half-loud conversation then began, and then I heard the door open and the men going down stairs.

"Go to bed again, Maggy. I trust you will not be disturbed again," the old man said. And the door was closed.

I drew a deep breath of relief, but waited in vain for a movement on the part of my protectress. When the sound of retiring hoofs became audible outside she rose slowly and feebly, walked towards the entrance, and then clung with both hands to the door-post. Had not the painful feeling in all my limbs urged me to leave my hiding-place, my desire to help the girl, and my deep gratitude, would have made me do so. I rose to my feet as quietly as I could, the sinking moon shone right into the room, and lit up a pale, sweetly-modelled face with half-closed eyes, which could scarce be distinguished from the white night-dress carelessly folded round her limbs. She seemed to be contending against a faintness; but when, in obedience to my warm feelings, I said, half aloud, "For Heaven's sake, miss, can I do nothing for you?" my words seemed to restore her a portion of her strength. "Nothing, sir, nothing," she replied, drawing herself up with a slight shudder. "Go back and close the door." She went firmly out into her bedroom, and I heard her bolt the door of it; but honouring her feelings, which I fully understood, I had already closed the small closet door and seated myself on the chest, waiting till she would release me.

I waited so long that I fell fast asleep, without having an idea of it, and it was not till I felt a gentle shake that I started up. It was perfectly dark around me, but the half loud melodious voice which now sounded in my ear restored me my perfect consciousness.

"The moon has gone down, sir, but in an hour day will break," I heard; "get ready to leave at once."

"I am ready," I said, noiselessly rising.

"Then give me your hand and follow me gently. Take the same road through the window, and then go through the orchard to the fence, where you will wait for me. Not a word, sir," she added, as I tried to give vent to my feelings in a few hurried sentences.

I took her small soft hand, in which nothing revealed the farmer's daughter, in mine, but I did not even dare a pressure of thanks. She led me to the open window, and I effected my retreat almost noiselessly. Below me it was so dark that it took me a minute or two to make sure of my direction; and I had not been at the fence an instant, when a gentle rustling revealed Maggy's presence.

"Follow now close after me," she said. "You must not return by the direct road to the German camp, for they will be watching for you there. But, before all, not a word."

She had cautiously opened a gate in the fence, and now walked on with light, quick steps. She went straight along a furrow in the ploughed fields. Two or three fences, which lay in our way, she climbed over with the lightness of habit, so that I could only find her again by the light of the waning stars. Then I noticed we had entered a path which ran across the plain between tall bushes, and we at length reached the skirt of the wood, which completely concealed us. The girl walked ahead of me with the same speed and certainty. I would gladly have addressed

her, but I believed that I thanked her best by punctually executing her orders, and held my tongue. In about half an hour day began to break; but now our path ran right into the wood.

"Remain close behind me, not to lose your way," she now spoke, for the first time. "We shall soon reach a spot where you cannot miss your road."

I had a feeling in my heart as if a lovely fairy had appeared to me in my trouble, and, after saving me, would disappear and leave me pining for her. But the root-covered track soon brought me back to reality. I needed all my caution to escape a fall in following my guide, who walked along, forgetful of my ignorance of the locality; and it was not till the red light of dawn began to pierce through the foliage that we entered a broad highway. There she stopped, with her face still averted from me, as if reflecting on the right direction, or desirous of regaining her strength. When she at length turned to me, she was standing in the full rosy dawn in a grey summer dress, fitting tightly to her form, with her broad-brimmed straw hat thrown on her back, and gazing at me with a half shy glance from her large eyes. So maidenly, so graceful in her simplicity, I had never imagined her after the occurrences of the night.

"This is your road, sir," she said, slightly turning her head away as if wishing to escape my glance. "In less than half an hour you can rejoin your comrades."

"And now, miss, tell me," I cried, under the excitement of my feelings, "how can I ever thank you for what you have done for a perfect stranger this night?"

She slowly turned her head: her face had again become as serious and pale as I had seen it in the moonlight.

"You have nothing to thank me for, sir," she calmly replied. "I hate this revolt against legal order, which has brought the dregs of the American population into our peaceful neighbourhood, and love the Germans and their fidelity to the Union, as I loved my own grand-parents. What I may have done for you, I did for my own satisfaction, and so let us part without further compliments."

"And you give me no hope, Miss Werner," I said, after a short pause, in which her eye rested calmly on my excited face, "of ever seeing you again?"

A melancholy smile played round her lips. "Do you know, sir, whether either of us will be alive to-morrow?" she replied; then added, in greater excitement, pointing in the direction of the rebel camp, "These men care neither for age nor sex when they fancy they have discovered an enemy of their senseless enterprise, and you will probably go into action this day. Do you think that, under other circumstances, I should have acted with so little self-respect?" A bright flush suffused her cheeks at the last words, wondrously enhancing her beauty, and I seized her hand, which she granted me after a slight struggle.

"Very good, Miss Maggy; but if ever circumstances permit us to meet again, may I then address you and remind you of this night, and the gratitude of a heart which has never before felt as it has done during the last few hours?"

She quickly withdrew her hand and turned away, that I might not see

the vivid blush which spread over her face. "Go, sir, go! Heaven protect you!" she added, hurriedly, while making a movement to return to the wood.

"And may I not even tell you my name?" I asked, with a feeling which was strangely divided between the sorrow of parting and a happiness I suddenly felt.

She stopped, turned slowly back, and a beaming glance, with which, however, a peculiar melancholy was blended, met me. "I know it already, sir," she said, with a smile that looked like a sunbeam forcing its way through clouds. "Your enemies told it my father when they entered the house. God protect you, Mr. Reuter," she added, and offered me her hand. But I had scarce seized it with a firm pressure when I felt her fingers slip from my grasp again, and the girl walked slowly towards the forest without once looking back.

In less than half an hour I was in camp, and had made my report to my general. Four hours after we were standing face to face with the enemy, who, thanks to our excellent guns, soon broke and allowed us to advance.

In the battle of Springfield, fought soon after, I was wounded, and transported with other patients first to Jefferson City and then to St. Louis. I had received a bullet in the left shoulder, which missile placed me hors de combat for a long time; still, thanks to the intercession of my friends, I had procured a situation in the post-office, which would keep me comfortably for several years. One day business took me to the railway depôt, just at the moment when a train arrived with fugitives from the interior of the state, and I suddenly saw a face which had never left my memory for a day. I looked into two dark sparkling eyes, in which a heaven seemed to open before me, and the next second—how it happened I never knew—I had both Maggy's hands in mine. "Yes, it must be that we were to meet again," she replied to an involuntary exclamation of surprise on my part, and then turned to an old farmer, who was evidently astounded by the whole scene. "It is Mr. Reuter, father, you know."

I will be short in my conclusion. When we drove the rebels from the neighbourhood of Werner's farm, without it being possible for me to visit the memorable house again, the old man had openly displayed his sympathy with the Federals, while his son, valuing his American citizenship more than his German origin, fled with the Secessionists; and Maggy did not hesitate to narrate her share in my flight. But both fared badly for their openness. The German forces were compelled to go to every threatened point of the State, and soon after Southern guerilla bands appeared, plundering and burning everything that belonged to the Unionists. Old Werner, who was warned betimes, did not wait for the worst, but saved his money and anything else he could, and fled with his daughter to St. Louis. It was high time to do so, for he learned on the road, from other fugitives who followed after him, that on their departure nothing remained of his house but smoking ruins.

Three months passed, in which I constantly visited the pair, who were temporarily living in a boarding-house, and my feelings for Maggy had

ripened into love. Still I noticed that old Werner was excessively reserved towards me, and evaded any opportunity of having an explanation with me. At length he recognised among the rebel prisoners brought in a young man from his neighbourhood, and learned from him that his son had fallen in one of the repeated skirmishes. When I called on him that evening, I found that a remarkable change had taken place both in him and Maggy. The girl, who tried in vain to hide her tear-swollen eyes, begged me not to ask any questions, and stay but a little while; but when I returned next day, the old man told me with perfect calmness what had happened, and added, "He behaved wrong to his parents and grand-parents; but still it could never have been a match between you and Maggy if he had come home again, for he would have taken to the farm. Now, though, if you like to be my son, after we have got over our heavy loss, and, so soon as the times become quieter again, go into the country with us, I have nothing to say against it; but I cannot part entirely from my last child, and wish to die at the spot where I planted nearly every tree, and which has been my home till now."

Maggy is now my darling wife, in whom I discover fresh treasures every day; but we are still waiting for the time the old man is longing for, and which will render me a prosperous farmer. Unfortunate Missouri is still rent by civil war, and when we offer thanks to Heaven, it is, before all, because we are in a safe asylum, and have a more endurable lot than the many thousands whose welfare has been utterly and eternally ruined in this hapless war.

A MODERN FRENCH DUEL.

OUR way lay in the direction of the Porte Maillot, in the Bois de Boulogne (Jules Janin is the narrator; if Dumas père can best describe the more stirring aspects of a French duel in the olden time, the veteran feuilletonist is unsurpassed in his own account of this same proceeding, as enacted in our own days). I was going to fight my best friend Bernard; he had asked me to make amends for something I had done to offend him, and the offence was so grievous that I really do not remember what it was. Each went his own way, as the autumnal leaves cracked under our feet. Bernard walked on one side of the road, with his hands behind his back. Bernard walked sedately; he had made up his mind to kill me. As to me, I went along without troubling myself with reflections; I really did not care to kill Bernard, although it was I who had given him offence.

Our witnesses—good fellows enough—kept at a respectful distance, and followed in silence; they liked us both, and anticipated only with feelings of deep concern the fatal moment when one of us should be tumbled on the ground with a ball in his body. They thought of our old parents, whom we ourselves had forgotten; of our gay autumnal evenings, never to come back again; and they thought even of the grief of Augustine and

Elise. Still we kept on, and was not the road long! I have always despised those who go to fight in a carriage; the least shake gives them a shudder. To walk to a combat is quite another thing; the blood circulates; there is a positive pleasure in contemplating, probably for the last time, the sunshine and the vast firmament. It is a pleasure to trip by the side of a cataract, which there are but faint hopes of getting across.

Once at the Porte Maillot, we pretended to separate.

“We are going to seek for a good place,” said Captain Reynaud.

“That is it; a good place,” said Bernard.

And there we were, trying to get into gloomy alleys, whilst the central avenues were furrowed in every direction by English horses, carriages full of ladies, and light tilburys, favourable for a little flirtation in public. Capital invention! You are alone by the side of her, close to her, you see her, feel her, love her, and she, trembling, lets her veil and hair float against your face. The horse knows how happy you are, and goes all the quicker.

I had got to the extremity of the shady pathway that opens upon La Muette, and, totally forgetting what had brought me to the wood, was peering out from beneath the overhanging tapestry of leaves, when I saw some one go by. Oh, what luck! She was alone in her berline—La Julietta. I rather guessed her than saw her. I guessed her by her scarf, by the black muzzle of her little dog peering over the doorway, leaning on the scarf, and watching autumn go by.

I had entered the lists without having any real interest in the matter, and now I only thought of my love, and seeing her so near me—the beautiful artiste—“Stop!” I shouted; “stop a moment, Julietta!” And I was going to run after the carriage, but Bernard took hold of me with his great hand, and with his grave look he said:

“It is not there that you have to go, but there!” And he pointed with his finger to an obscure and repulsive part of the forest.

“Oh yes, I know it all,” I said; “but wait a moment, Bernard. I will kill you presently or you may kill me, no matter which, but let me say to her for the last time what I said to her yesterday, my Julietta! She sang Don Juan to me; you know her; you supped with her at my house only a fortnight ago; you accompanied her on the piano when she sang; you spoke to her in Italian and in Spanish; you whispered to her as long as you liked; now let me go and bid farewell to the fascinating creature.”

At this very moment Julietta’s carriage had turned round, and, coming back, drew up before us. She put the dog on one side with her hand, and advancing her beautiful face:

“Good morning, Bernard; good morning, Gabriel,” she said to me; “always friends, chers seigneurs, always inseparable. Whither are you going, then?” At the same time she held out her hand to me with her charming Neapolitan smile, browned by the sun. She was holding out her hand to me, but it was Bernard who took it and kissed it.

“Signorina,” he said to her, with a familiarity that surprised me not a little, “if you would only take a turn or two in the woods, I and Gabriel have a little business matter to settle here, after which we shall be at your service, and, if you like, we will sing together this evening the duo of ‘Matilda di Sabran.’”

Zerlina-Julietta consented like a good princess to prolong her drive a little; she bade me farewell, but with her eyes on Bernard. Then I suddenly remembered that I had come out to fight, and I said to Bernard, "Marchons!"

We turned off at once to the left, and, looking round, I saw that Bernard was still looking after the carriage. I saw something also at the window that was looking at Bernard; but I was not sure if it were the spaniel or Julietta.

We had got to the middle of the alley, and everything was ready, calm, and silent. French promenaders have that in them that is good; they are discreet; they always respect a duel as they do a rendezvous. Our witnesses were not men to be trifled with, the pistols were loaded, the paces measured off, and each of us took his place.

Bernard said from a distance (we were separated by twenty-five paces), "Fire first!"

I said to Bernard, "Let us fire together!"

Captain Reynaud interrupted our conversation, carried on with pointed pistols, by giving the signal with his big hands: One! two! three! I expected that Bernard would have fired. One! two! three! Nothing! Bernard did not fire, neither did I. "You are a wretched humbug," said Bernard to me. Without looking at Bernard, I said to Captain Reynaud:

"Captain, I shall never fire at Bernard."

"Well, then," said Bernard, "here's at you, Gabriel."

He pulled the trigger, and caused a great hole in my hat: the ball made the circuit of my skull-cap. I must have been born under a lucky star.

"You are not dead?" said Bernard to me.

"No," said I.

"Well, that is lucky. Let us embrace one another." And, so saying, he came up to me with open arms, and embraced me till I was nearly suffocated.

Then seeing that my hat was burnt, and had a great hole in it just over my forehead:

"Come," he exclaimed, "I took a good aim, didn't I?"

"Yes," I replied; "but luckily it is my old hat that I put on this morning, and so it is not so annoying as if it had been my new one."

"Well," said Bernard, "take mine, it is quite new, and give me yours; I will keep it in remembrance of our eternal friendship."

The witnesses applauded this sublime act of self-negation on the part of Bernard. I, who knew that Bernard was not so well off in the world as I was, was abashed at the idea of exchanging my old hat for his new one, but he said with so much insistence, "Give me your old hat!" that I handed it over to him. He at once put it on his head, and bidding us all good-by, went away as proud, and with a neck as stiff, as if he had won the battle of Austerlitz.

We waited for him a quarter of an hour at the border of the wood, not knowing what had become of him. But the quarter had only just expired when we saw Julietta's carriage pass by, and in it and by her side sat Bernard; upon Bernard's knees was the young artiste's poodle, and

on the knees of the lady, O Heaven ! what did I see, the hat with the hole in it that Bernard had carried off as a prize. The carriage passed so quickly that I had barely time to take off Bernard's new hat to Julietta.

The witnesses could not fathom the meaning of what they saw ; but I felt happy in being able to divine the generous conduct of Bernard. " He is talking of me," I said to myself ; " he is relating to *my* dear Julietta the danger that I have escaped, and she is shedding sweet tears over my hat with a hole in it. Worthy Bernard ! I was so delighted with the disinterestedness of his conduct that I almost regretted he had not shot me through the heart.

We all took our way towards town, expatiating eloquently in praise of Bernard. We were in high spirits for a variety of reasons : our witnesses had seen no blood shed, I was reconciled with Bernard, and Bernard, he was pleading my cause with Julietta. The witnesses, however, excited by the affair of the morning, could hold converse concerning nothing but singular combats, duels to the death, and offences washed away in blood. They had each their story, and some many to relate, in which pistols, swords, sabres, and daggers played their sanguinary part.

" All these duels that you have spoken about," interrupted Captain Gaudeffroi, " were affairs on land, and bear no affinity to a duel to death in the good ship *La Belle Normande*, which I, one among a hundred, witnessed when I was a midshipman. It is now a long time ago, and the duel took place between the captain of the ship and a young English gentleman. The captain, who was not a strict disciplinarian, had made an appointment at a certain point in the ocean, and the Englishman had been waiting for him there for a month. But the history is rather long to relate," added Captain Gaudeffroi, " and if you do not consent to sit down a few minutes in front of the estaminet of the 'Deux Amis,' I shall never have strength to relate you the whole of it."

We accordingly adjourned to the dusty estaminet of the "Deux Amis," and taking our seats beneath the shadow of a tall young poplar, which already rose up one half higher than the house, the captain continued his story in nearly the following terms :

They had passed the night in the same hammock ; the same roll of the ship had rocked them in their bed, as an attentive mother rocks her children to sleep. To see these two men thus brought together and so united, no one would have said that the next day one of them was to perish by the hand of the other ; and yet such was their destiny. Scarcely had the fresh breeze of the morning and the shouts of the watch announced Aurora, than they both hastened up ready to combat to death in the most dignified manner possible.

One of these men was no less than the captain, in the full vigour of manhood ; it was to be seen in the looks of that man that his enemy was dead. A smile as of contempt lingered upon his lips ; his eye ran over the minutest details of his ship, and he went, according to custom, to see the compass, interrogate the pilot, and walk the deck. There was not a sailor that escaped his watchful glance, and not a sail or a sheet that he did not scan if in its proper place ; he was, indeed, an active, reflective, and imperious man, who, before an hour was over, was going to play the game of life and death.

His adversary was a simple "gentleman"—his black coat and neat necktie betokened a young Londoner or Parisian, more accustomed to the every-day life of a great city, than to the imposing sight of a ship in the trough of the ocean. This young man had a countenance in which care was depicted, but it was simply ennui that gave him that expression; he sat on the deck watching with what might be his last look, the foggy sky breaking up before the rising sun into fleecy clouds—floods of greenish white, through which the sun was just breaking forth, and the busy yet silent movements of an army of marines, shut up within the flanks of a ship, and who had only one instinct, that of obeying the orders of a single man. Thus it was on each side that the moment of strife was awaited.

When the captain had given his last order, he stepped on to the quarter-deck towards his adversary, who got up on seeing him approach, and though he was of less stature than his enemy, it was easy to see that he was not wanting in courage.

At that very moment a dead calm had suspended the ship's course; the first rays of the rising sun had chained the winds down; the sails hung upon the masts; and the whole ship's crew were thus left at liberty to watch the progress of the hostile proceedings. The veteran sailors—real children of the salt—had taken up their stations in front; the younger men were behind, the staff surrounded the person of the captain, like a group of witnesses upon so solemn an occasion, and if you had lifted your head you would have seen the young middies perched in the rigging, from whence they contemplated the imposing spectacle that was presented below.

The young man alone stood by himself. He had neither friend nor witness; he had not even a sigh in his favour, not even the benefit of a moment's doubt as to what was going to happen to his person, so perfectly was every one of that ship's crew persuaded that it was an act of madness to engage the captain on his quarter-deck—a madness for which only one result could atone!

The young man himself, too, seemed to feel that when the swords were drawn he did not stand upon firm land: the roll of the ship made him swerve, and he would have been a dead man had not the captain, seeing him at so great a disadvantage, cast his sword into the sea, and called for pistols. Lots had no sooner been drawn as to who should fire first, than a short, sharp sound was heard, so slight that it was lost in a moment in the murmur of the waves. Yet had that slight report been enough to kill the captain; he had fallen down and died as if it was an every-day occurrence, scolding one of those who stood mournfully over him, because he had a hole in his coat-sleeve.

As to his murderer, what became of his murderer? When you are under the smiling shadows of the Bois de Boulogne, in the midst of the shrubs of the Barrière d'Enfer, once your enemy is on the ground, and your honour is revenged, you are dragged away from the scene of slaughter, and you leave to the victim's seconds the task of lifting up his corpse; but on board ship, when all is sky and sea around, you must remain to confront your victim, and when your feelings of revenge are gratified, and they are succeeded by remorse for the deed done, you must

be present at the funeral, you must hold a corner of the flag that does duty as a shroud, and you must even lend an unwilling hand in casting the body of your victim into the sea.

What must have been the agony of that young man when he saw the flood open to receive the still warm body that was thus thrown to it, when he heard the booming of the great guns, and the mournful shouts of the crew bidding it an eternal farewell, when he saw the vessel resume its course across the wide expanse, and he found himself alone amidst the stern silence and the general mourning!

Thus spoke Captain Gaudeffroi; his narrative seemed to make a deep impression upon all the witnesses of our miserable duel on firm land, and I alone felt that the captain was prolix. I thought of nothing but of Bernard and of Julietta.

At last evening came on, and each took his way home. I set off on the traces of Julietta and Bernard; but it was in vain that I ransacked Paris. I went to the Bouffes, to Julie's, to Cyprien's—everywhere. Neither he nor she had been heard of. At last I went home myself, and slept till morning.

Next morning, who should come in but Bernard himself.

"Where were you?" said I. "I was seeking you everywhere last night."

"Why," he said, "I was at the Théâtre-Français, seeing 'Mithridates' played, with Julietta."

"And what did she say, Bernard, about the hole in your hat?"

"She declared you were a nice fellow to take aim with such desperate intentions upon your friend, and she vowed she would never speak to you again, for she detests a 'buveur de sang' like you."

And so it really happened; ever since that horrible affair she would not speak to me, she forgot altogether that it was I who had introduced Bernard to her; she kept the hat with the hole in it as a trophy, and for more than a month suspended it in her boudoir. And thus it was, that by this unfortunate duel I won a new hat, lost the good graces of the lady I loved, and was superseded by Bernard.

It is true, however, that I had Captain Gaudeffroi's story into the bargain.

ALBERT DÜRER.

WITH SOMETHING OF EARLY PRINTING AND ENGRAVING.

At the time when Dürer lived (at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century), the newly-discovered arts of printing and engraving occupied men's minds in a remarkable degree. As he was one who made great advances in engraving, it may not be out of place to attempt to give some idea of the state of those arts before his age, and of the difficulties which attended, or rather prevented, the diffusion of written information in more distant times.

Among the calamities which followed the raid of the Goths and Vandals into Italy in the fifth century A.D., there was one which, two centuries afterwards, exercised a dark and dreary influence over the civilisation of the Western World. The Saracens about the year 635 invaded Egypt. After besieging Jerusalem, they took the magnificent city of Alexandria. We don't here refer to their having destroyed the celebrated library there, nor pause to express surprise that part of it should have previously perished by the orders of so enlightened a person as Julius Cæsar. These facts may be mentioned by the way, and credit may also be given to Cleopatra that she, with the aid of Marc Antony, was the foundress of a second library there. The latter, with what remained of the former collection of books, were used by the Saracens as fuel for their baths!

But what is now more especially referred to, as the result of the Saracenic invasion of Egypt, was the cutting off of the communication which had previously existed between that country and the people then settled in Italy and other parts of Europe. In consequence of this, a substance which was made from a reed which grew on the banks of many rivers in the East could not be obtained in Europe, or was scantily supplied there.

This reed was the papyrus, and the substance that was manufactured from it was used in common with wood, ivory, waxen tablets, and the skins of animals, for inscribing on its surface the books and writings of the Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians.

It was the paper of that age.

There was a manufactory of it at Memphis three hundred years before the time of Alexander the Great, and, after the Romans had conquered Egypt, it was made at Alexandria for a like period before the time of our Saviour.

Such was the importance of the manufacture, that on a dispute arising between one of the Egyptian Ptolemies and Eumenes II., King of Pergamus, a city of Asia Minor,* and when Eumenes wished to augment a library there in imitation of the Alexandrian Library, Ptolemy prohibited the export of the papyrus. This caused Eumenes to see what he could do with the skins of animals as a substitute for the Memphian paper, and he was therefore considered as the inventor of "*Charta pergamenea*," or *parchment*, as the word "*pergamenea*" was corrupted into. This was 159 A.D.

* Mentioned in the 2nd chapter of Revelations, and the birthplace of Galen the physician.

The papyrus rush is supposed to have been alluded to by Isaiah in chap. xix. ver. 6 and 7, who says: "They shall turn the rivers far away; and the brooks shall be emptied and dried up: the reeds and flags shall wither, *the paper reeds* by the brooks, and everything sown by the brooks shall wither, be driven away, and be no more seen."

Without assuming this as being prophetic, we may say that the supply of papyrus, or paper, was cut off from the Western World. And for how long a period?

For no less than four centuries.

During this time it may be truly said, that "Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people."

The few who might be able to withdraw themselves from the struggle for existence, and from the fashionable pursuit of the time—war—so as to write books or treatises, as the spirit might move them, would find that there were greater difficulties in their way than the paper duty of more modern days, which some people were lately anxious to retain.

He who might be minded to put down his own thoughts or those of others in a lasting form would first have to catch his hare (or perhaps his sheep), in a supply of parchment (which was neither abundant nor cheap), and then perhaps to get it dressed, to receive the pen or reed of the person who could put letters upon it; in other words, who could write.

By reason of this and other obstacles few books were penned, and those that had been penned or reeded became of great value. The scarcity of materials for writing was such that Robertson,* the historian, tells us: "There still remain MSS. of the eighth, ninth, and following centuries written on parchment, from which some former writing had been erased in order to substitute a new composition in its place. In this manner it is probable that several works of the ancients perished. A book of Livy or Tacitus† might be erased to make room for the legendary tale of a saint or the superstitious prayers of a missal."

About 796, Charlemagne granted an unlimited right of hunting to the abbot and monks of Jethin, that they might make of the skins of the slain deer girdles and covers for their books.‡

A light at length broke upon the world. This was the art of making paper in the manner since become universal. Gibbon tells us, in the ninth volume of the "Decline and Fall," that "the inestimable art of transforming linen into paper was diffused over the Western World from the manufactures of Samarcand in the twelfth century."§

* Charles V., vol. i. p. 227, in notes.

† The preservation of Tacitus is said to be owing to the accidental preservation of a *single copy*. Those that had been placed in the Roman libraries, according to government rule, had been lost when those libraries were destroyed.

‡ In St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy, he says: "The cloak I left at Troas bring with thee, and the books, and *especially the parchments*."

Coming from a leaf, we get the word folio, from folium, a leaf; volume, from volumen—the writing which was rolled up; liber, a book, from liber, the inner bark of a tree which was used for writing on; and the Bible—*par excellence* The Book—is said to have been named from Byblos, a city of Syria, but which word originally signified the bark of a tree.

§ It was called by Montfauçon, the archæologist, "Charta bombycine," or cotton paper, and Samarcand was the great city of "Timour the Tartar," from whence we should hardly expect much that was civilising; but Gibbon shows, in a note, that paper was first imported there from China.

When paper did come into use, there was still a lack of intelligence as to the means of using it. The art of book-making remained with the clergy, or "clerks," as they were then and are still styled in formal writings, and who are supposed by Dr. Dibdin, the bibliographer, to be the relics of the Jewish scribes. They were the Chapman and Halls and Longmans of that day.

In every large abbey there was a scriptorium, where the "olerici" were employed in transcribing books and illuminating initial letters, and for the support of which estates were specially left.

In 1330, books were so scarce that they were not sold but by special contract, like land, and were the subject of transfer by deed.

In 1360, the royal library at Paris did not exceed twenty volumes.

Further light was not thrown on the subject until two centuries after the introduction of paper, so slowly did knowledge progress in those days. This was in the year 1381, when playing-cards were invented—or, perhaps, imitated from something of the sort imported from the East—for the diversion of Charles VI. of France, whose brain had been disordered by a coup de soleil. This was in the reign of our Henry V., and about the time when Wycliffe had been otherwise employed in translating the whole Bible into English.

Wooden blocks of a rude form were used for making cards, and, in 1390, the first paper-mill in Germany was erected near the city of Nuremberg—more of which hereafter.

In the last-mentioned year there is the following entry in the accounts of the treasurer of Charles VI.: "Paid fifty-six shillings of Paris to Jacquemenin Griengonneur, the painter, for three packs of cards, gilded with gold and painted with divers colours and several devices, to be carried to the king for his amusement."

Cards soon after became the amusement of the noble and wealthy, and, not long after, of the artisans and lower classes; thence they became articles of manufacture in Germany, and at Augsburg a street is mentioned where the "karten mächer" lived, and where the business is still followed. From hence they were exported in small casks, packed like herrings.

To counteract the effect produced by cards, the monks stamped rude figures of saints with wooden blocks, and distributed them among the people. From hence larger sacred subjects came to be transferred to paper by means of wooden blocks, and one of St. Christopher,* carrying the infant Saviour across the sea, according to a curious legend, was in the possession of the late Earl Spencer, bearing the date of 1423.

In 1433, writing-quills were so scarce at Venice that men of letters could scarcely procure them. Ambrosius Traversarius, a monk of Camelalde, sent from Venice to his brother a bunch of quills, with a letter, in which he said: "They are not the best, but such as I received as a present; show the whole bunch to our friend Nicholas, that he may select a quill, for these articles are, indeed, scarcer in this city than at

* From Christum fero. A giant of Canaan, who wished to serve the mightiest of sovereigns. He found there was one greater than Satan. To try his faith, he was told to fetch a staff, and save all who struggled in crossing a river. At length a child called for help; in carrying it over the child got so heavy that his strength nearly failed him; but, with a courageous heart, and his trusty staff, he got over. The child was *Our Lord*, and the giant became St. Christopher.

Florence." Ambrosius also complains, at the same time, that he had scarcely any more ink, and requests that a small vessel filled with it might be sent to him.*

Soon after this the art of cutting a page of writing upon a wooden block, and obtaining an impression from it, was introduced. In this way a sort of catechism of the Bible, called "*Biblia Pauperum*," appeared in 1430.

Lawrence Coster, of Haarlem, is maintained by many to have been the first inventor of printing. It is related of him that, while walking in the wood near the city (as citizens were wont to do in the afternoon), he began to pick out letters on the bark of the beech. With these he stamped marks upon paper in the manner of a seal, and at length formed sentences for the amusement of the children of his brother-in-law. Being a man of inventive genius, he afterwards discovered a glutinous kind of ink, and arrived at better things.

To John Guttenberg, of Mentz, and afterwards of Strasburg, is generally ascribed the honour of this great discovery, A.D. 1440. Dr. Dibdin faintly hints that the knowledge of block-printing came from the Chinese, and was adopted there long ere it was known in Europe. Be this as it may, it is now generally admitted that—

1. John Guttenberg† was the father of printing;
2. Peter Schœffer‡ the father of type founding; and
3. John Faust§ the generous patron by whose means the art was brought rapidly to perfection.

After the groundwork of the art had been laid, the rise towards perfection is understood to have been more rapid than any other art or science of those times. Little more than thirty years elapsed from the time of printing the "*Biblia Pauperum*," in 1430, from wooden blocks, to the time when Guttenberg and Schœffer, with Faust's aid,|| had perfected their cast-metal types.

The art of engraving on copper is said to have been invented about 1460, by a goldsmith of Florence, named Thomas Finiguerra.

The earliest copper-plate engraving is of this time, and the following circumstance is said to have led to the discovery. Finiguerra chanced to let fall a piece of copper, engraved and filled with ink, into melted sulphur, and observing that the exact impression of his work was left on the sulphur, he repeated the experiment on moistened paper, rolling it gently with a roller.

Another version is, that a washerwoman left some linen upon a dish on which Finiguerra had been engraving, and that an impression of the subject came off, however imperfect, upon the linen, occasioned by its weight and moisture.

The Germans contend that it was practised in their country previously; that Francis Behold invented it, and his immediate followers were Israel de Mechaniel and Martin Stock, or Schon (?) (erroneously stated to have been one of the preceptors of Albert Dürer), and John Muller, called Regiomontanus.

* Beckman's History of Inventions.

† Anglicè, good hill.

‡ The shepherd.

§ A hand.

|| i.e., John Faust lent a *hand* to Peter the *Shepherd* and John of the *Good Hill*, and thus the trio attained great *eminence*.

In 1471, William Caxton, the London mercer,* introduced the art of printing into England.

In the same auspicious year the celebrated person of whom we have now to speak first saw the light.

This was at the city of Nuremberg, in Germany, now part of the kingdom of Bavaria, and about ninety-six miles north-west of Munich.

It was then a city of the first importance. The great stream of commerce flowed through that part of Germany. It was before Vasco de Gama had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and opened a way for the rich productions of India by that passage. Nuremberg, from soon after the time of the Crusades, had grown to be a principal depôt for Indian merchandise, which came by the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, and so from Venice and Genoa. The central position of Nuremberg on the map of Europe enabled its traders to diffuse such merchandise by the Rhine and the Danube to the north and west of Europe, and along with it to dispose of what have long been called Nuremberg wares. Watches, called "Nuremberg eggs," were very early made there by Peter Hele. The citizens had a saying :

Nüruberg hand
Gecht durch alle land.
Nüruberg's hand
Goes thro' every land.

And we find that the first German railway was made there as early as 1836, to Furth, four and a half miles, and that gun-carriages, among other things, were first made there.

It was a free city, and furnished the Emperors of Germany with a contingent of six thousand soldiers. At the present time it is famous for its numerous and well-conducted public institutions, for a variety of schools—among the latter, for fifteen at which children are supplied with books, clothing, and bread gratis. It is also famous for workings in iron and other metals, and for being an emporium—a great emporium—for cheap toys, which are made by the country people in the wooded tract between Franconia and Thuringia. It is a perfect ark of Noah's arks, &c.

The birth of Albert Dürer took place on the 20th May, 1471.

His father, as is well known, was a goldsmith, as was his grandfather. The father came from Cola, in Hungary, and after spending some time at Bruges, where he would have ample opportunities of perfecting himself in his trade, he settled at Nuremberg, and married the daughter of his master, Jerome Haller.

The entry of his birth in the father's diary is in the following terms :
" *Item.* In the year 1471 after the birth of Christ, on the day of St. Prudentius, at the sixth hour of the day, on a Friday in the Holy Week, my wife Barbara bore me my second son, to whom Anthony Kobürgher was godfather, and he was called Albert, after me."

Now from this Anthony Kobürgher we learn that the city of Nuremberg received the art of typography in 1472, and that he was a person conspicuously eminent for his learning, as well as for his elegance and cor-

* Mercers used to import bijouterie along with silk and cloths from the Netherlands, also cards and pictures.

rectness in printing. He was styled "the prince of printers," and was, therefore, a fitting sponsor to one who was afterwards called "the Homer of artists," in a city which has been called "the Athens of Germany."*

The good goldsmith, we are told, had no fewer than eighteen children. Most of them died in youth, and only two outlived Albert: his brother Andreas, who ultimately inherited his stores of art, and his brother Hans, who became court printer to the King of Poland.

His father must have been a good man, for Dürer in his journal says: "My dear father took great pains with his children to teach them how to honour God in all things, for his chiefest desire was that he might bring them up under such wholesome discipline that they might be pleasant both to God and man; therefore his daily speech to us was, that we should abound in love to God, and act faithfully towards our neighbour."

When a child, he chose drawing as his recreation, and drew sportively different parts of the human body, and even whole figures, with so true a hand that they were considered perfectly symmetrical. For the purpose of his trade, he had instructions in drawing from Martin Hapse.

Before he was sixteen, Albert, who was a handsome, intellectual youth, had attained such proficiency in the art of a goldsmith, that we are told he executed a fine piece of chased silver, representing the "Seven Falls of our Saviour." This was from a tradition in the Roman Catholic Church, that our Saviour fell seven times while bearing his cross up Mount Calvary.

The intention of his father was that he should follow his own trade of a goldsmith (no doubt to help to keep the family, which was becoming a serious charge). The son's genius took a nobler flight. His instinct was to become a painter. His father yielded to his desire, and placed him with Michael Wohlgemuth, the artist, to whom he was apprenticed, in 1486, for three years, to learn the art and mystery of a limner.†

Having so far surrendered his own judgment to his son, the father seems to have done all he could to further the latter's views. When out of his time, called his "lehre jahre," the father complied with the artist custom of the age, and which prevails to this day, and sent him abroad for improvement, on his "wander jahre," as it was, and is still, called.

This was in 1490, when he was nineteen.

He went from town to town, painting for his living whomsoever he could get to sit to him, and found a ready welcome among all who cultivated art.

Before this time Savonarola had exposed the corruption of the Romish Church, and the light of the Reformation was spreading over Europe.—The curtain had been fairly lifted upon the great theatre of the world;—the dark ages had passed away, and a multiplied intelligence was shedding its influence abroad;—poetry had begun to flourish in Germany;—the

* If it be desired to fix the date of Dürer's birth, it was fourteen days after the battle of Tewkesbury had replaced the Yorkist Edward IV. on the throne of England.

† He was intended to be placed with Martin Schon, of Colmar, but the latter's death prevented this.

study of the Greek language had been introduced in England;—arts and commerce were in the ascendant;—the brilliant reign of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain was graced by the discoveries of Columbus;—and “the last sigh of the Moor” had been breathed by King Boabdil on quitting his palace of the Alhambra.—The mighty Luther had also come upon the stage!

It was during this stirring time that our young artist was upon his travels, and became acquainted with some of the leading spirits of the age. Nor was he long in espousing the principles of the Reformation, along with his friend Wilibald Pirkheimer.

His pencil, however, was not idle. He then laid the foundation of a great reputation as a painter.

Having abode four years in foreign parts, during which time he went over Germany, the Netherlands, and the Venetian States, “my father,” he says, “called me back to himself at Whitsuntide, 1494.”

The next step was one that had a material influence on his future life. It was his marriage. From gratitude, probably, to his father, for having allowed him to become a painter, he seems to have yielded to his father’s views on this most important matter. Hans Frey (a mechanist of some note), he says, “bargained with my father, while I was abroad to give me his daughter to wife, a young maiden, by name Agnes, and with her two hundred florins.”*

The marriage was in 1494, when Albert was twenty-three years of age.

Three years after (1497) he exhibited a painting for the first time in public. It was “the Three Graces,” holding a globe over their heads. It was usual at that time for students to exhibit one of their best works, and we learn that the diploma of Master of Painting was gained by Dürer with more than ordinary honour.

His father, soon after, fell sick, “in such sort,” he says, “that no one was able to cure him; and when he saw death plainly before his eyes he gave himself up willingly thereto with great patience, commending my mother to my care, and charging us to live godly.”

The “bargaining” which he had mentioned, seems to have bartered away the happiness of the young artist.

The good Albert had married a shrew.

Whether from this cause or not we won’t stop to say, but we find he was soon afoot for foreign parts, and that he was not slow in proceeding to Venice, where he stayed nearly all the following year.†

Albert’s letters to his friend Pirkheimer are preserved at Nuremberg. He writes: “I wish you were here; there are so many pleasant companions among the Italians, who are the longer the more friendly with me.” He also says: “I have given the painters a good rubbing down; who said that I was good only at engraving, but knew not how to touch colours. Now they say they have never seen finer colours.” He here met with the painter Bellini, then about eighty, the father of the Venetian school, which afterwards produced Giorgioni and Titian. One

* A florin, or guilder, was worth about 9s. = 90℥.

† This was in 1505, a year when shillings were first coined in England, and four years before gardening was introduced there from the Netherlands, from whence vegetables had thitherto been imported.

of Bellini's pictures, a "Virgin and Child," produced 4000*l.* in 1819, at Lebrun's sale in Paris. Another, a "Madonna," which had been carried off from thence by Napoleon to the Louvre, was, after the peace of 1815, restored to the church of St. Zacharias, where it is valued at 8000*l.*

Bellini desired to have one of Dürer's works, and praised him highly. He also asked, as a keepsake, for one of the pencils with which he drew fine lines. Dürer held out a handful, telling him to choose one, "for he could do it with them all."

While at Venice he painted a full length of "Adam and Eve" for a German church, and the "Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew" for St. Mark's. The latter rose so high in public favour that the Emperor Rudolph II. sent orders that it should be bought for him at any price, and be borne on poles by strong men on foot (instead of the ordinary mode of carriage) from Venice to Prague, where it is still to be seen.

As respects the "Adam and Eve," an admirer of Dürer, Gaspar Velius, said (perhaps rather profanely), "That when an angel saw it he considered that there must have been some mistake, as he did not think he had driven two such good-looking persons out of Paradise."*

While at Venice, at the age of thirty-five, he began to learn to dance, that he might keep up with the customs of the place—viz. to dance, fence, and sing; but "after two lessons, which cost a ducat," he adds, "he could make nothing of it."

His letters from Venice are written with great cheerfulness, except when he touches upon his return. There appears no mention of any letters from his wife; but both she and his mother seem to have been especially cared for by himself.

He went to Bologna "to learn some secrets in perspective," and there met Raffaele, with whom he had already corresponded, and who esteemed him highly. They exchanged portraits, and subsequently prints and drawings. While here he was invited to Mantua by Andrea Montegna, who from a shepherd's boy had become a great painter and engraver, but who died before Dürer arrived.

From Bologna he writes: "I will come by the first convoy. Oh, how I shall freeze when away from the sun. Here I am my own master. At home I am a 'schamaroyer;' " literally a parasite, but probably a slave.

He returned in 1507, with the reputation of being the best painter of his country.

Vasari, in his "Lives of Painters" (published in Florence in 1538), says: "If this diligent, industrious, and *universal* man had been a native of Tuscany, and if he could have studied at Rome, he would have been the best painter of our country, as he was the most celebrated that Germany had then produced."

From 1507 to 1520 there are scanty records of his life; but in 1511 he painted what is said to have been his masterpiece, "The Adoration of the Trinity," which is in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna.

His letters to his friend Heller, of Frankfort, are preserved. In one of these he speaks of his wife Agnes as "our mistress of arithmetic." He mentions also the pains he had taken with a picture, "The Ascension of

* "Angelus hos cernens miratus dixit, ab horto
Non ità formosos vos ego depuleram."

the Virgin," having gone over it five or six times with good ultramarine; and "after it was quite finished, he had painted it over yet again twice that it might keep long." He believes, with care and being kept without holy water being cast upon it, it would keep five hundred years. The holy water was mixed with salt, which was corrosive.

In the Manchester Exhibition there were three of his paintings—one, a portrait of his father (painted in 1497, when he was twenty-six, shortly before his father's death), was lent by her Majesty. It had more freshness of colouring than many a modern picture.

In 1520—the year in which Raffaello died, as well as that of the celebrated meeting between Henry VIII. and Francis I., in Flanders, called the Field of the Cloth of Gold—Dürer again set out on his travels. This time he was accompanied by his wife and her maid, or humble friend, Susanna.

They visited Frankfort, Mentz, Audernach, Bonn, and Cologne (at the latter place he gave his cousin Nicholas his black-lined coat bordered with velvet), and thence to Antwerp. The latter city was then in such a state of prosperity, that more business is said to have been done there in a month than at Venice in the height of her prosperity in two years. The Scheldt was pretty much what the Thames, comparatively speaking, is now, and Antwerp was at once a Manchester and Liverpool combined.*

"On St. Oswald's day," he says, "the painters invited me to their hall with my wife and her maid, and they had everything in silver vessels, with other costly adornments, and a still more costly dinner. Their wives also were all there; and as I was led to dinner, there stood the people on both sides as if they were leading in some great lord. . . . As I sat there, a messenger from the council of the city, with two serving-men, came and presented me, in the name of the burgomasters of Antwerp, with four jars of wine, and desired therewith to express to me their great respect and good will. I expressed to the same my humble thanks, and made offer of my hearty service. Thereafter came Master Peter, the carpenter of the city, and presented more wine. Then, seeing that we remained long and pleasantly together, even until late in the night, they accompanied me home in high honour with torches."†

Dürer speaks of having been in the house of Master Quintines—meaning Quentin Matsys‡—the blacksmith painter, then above sixty years of age, and probably at the height of his fame, with whom he also corresponded.

He saw here a triumphal arch which the painters were then making for the coronation of the Emperor Charles V., which Dürer afterwards witnessed at Aix-la-Chapelle.

He also speaks of a great procession to the Church of our Lady, the cathedral at Antwerp, which lasted two days, and is minutely described in his journal. He adds: "They spare no cost on such things, for they have money enough."

Being on a short journey through Zealand, he was nearly lost by a storm arising when about to land from a boat off the island of Wal-

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. cxii. 410.

† This would probably exceed the banquet given to M. Gallait, "the artist of Belgium," by the artists of England, during "the Exhibition" last year.

‡ "Quem Amor de mulcibre fecit Apellem."

cheren—the rope broke, and they were carried out to sea. He spoke to the master that “he should keep a good heart and trust in God.” Help coming, they got safely ashore.

On Shrove Tuesday, 1521, the goldsmiths gave him and his wife a grand entertainment, and they received from one of the chief magistrates a banquet at night.

At Bruges,* which he calls “a magnificent and beautiful city,” and which Robertson, the historian, shows us was “the greatest emporium in all Europe,”† the painters, sixty in number, gave him another banquet, and the bells would doubtless sound the “carillon” of which Longfellow has sung, and who also says :

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry, old and brown,
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o’er the town.

A like reception and torchlight escort awaited him at Ghent,‡ where, and at several other places, his keep was paid as well as his travelling expenses from one place to another. These facts are alluded to to show the liberal spirit that commerce had diffused among those flourishing cities.

When at Antwerp he was sent for to Brussels by a celebrated lady of that time, Margaret Duchess-Dowager of Savoy, governess of the Netherlands, aunt of the Emperor Charles V., and who herself negotiated a peace with the mother of Francis I. This was after the latter had been taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, and when, as Burton, in his “Anatomy of Melancholy,” tells us, Francis was “ad mortem fere melancholius,” Francis wrote to his mother that “all was lost but honour,” and the two kings had nearly arranged to fight a duel to settle the issue between them. The mother and aunt met at Cambray, and being lodged in adjoining houses, between which a communication was opened, they met together, says Robertson, without ceremony or observation, and held daily conferences, to which no person whatever was admitted.§ And so peace was concluded.

To the Duchess Margaret Dürer presented his engravings of the Passion and the St. Jerome, and soon after received the appointment of imperial court painter, with a continuance of the annuity of one hundred florins he had received from the Emperor Maximilian, then dead. The original grant is in the archives of Nuremberg.

While on this subject, we may mention that it is related by Philip Melancthon,|| who knew him well, that “the Emperor Maximilian wished to sketch something for Dürer, the charcoal broke so often that he threw it impatiently away. Dürer took it up and completed the sketch. Being asked by the emperor why it broke so often with him and not with Dürer, the latter replied, ‘Gracious sire, this is my kingdom; here I rule, and the charcoal is my sceptre. You have harder duties and another calling.’”

A nobleman also thought himself slighted in being asked by the emperor to hold the ladder to Dürer. Maximilian held it himself, saying,

* “Formosis Burga puellis.”

† Charles V., vol. i. note 30.

‡ So extensive a city in Charles V.’s reign, that he used to say he could put Paris into his gaud (glove).

§ Robertson’s Charles V., vol. ii. p. 331.

|| He was Dürer’s junior by twenty-six years.

“he could make an artist a nobleman, but could not make a nobleman an artist.”

The emperor, it is said, granted him a patent of nobility, but this is hardly credited. It is certain that he was a member of the higher council, and had a coat-of-arms—two open doors—a rebus on his name, signifying “doors.”

When at Brussels he had much intercourse with Erasmus, whose portrait he painted twice, and who, he says, was a little man, and presented him with a Spanish mantle.

Being at Antwerp soon after this, he (like many at the time) was greatly alarmed at an incident in the life of Luther, and which is well known. It was that when returning from the Diet at Worms, he was seized on passing through a wood, and carried off by armed men to the castle of Wartburg (which he called his Patmos). The arrest was through the friendly care of the Elector Frederick of Saxony, to guard him from treacherous foes. Dürer did not know this for some time, and in his journal the capture is bewailed in the most pathetic terms. He sent an appeal to Erasmus “to ride forth as a Christian knight against this unjust tyranny; to gain the truth or attain the martyr’s crown, being already an aged man.” Erasmus outlived Dürer, but was more politic than belligerent in his espousal of the principles of the Reformation.

While at Antwerp, in 1521, there occurs a sad passage in his journal. He says: “I was here overcome by a strange sickness, of which I have never heard from any men, and this sickness I have yet.”

It was no other than consumption, and seems to have terminated the mortal career of the steadfast and noble-minded Dürer within seven years from this time.

Notwithstanding that his bodily powers were gradually wasting away, he worked with even greater diligence than before. Besides keeping up his painting and engraving, he commenced as an author in 1525. His first work was “On Geometry and Mechanics,” with directions how to use the rule and compasses, dedicated to Pirkheimer.

The second was “Some Directions for the Fortifications of Cities, Castles, and Burghs,” dedicated to Ferdinand King of Hungary and Bohemia.

The third was “On the Proportions of the Human Body,” in four books, a work displaying great knowledge of anatomy.

Of these works he only lived to correct and publish the first. The other three, which he left in manuscript, were afterwards published by Pirkheimer, who adds some interesting remarks, greatly lamenting his early death, and telling of works “which he had still designed to write, valuable to artists and lovers of art, had God granted him a longer life.”

Of these works splendid copies are in the library of the British Museum.

In the MSS. department is the Scrap-book of Dürer, along with the materials for a work called “*ὅπλα διδασκαλῆα*,” on the use of arms, with “A Treatise on Fencing and the Broadsword,” also two hundred of his original sketches (many of which were the bequest of Nollekins the sculptor), and thirty-seven of the original blocks of his engraving of “The Passion.”

Dürer died at Nuremberg, April 8, 1528, at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven.

The grief and lamentation were so great, that Nuremberg was a city of mourning. "The only sound that broke the general silence," says one of his biographers, "was that of the whispers which ran from mouth to mouth, telling too plainly of what all believed to have been the cause of, or at least hastening, the sad event."

Pirkheimer, writing to a friend, openly declares his own and the general belief on this subject. He says: "In Albert I have lost one of the best friends I ever had on earth; and what grieves me more than all is, that he died such a wretched death, which, under the will of God, I can ascribe to none other than his wife, who gnawed into his heart, and tormented him in such sort that he went home so much more quickly, for he was worn away to an atomy." It has been said that her sitting-room was under his studio, and that she was accustomed to give an admonitory knock against the ceiling when she suspected that "he was not getting forward with his work;" but this is supposed to apply to another artist, who had not the industry of Dürer.

Pirkheimer, in his letter, continues: "She always did as if she would come to starve, though Albert has left her the worth of near 6000 florins." And they had no children. He concludes: "But, however this may be, we must commend the cause to God, who will be gracious and merciful to the good Albert, who like as he lived a pious and upright life, so did he die a Christian and blessed death."

It is proper to give these extracts in the attached friend's own words, for he was a man of great consideration at that time. He was one of the councillors of state to the then Emperors of Germany, where his name is still held in respect as the friend of Dürer and Melancthon.

The senate of Nuremberg accorded to Dürer a public funeral.

It was the first place in Germany that had a burying-ground outside the city walls. Having been formed in 1519, it may be that Dürer had some hand in it, for he was for some time chief magistrate, and was foremost in every improvement. The city fortifications were his work on a new plan.

The inscription on his tombstone was :

M.S. AL. DU.
Quidquid Alberti Düreri
Mortale fuit
Sub hoc conditur tumulo.
Emigravit viii idus Aprilis
MDXXVIII.

To which Pirkheimer is said to have added :

A. DUBER;
Artium lumen,
Sol artificum,
Pictor,
Calcographus,
Sculptor sine exemplo.
A.D. 1471 ad 1528.

Upon the stone becoming defaced by age, it was restored in 1651 by

Sandrart, a celebrated painter of that time. He founded the Academy of Arts at Nuremberg, and strove to repair the damage which art had sustained by the Thirty Years' War in Germany.

The artists now take care of the tombstone, and a yearly pilgrimage is made to it by the citizens of Nuremberg on the anniversary of his death.

During the last fifteen years a statue has been erected to his memory at Nuremberg, and no less than fourteen medals are said to have been struck to his honour.

He was of a free and generous nature, of great tenderness of heart and urbanity of manner, a stranger to low jealousy, and ever ready to acknowledge merit in others.

In personal appearance he had a fine brow, an aquiline nose, and his long dark-brown hair fell in graceful curls upon his shoulders. Mrs. Jameson refers particularly to the striking appearance of one of his portraits, and its resemblance to some of the ideal heads of our Saviour.

His wife was also handsome: her face appears in several of his heads of the Madonna. We must do her the justice of stating that she left a legacy for the students at Wittenberg.* This is mentioned by Melancthon, and he says he has "informed Luther and others of the good deed."

There were some celebrated men at Nuremberg in Dürer's time—viz. :

Martin Behaim, who invented the terrestrial globe, and drew the first geographical charts; his original sphere is preserved there;

Hans Sachs, the "Cobbler bard,"† who wrote six thousand poems and other works, and which are praised by Schlegel; and

Three sculptors, viz. : Veit Stoss; Peter Vischer, who made the bronze shrine in St. Sebald; and Adam Krafft, who carved an altar canopy at St. Lawrence over the Pix, where the sacred vessels are kept.

The lesson which Dürer's life conveys to us is important. He was a man of toil; that toil, well directed, gained him undying fame.

The number of his works of art is said to have been as many as twelve hundred and fifty-four, chiefly on sacred subjects. Of these, one hundred and seventeen paintings were known to exist in 1819, and more have been made out since. Nor was it in the number of his works that he was famous, but in the attention to minute detail, and the excellence and durability of his colouring.

In Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters," written about forty years ago, the author says: "Born in the infancy of the art, he carried engraving to a perfection which has since been hardly surpassed. If we merely consider his command of the graver as well as the remarkable neatness and clearness of his stroke, he will appear an artist of extraordinary merit, not only for the time in which he lived, but at any period of the art that has succeeded him. Even after the experience of three centuries, it would, perhaps, be difficult to find a more perfect specimen of executive excellence than the 'St. Jerome,' engraved in 1514." The invention of

* The cradle of the Reformation, and the burial-place of Luther and Melancthon.

† See Longfellow's Lines on Nuremberg.

etching is conceded to him, and a method of printing from woodcuts in two colours.

He was skilled in optics and geometry, was a mechanician and an engineer, and, as a sculptor, there is a work of his in hone stone in the British Museum, bequeathed by Mr. Payne Knight, who bought it at Brussels, about fifty years ago, for 500*l*. The subject is the birth of St. John.

In the Manchester Exhibition there were many striking engravings of his, some of large size. They made a deep impression upon the writer, and caused him to look more into the artist's works than he might otherwise have done, and, perhaps, to trouble the gentle reader with these jottings.

He was the first in Germany who taught the rules of perspective, and the proportions of the human body according to mathematical and anatomical principles.

He had many pupils; and Mr. Ottley, in his work "On Engraving," says: "The numerous and flourishing school of wood-engravers, which we find spreading in Germany, and thence to Italy, in the sixteenth century, owes its excellence to Albrecht Dürer."

His prints and woodcuts, on account of their artistic principles, were purchased by the Italian painters for their improvement. So much were they sought after, that they were extensively counterfeited both at home and abroad.

A Venetian, Marc Antonio Franci, or Raimondi, who afterwards became a celebrated engraver, was so much struck with them, that Mr. Ottley says: "The example of Dürer, no doubt, contributed to render Raimondi competent, in after time, to the task of engraving the exquisite designs of Raffaello."

This being so, we may excuse Raimondi for taking exact copies (he made fac-similes with paper soaked in olive-oil), but we can't pardon his having afterwards transferred them to plates, together with a stamp, which was taken for Dürer's well-known monogram.

Dürer, some say, went to Venice to stop this traffic; but this journey is not authenticated. He probably exercised the court influence he possessed in Germany to induce the senate of Venice to interfere in the matter, which they did, though Dürer, it is said, interceded to prevent any imprisonment being inflicted.

While this was going on abroad, there were Flemish and other artists at Nuremberg who openly sold counterfeit copies of his engravings, and a magistrate's order to prohibit this trade is preserved among the archives of Nuremberg, dated 1508.

In spite of all this, it was from his engravings that he chiefly profited. The prices obtained for his pictures were hardly remunerative, so much labour was bestowed upon them.

Engravers in general are the translators of other men's ideas, but Dürer designed and engraved his own compositions. Upon this Mr. Jackson, in his work "On Engraving," edited by Chatto, in 1838, says: "Setting aside his merits as a painter, I am of opinion that no artist of the present day has produced *from his own designs* three such engravings as Dürer's 'Adam and Eve,' 'St. Jerome,' and the subject called 'Melancholia.'"

To our eyes there may appear a singularity, and perhaps an awkwardness about his figures, and a stiffness in the costumes. There is, certainly, no crinoline. The stiffness was owing to the practice then prevalent in Germany of putting wetted paper upon the lay figure instead of cloth. When dry, the folds or creases of the paper acquired a stiff appearance, which was communicated to the picture.

No doubt he lacked the grace and tenderness which Raffaele at that time was the means of diffusing in Italy; but even Raffaele's pictures are hardly in accordance with our ideas or taste.

Dürer had not the advantage of Italian culture, and the climate of Germany might not be so inspiring as cloudless Italy.

Mr. Ruskin thinks there is a tone of domesticity in his works, and that scenes of daily life were more in his way than the sublime and grand.

All art critics, however, concede to him a great fertility of invention, wonderful manipulation, and decided excellence in colouring.

Considering what art was at the time he lived, and that he was really a self-made man, we may not be surprised that he should have created the epoch which is ascribed to him, and that he should have been considered almost as an originator of the art of engraving.

His friend Melancthon said "his least merit was that of his art."

His chief characteristic, we believe, was reverence to the Creator and admiration of all His works.

This deep religious feeling, and his warm espousal of the principles of the Reformation, caused him to place quotations from the Gospels and Epistles under many of his pictures, with warnings not to swerve from the written word, or listen to false prophets or perverters of the truth. When some of these pictures so inscribed were presented by the city of Nuremberg to the Roman Catholic Elector, Maximilian of Bavaria, in 1627, a singular course was adopted for preserving the pictures from the fanaticism of after times. This was to cut off these inscriptions, and to affix them to copies they had made for the city by Vischer, and which are now in the Landenaer Gallery at Nuremberg.

With such a testimony as Melancthon's, and knowing the enlightening influence which Dürer exercised upon the age in which he lived, we may well regard him as one of the pioneers of civilisation, to whose memoirs and works we may profitably recur, and about whom and his native city we cannot be surprised that the poet Longfellow should have penned the following lines:

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where, amid broad meadow lands
Rise the blue Franconian Mountains, Nuremberg the ancient stands.
Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks that round them throng.
Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time defying, centuries old;
And thy grave and thrifty burghers boasted in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand to ev'ry clime.
In the court-yard of thy castle, girt with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;
On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days,
Sat the poet Melchior, singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of art,
Fountains wrought with choicest sculpture standing in the common mart;
And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sabald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the twelve apostles guard from age to age their trust.*

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a Pix† of sculpture rare,
Like a foamy sheet of fountains, rising thro' the painted air.

Here, where art was still religion, with a simple reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

"Emigravit" is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies,
Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

J. R.

THE HORSE AND THE ASS.

FROM A POSTHUMOUS POEM BY HEINE.

BY EDGAR A. BOWRING, C.B.

A TRAIN was rushing along one day
With carriages, engine, and tender;
The chimney vomited forth its smoke,
Like a dashing old offender.

The train pass'd a farm-yard, and over the hedge
A grey horse, at the sound of the whistle,
Stretch'd out his head; an ass stood by
Demurely chewing a thistle.

With wondering gaze the horse long stared
At the train; then strangely quivering
In every limb, he sigh'd and said:—
"The sight has set me a-shivering!

"I'm sure that if I by nature had been
A chesnut, or black, or bay horse,
My skin would with fright its colour change,
And make me (as now) a grey horse!

* Peter Vischer's work.

† Adam Krafft, which we referred to *ante*.

"The equine race is doom'd, beyond doubt,
To be swept away in fate's eddy;
Although I'm a grey horse, I cannot but see
A black future before me already.

"The competition of these machines
Will certainly kill us poor horses;
For riding and driving will man prefer
Iron steeds, if so great their force is.

"And if man can get on without our help
Alike for riding and driving,
Good-by to our oats, good-by to our hay!—
What chance have we of surviving?

"The heart of man is hard as a stone,
He gives away nothing gratis;
They'll drive us out of our stables, and we
Shall starve—what a cruel fate 'tis!

"We cannot borrow, and cannot steal,
Like mortals whose natures are blacker;
We cannot fawn like men and dogs,
But shall fall a prey to the knacker."

Thus grumbled the horse, and deeply sigh'd.
Meanwhile the ass hard by him
Had quietly chew'd two thistle-tops,
As if nothing could terrify him.

He presently answer'd in dainty tones,
With his tongue first licking his muzzle:—
"With what the future may have in store,
My brains I shall not puzzle.

"You horses proud are threatened, no doubt,
By a future that's far from pleasant,
But we modest asses are not afraid
Of dangers future or present.

"That grey horses, and chesnut, and piebald, and black,
May be done without, true, alas is;
But Mister Steam, with his chimney long,
Can never replace us asses.

"However clever may be the machines
Made by man with his senses besotted,
The ass as his portion will always have
Sure means of existence allotted.

"Its asses will Heaven, I'm sure, ne'er desert,
Who, moved by a calm sense of duty,
Turn the mill ev'ry day as their fathers have done—
(A sight not deficient in beauty).

"The mill-wheel clatters, the miller works hard,
The meal in the sack well shaking,
And people eat their bread and their rolls,
As soon as they've finish'd the baking.

"In Nature's old-fashion'd and jog-trot way
The world will keep spinning for ever;
And as changeless even as Nature herself
The ass will alter never."

DAWN OF THE GOSPEL IN GENEVA.

THE hour of the temporal princes—of the worldly bishops of Geneva, whose only ambition it was to live in wealth, luxury, pomp, and power, without a care or a thought for their ignoble flocks—had not yet struck, even with the fearful dissolution of John—the Bastard of Savoy—and the most malignant of its prince-bishops. Peter de la Baume, the successor to John, was received with ostentation, if not with gladness, and this grandiose reception was soon followed by a notification to the effect that Charles III. wished to present his spouse, Beatrice of Portugal, to “his good friends of Geneva.” He, indeed, planned that her accouchement should take place in that city. The citizens allowed themselves to be seduced by the chains which were brought to them by so renowned a beauty and so noble an alliance, for Portugal was at that time at the zenith of prosperity and renown. The reception was got up with a marvellous amount of sumptuousness. The priestly party wished especially to impress upon royalty that the good Genevese were more taken with relics and miracles than with the Gospel and independence; but Beatrice spoilt everything by her haughty and disdainful manners. “We had better have spent our money in fortifying the city,” muttered the despised Huguenots. Royalty persevered, however, in its attempt to seduce the Genevese by a constant succession of balls, banquets, plays, and other pastimes and indulgences.

Another power had come into Geneva at the same epoch, but with no pomp or display of any kind. This was the Gospel. Lefevre had published a French translation of this New Testament in the preceding year (1522), and it had reached Vienna and Grenoble from Lyons. Thence it came to Geneva, where the colporteurs of the Holy Word were received with open arms by De la Maison Neuve, Vandel, and other liberals. The Gospel realised their ideas of a religious as well as a political independence. They found no masses, no indulgences, no pope, no worship of relics, no temporal priesthood in those books; but they found in them a power superior to pontiffs, prelates, and even councils. New life, new doctrine, new authority. It was as if the vivifying breath of spring had been breathed over the city, after a long, dark, and rigorous winter. The Huguenots could not, however, dispense at once with the old system of “mysteries.” That of the discovery of the cross by the Empress Helena, had been played by the priests before the duke and duchess; the independents got up the less gorgeous, but more enduring, spectacle of “the discovery of the Bible by the Reformation.” The duke and duchess naturally declined being present, but the spectacle was enacted, and it was another step taken towards that Reformation which has been generally supposed to have commenced at a much later epoch in the city of Calvin.

The party of Savoy resented these demonstrations. Their creatures took every occasion for insulting and even beating those whom they happened to have business relations with. The sturdy burgesses resisted those acts of tyranny, and returned the blows with interest. The duke was alarmed, and sent for six thousand men to assist at the accouchement. “Six thousand godfathers,” said the Huguenots, “armed cap-à-pie.”

The great event at length came off. The duchess was safely delivered of a son on the 2nd of December, and the duke in ecstasy declared that Geneva should belong to his wife. That the prince born in their city should be repelled by the Genevese never entered the imaginations of the Savoyards. The first step was to obtain that the vidame should take his oath of allegiance to the duke. This was contrary to the constitution, for the vidame was the representative of the prince-bishop and not of the duke. A vidame is "a judge of a bishop's temporal jurisdiction," according to Boyer. The duke was accordingly opposed in these pretensions by the Huguenot jurisconsult Levrier. The next step was to assume the administration of justice over the episcopal council. Here again he was opposed by the inflexible Levrier, as well as by the priesthood itself. Thus, for a moment, the Church and the liberals made common cause, a circumstance that induced royalty to advocate one of the most extreme acts of independence, the separation of Church and State. But first it was essential to strike down Levrier, who would not admit the sovereignty of the duke. The patriot was accordingly seized and carried off to the castle of Bonne, on his way out of the cathedral. The duke and duchess had previously taken themselves off to the church of Notre-Dame des Graces without the city, in case of an insurrection. To the remonstrances of the people the only answer that was vouchsafed was, "Let the Genevese admit themselves to be my subjects, and I will restore their judge to them." The people would have given up their lives for Levrier, but they would not give up their country. Levrier himself strengthened them in their decision. The fair sex appealed to Beatrice, but in vain. Levrier, after having been cruelly tortured, was decapitated by torchlight, at ten o'clock at night, in the court of the castle of Bonne. The castle is now a ruin, and the act entailed the loss of many thousands of lives to the Savoyards. The people were bursting with indignation; even the Genevese courtiers abandoned the duke, terrified at his cruelty. Charles, terrified at the position in which he had placed himself in presence of the citizens, whose country he had so long coveted, withdrew to Turin, and no sooner was he gone than the popular indignation found vent against the Mamluks who remained behind. The syndic Richardet summoned the Mamluk treasurer Boulet to render an account of the city finances. Boulet refused to gratify the syndic, because he was an Huguenot. The latter, in a moment of irritation, raised his stick and dealt the treasurer so effective a blow, that the emblem of office was broken to pieces. Boulet went to Chauberg to lay his complaint before the duke, and the Council of Geneva was summoned to appear in that city before the Council of Savoy. Many citizens were arrested at the same time, and cast into the dungeons of Gaillard. The Genevese, strange to say, appealed to the Pope. Hugues had succeeded to the place vacated by the martyred Berthelier and Levrier, and he attempted at first to oppose the pretensions of Savoy by legal means. The appeal had the effect, however, of inducing the duke to promise a cessation of vexations if it was withdrawn. But the liberals would admit of no compromise with so treacherous an assistant. The duke then advanced with his army to Geneva. The Huguenot chiefs had only time to fly out by one gate, as the ducal troops poured in by the other. Most of them reached Friburg in safety: Hugues by seizing the horse of a traitor sent to arrest him; but Chabot fell into the hands of a post established at Versoix.

There were many friends of Zwingli and of the Reformation in Friburg, and Berne and Soleure united with its citizens in despatching an embassy to Geneva. "Remain firm," they said to the Genevese, "and fear nothing; our lords will maintain you in your rights." The duke was disconcerted by this embassy, and he had recourse, as usual, to stratagem. He requested those who had fled to return, promising to do them justice. But the Huguenots saw through the plot, and they not only declined the invitation, but they sent for their wives and children. The duke then summoned a council-general, and got himself named Protector of the city. Considering himself already prince, he next demanded that all matters of jurisdiction should be handed over to him, and that the alliance with the Swiss should be broken off. But he met with a refusal in both instances, and so much was he annoyed at these signs of opposition, that he once more took himself off, and that for the last time. Neither he nor his successors ever returned to Geneva. Charles III. had not been long away before the citizens re-established their franchises, tumbled the Mamluks, rejected the protectorate, and re-demanded alliance with Switzerland. They were seconded in this by the prince-bishop, although Zurich had already adopted the Reformation, because, although fearing the power of the duke, he had still greater dread of losing through him his temporal charges.

An alliance, without which the Reformation would never have been established in Geneva, was then effected between Berne, Friburg, and Geneva in the name of the Trinity. The excited citizens returned to their hearths. The bishop, the clergy, and the party of Savoy opposed themselves in vain to the alliance. It was their turn now to fly, and they did so with the utmost precipitation. Geneva was at the culmination of happiness. Te Deums were sung, the memory of the martyrs was honoured; festivities and rejoicings were universal.

With this epoch the scene changes. The historian suddenly emerges from the record of the troubles and trials of a small population, whose greatest heroes were obscure citizens, to consider the religious movement taking place simultaneously in an adjacent great empire, and to which Geneva itself was ultimately indebted for its Reformation. The spirit of awakening manifested itself in France at first in isolated spots—at Etaples, on the Manche; at Gap, in Dauphiny; and at Noyon, an ancient and once illustrious city of Picardy. It was this spirit that gave birth to Lefèvre, to Farel, and to Calvin.

"This French people," says the historian, "who in the opinion of many interest themselves only in war and diplomacy; this country, of a philosophy often sceptical and sometimes ironically incredulous; this nation, which proclaimed itself, and still proclaims itself, to be the eldest daughter of Rome, gave to the world the Reformation of Calvin, of Geneva, the great Reformation, that which constitutes the strength of the most influential peoples, and which has extended itself to the utmost limits of the earth. It is the best title of France to glory; do not let us forget that. No doubt it will not always disdain it, and, after having enriched others, she will enrich herself. It will be a great epoch for its future development that, when its dearest children shall plunge into the vivifying waters which issued forth from her bosom in the sixteenth century, or, rather, into that eternal source of the Word of God, whose waters are healing to all nations."

The human conscience began to awake with Luther; to Zwingli appertains more particularly the work of intelligence; Calvin accomplished the third work necessary for the Reformation—the renovation of the individual, of the human mind, and of Christianity. Truth and morality were essential to the enjoyment of liberty, and if Luther laid the foundations of the temple of God, Zwingli and others aided in raising its walls, and Calvin crowned the edifice. The history of the Reformation in France before the establishment of Calvin in Geneva presents two epochs, the first comprising the favourable epoch—not, however, unmixed with opposition and persecutions—and the second the unfavourable. Two individuals, of different sex, character, and position, laboured most in spreading the Gospel in France: one was Margaret of Angoulême, Duchess of Alençon, Queen of Navarre, and sister of Francis I.; the other was Calvin, son of the secretary to the episcopacy of Pont l'Evêque. When Berquin was imprisoned for preaching the Gospel in Artois, Margaret interfered in his favour. It was her who invited another reformer, the Count of Haute-Flamme, across the Rhine into France. Neither her zeal nor her exertions diminished upon the persecutions, tortures, and martyrdoms that sullied even the dawn of the Reformation in France. When the great question as to who should be the leader of the movement in France came to be decided—shall it be Toussaint, Lefèvre, Roussel, Farel, or Berquin?—it was Margaret who elected Calvin.

The pupil of Mathurin Cordier at the college of La Marche had a long career of trials and tribulations to run ere he was established at Geneva. The first two volumes of D'Aubigné's work do not extend to the latter epoch. A youthful student of philosophy at Montaign, the conversations of Olivetan followed upon those of Cordier to open his mind to freedom of thought and inquiry. It was in vain that his masters and his father opposed themselves to the result of that self-examination, and to the progress and development of the spirit that was within him; Calvin, convinced that liberty and order could only spring from truth, declared war early in life with the errors of Popery. Obligated, from these predilections, to abandon the career of the Church, to which his father had destined him, Calvin went to study jurisprudence at Orleans. There he was admitted into what was called "*la nation picarde*," and he soon became the "*procurator*," or head of his nation; and so earnest were his studies, so active was his zeal, that it was even as a collegian at Orleans that he began to evangelise, and labour to explain the Word of God in the houses of his friends. This first ministry of the reformer excludes, D'Aubigné remarks, the opinions generally received that Calvin was only converted at Orleans, or, later, at Bourges, or, even still later than that, at Paris.

Bourges had become under the protection of Margaret a centre of pagandism, and thither Calvin went to study under Wolmar, and it was under his guidance that he entered upon his career as an evangelist. Thence he was invited by Coiffart to Paris, where at first he dedicated himself more particularly to literary pursuits. Tumults had indeed followed upon the preachings of Roussel, and some of the reformers had been cast into prison, but their success had been considerable at the Sorbonne. Still Calvin never ceased to labour in the domiciles of his friends, in the

houses of the poor, and the palaces of the nobility. Cop, the rector of the University of Paris, had to deliver an annual discourse; Calvin wrote it for him in the sense of proclaiming the Gospel. The Sorbonne felt itself insulted, and the friendship of the Queen of Navarre alone protected the reformers from their irritation. Both Calvin and Cop were obliged, however, to leave Paris. The place of Calvin was afterwards filled by Melancthon, and Francis I. himself once advocated the cause of the Reformation with the doctors of the Sorbonne.

Events had in the mean time gone on steadily in Geneva, in the sense of that liberty and morality which paved the way for the Reformation, as much as it may also be said to spring from it. The parties of Switzerland and Savoy, Huguenots and Mamluks, were still confronted, and the prince-bishop was still there to abet the one and persecute the other. Ab Hofen, a disciple of Zwingli's, had been toiling assiduously in sowing the seeds of Reformation among the citizens. Unfortunately, an early death cut short his important labours. The prince-bishop, balanced between fear of the duke on the one side, and the apprehensions of losing his temporality on the other, made an attempt to win over the Swiss, but they rejected the discreditable alliance. He then humbled himself to being admitted as one of the body of citizens, and connived at the imprisonment of the canons of the cathedral. He substituted a lay to a clerical council, and, as a natural consequence, its members began immediately to question the prerogatives of the prince-bishop. The position of parties was now changed. The citizens were divided into those who sided with the conciliatory prince-bishop, and those who were altogether opposed to him, whatever concessions he might make. Unfortunately, just at this crisis, the prince-bishop committed so flagrant a false step as to bring utter ruin upon himself and his cause. He had the excessive imprudence to have a young female carried away from her parents, as he afterwards declared, to be given to a musician, but, according to Michel Roset, for his own selfish purposes. This scandalous rape was the last act committed by the Roman bishops in Geneva. Peter de la Baume had no alternative left but to fly before the just indignation of the citizens, and he withdrew under favour of obscurity to Saint Claude, many of his partisans, among whom were Hugues, with him.

The prince-bishop was conquered; not so the Duke of Savoy. He once more attempted to subdue the recreant citizens by various means—by Papal excommunication and by the force of arms. The bishop now joined the party of Savoy, and even Bonivard, alarmed at the progress of the Reformation, withdrew from the liberals. A knighthood, called that of "La Cuiller," was also instituted for the defence of the Roman Church. Pontverre attempted to reduce the city by treachery, but he failed ignobly, and was himself slain. Still, for a long time, Geneva presented nothing but a succession of disorders incident upon a state of anarchy. Even the Swiss cantons threatened to withdraw their alliance. The emperor also advocated the cause of the Pope against the unfortunate Genevese. Severe penalties were enacted against the Huguenots, and the prince-bishop placed himself at the head of a crusade. He was abetted in this by the knights of "La Cuiller," and by the soldiery of Savoy. The city was about to be taken by assault, when once more an auxiliary force of fifteen thousand Swiss came up and saved the place.

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE TWENTY-NINTH.

I.

VALETE.

TWO days after there was a fête given at Enghein, at the princely *maison de plaisance* of an English earl—a stout, bloated old man, lavish as the wind, and rich as a Russian, who, consequently, had all the most seductive Parisiennes to make love to him; Dalilah caring very little who her Samson be, provided she can cut off his locks to her own advantage. The fête was of unusual magnificence, and the empress of it was “the Trefusis,” as we call her, “that poor fellow De Vigne’s wife—a very fast lot, too,” as men in general called her—“*ma Reine*,” as the Earl of Morehampton called her, in that pleasant familiarity which the lady in question ever readily admitted to those good friends of hers, who emptied half the Palais Royal upon her in bijouterie, jewellery, and other innocent gifts of amity—a familiarity that always stopped *just* short of Sir Cresswell’s court, over the water. The Trefusis reigned at Enghein, and remarkably well she looked in her sovereignty, her jewelled ivory parasol handle for her sceptre, and her handsome eyes for her *droit de conquête*. Only three nights before she had lain on the dank grass in the Royal Forest, where the mad agony of a man, whom she had goaded and taunted to the verge of the darkest and most hideous guilt that can stain a human soul, had flung her off, bidding her thank God, not him, he had not murdered her in that ghastly temptation; hurling her from him in delirious violence, lest in another moment of that fell struggle, crime should stain his life, and his grip should be upon her throat—her death lie at his door—her blood be red upon his hand! Only three nights before! but to-day she sat under the limes at Enghein, the very memory of that hour cast behind her for evermore, save when she remembered how she had taunted, how she had jeered, how she had triumphed—remembered in gloating glee, for her victim could not escape her snare! The Trefusis had rarely looked better—never felt more secure in her completed vengeance upon De Vigne, her omnipotent sway over Morehampton, and all her lordly *claque*, than now. She was beautifully rouged, the carnation tint rich and soft, and defying all detection; her black Chantilly lace swept around her superb form; a parure of amethysts glittering in her bosom, haughtily defiant, magnificent, though coarse if you will, as she drove down to the villa in the Earl’s carriage, and reigned under the limes in dominance and triumph that day, as she had reigned since the day she had first looked at her own face in the mirror, and sworn by that face to rise and to revenge.

In brilliant style Morehampton had prepared to receive her, for he admired the quasi-milliner of Frestonhills more than anything else, for

the time being, to the extreme rage of La Baronne de Bréloques, Mademoiselle Celeste Papillon of the Français, and many other fair Parisiennes. There was the villa itself, luxurious as Eugène Sue's; and there were grounds with alcoves, and statues, and rosieries à ravir, as Mademoiselle Celeste phrased it; there was a "pavillon des arts," where some of the best cantatrici in Paris sang like nightingales; there was a déjeûner, with the best cookery in France—who can say more?—there were wines that would have made Rahab or Father Mathew swear, with Trimalchio, "Vita vinum est;" there were plenty of men, lions, littérateurs, and milors Anglais, who were not bored here, because they could say and do just what they pleased, with no restraint upon them whatever. And there were plenty of women (very handsome ones, too, for the Earl would never have wasted his invitations on plain faces), who smoked, and laughed at grivoises tales, and smiled at very prononcée flattery, and drank the Johannisberg and the Steinberg very freely for such dainty lips, and imitated us with their tranchant manners, their slang, and their lionnism in many things, except their toilettes, which were exclusively feminine in their brilliance and voluminous extent—among them the Trefusis, reigning like an empress, to the dire annoyance of most of them, especially to Mademoiselle Papillon, who, being a very dashing young actress, accustomed to look upon Morehampton as her own especial spoil, did not relish being eclipsed by the Englishwoman's superb person and bold black eyes.

The déjeûner was over, during which the noble Earl, as his friends in the Upper House termed him, when they were most politely damning him and his party, was exceedingly devoué to the Trefusis, and thought he had never seen anything finer than those admirably-tinted eyes and beautifully-coloured cheeks. He did not care for your nymphs of eighteen, they were generally too shy and too thin for his taste; he liked bien conservé, full blown, magnificent roses, like the ex-milliner, who certainly made herself more amiable to him than those who have only heard of her in the studio at St. Crucis and the Forest of Fontainebleau can well imagine. The déjeûner was over, at which the Trefusis had reigned with supreme contentment, laughed very loudly, and drank champagne enough for a young cornet just joined; at which old Fantyre enjoyed the pâtes de foie gras and other delicacies, like an old gourmante as she was, told dirty stories in broad Irish-French, and chuckled in herself to see gouty old Morehampton playing the gallant; and at which Mademoiselle Papillon could have fainted with spite, but not willing to give the detested Englishwoman so enormous a triumph, resisted her feelings with noble heroism.

The déjeûner was over, and the guests had broken up into groups, dispersing themselves over the villa and its grounds. The Trefusis and Morehampton took themselves to the "pavillon des arts;" but, after hearing one song from the "Traviata," "Ma Reine" was bored—she cared nothing for music—and she threw herself down on a seat under some linden-trees to take ice, listen to his private band, which was playing close by, and flatter him about his new barouche, which she knew would be offered her as soon as she had praised it. It was by such gifts as these she managed to eke out her income, and live au premier in the Champs Elysées. Morehampton flung himself on the grass at her feet, forgetful

of gout and lumbago; other men gathered round her; she was "a deuced fine woman," they thought, but, "by George! they didn't envy De Vigne." The band played vales and Béranger airs; the Earl was diverted between admiration of the black eyes above and rueful recollections of the damp turf beneath him; Mademoiselle Papillon made desperate love to Leslie Egerton, of the Queen's Bays, but never missed a word or a glance that went on under the lime-trees for all that, with that peculiar double set of optics and oral nerves with which women seem gifted. Very brilliant, and pleasant, and lively, and Watteau-like it all was; and, standing under an alcove at some little distance, mingling unnoticed with the crowd of domestics, stood Raymond, *alias* Charles Trefusis, come to claim his wife, as he had been bound by De Vigne to do on receipt of De Vigne's reward—none the less weighty a one, you may be sure, because the man had been given only a promise, and not a bond. De Vigne's honour in those matters was in exact inverse ratio to the world's.

"By Jove! sir," the fellow whispered to me—I had come with him to see he kept good faith, and did not give us the slip—"just look at her, what a dash she cuts, and what a fool she's making of that old lord! That's Lord Morehampton, ain't it, sir? I think I remember him dining once with Lord Vane in Pall-Mall. He's a regular martyr to the gout. I wonder he likes that damp grass. I suppose Lucy's bewitched him. Isn't she a wonderful woman, sir! Who'd think, to see her now, that she was ever the daughter of a beggar-woman, and a little milliner-girl at Frestonhills, making bonnets and dresses for parsons' wives!"

I looked at her as he spoke, and, though it seemed wonderful to him, it did not seem wonderful to me. Lucy Davis's rise was such a rise as Lucy Davis was certain to make, favoured by opportunity as she had been—neither more nor less of a rise than a hard-headed, unscrupulous, excessively handsome woman, determined to push her way, and able to take the best possible advantage of every turn of the wheel, was pretty sure to effect. She could not make herself a gentlewoman—she could not make herself a woman of talent or of ton. That she was not a "lady," Sabretasche's sure perception had told him long, long ago, and his daughter's delicate taste had known still more certainly later on: she was merely what she had been for the last ten years, with the aid of money, dress, and assurance—a dashing, handsome, skilful intrigante, whose magnificence of form made men forget or never notice her shortcomings in style, and whose full-blown beauty made them content with the paucity of ideas and the vulgar harshness of tone in the few words which ever passed the Trefusis's lips, which were too wise to essay often that sure touchstone of mind and education—conversation.

Raymond stood looking at her, a cunning, malicious gleam of satisfaction in his little light eyes. His wife had made a better thing of life than he had done; he detested her accordingly; he had many old grudges to pay off against her for bitter, snarling words, and money flung to him, because she feared him, with a sneer and an invective; he hated her for having lived in clover, while he had not even had a taste of luxury, save the luxuries of flunkeyism and valetdom, since they parted, and he enjoyed pulling her up in the midst of her glories with such malignant pleasure as was natural to his disposition. She had married him at two-and-

twenty; she had made him repent of it before the honeymoon was out; she had played her cards since to her own glorification and his mortification: there was plenty in all that to give him no little enjoyment in throwing her back, with a jerk, in the midst of her race. He stood looking at her with a peculiar smile on his lips. I dare say he was thinking what a fool he had been to fall in love with the black-eyed milliner of Frestonhills, and what a far greater fool still was his lordship of Morehampton to waste so much time and so much money, such wines, such jewellery, and such adoration, on this full-blown rose, whom no one ever tried to gather but, somewhere or other, they scratched themselves on her dexterously moss-hidden thorns.

At last the Trefusis, tired of ices, cancons, and Morehampton's florid compliments, which I should think must have been most profoundly tiresome (though all flattery is welcome to some women, as all bonbons to children, whether of sugar or chalk, lemon-juice or citric acid), rose to go into the house and look at some rare Du Berri vases that had belonged to Madame de Parabère, and for which the Earl had given a fabulous price, and as foolish a one as our ancestors used to give for tulip-roots. The Trefusis rose, Morehampton sprung to his feet with boyish lightness and gallant disregard of the gout, and then her husband stepped forward; and I doubt if Nemesis, though she often took a more imposing, ever assumed a deadlier guise than that of the *ci-devant* valet!

The Trefusis gave an irrepressible start as she saw him; the colour left her lips; her cheeks it could not leave. She began laughing and talking to Morehampton hurriedly, nervously, incoherently, but there was a wild, lurid gleam in her eye, restless and savage. Her husband touched his hat submissively, but with a queer smile still on his face.

"I beg your pardon, my lord, but may I be allowed to relieve you of the escort of my wife?"

Morehampton twisted himself round, stuck his gold glass in his eye, and stared with all his might; the men crowded closer, stroking their moustaches in curiosity and surprise; the English women, who could understand the speech, suspended the spoonfuls of ice that were en route to their lips, and broke off their conversation for a minute; the Trefusis flushed scarlet to her very brow, her eyes scintillated and glared like a tigress just stung by a shot that inflames all her savage nature into fury—ever ready with a lie, she clung to Morehampton's arm:

"My dear lord! I know this poor creature very well; he is a lunatic—a confirmed lunatic—a harmless one quite; but it is one of his hallucinations that every woman he sees and admires is his wife, who really, I believe, ran away from him, and his brain was turned with the shock of her infidelity. He is harmless, as I say—at least I have always heard so—but pray tell your servants to take him away. It is very horrible!"

It was an admirably-told falsehood—told, too, with the most natural ease, the most natural compassion imaginable—and passed muster with Morehampton, who signed to two of his lacqueys.

"Seize that fellow and turn him out of the grounds. How did he get in, Soames? Go for some gendarmes if he resist you," said the Earl, aloud; then bent his head, and added (*sotto voce*), "How grieved I am, dearest, that you should be so absurdly annoyed. What a shockingly stupid fellow! Brain turned, you say—and for a *wife*?"

But Raymond signed off the two footmen, who were circling gingerly

round him like two dogs round a hedgehog, not admiring their task, having a genuine horror of lunacy, and being enervated, probably, by the epicureanisms of plush-existence.

"That is a pretty story, my lord, only, unfortunately, it isn't true. Ben travato—but all a humbug! I am as sane as anybody here; much too sane to have my brain turned because my wife ran away from me. Most men would thank their stars for such a kind deliverance! I am come to claim mine, though, for a little business there is to be done, and she is on your arm now, my lord. She married me nineteen years ago, and made me repent of it before a month was out."

"Dear, dear! how absurd, and yet how shocking! Pray send him away," whispered the Trefusis, clinging to the Earl's arm, looking, it must be confessed, more like a devil than a divinity, for her lips were white and twitching savagely, and the spots of rouge glared scarlet.

"Do you hear me, fellows? Turn that impudent rascal out!" swore Morehampton.

"That fellow's wife! Why, she's De Vigne's wife. Everybody knows that!" muttered Leslie Egerton, sticking his glass in his eye.

"Saw him married myself, poor wretch!"

"Mais qu'est ce que c'est donc?" asked Mademoiselle Papillon, edging herself in with a dim delicious idea that it was something detrimental to her rival.

"Kick him out!" "Turn him out!" "An escaped lunatic!" "Impertinent rascal!" "Ma foi! qu'a t-il donc!" "Mais comme c'est extraordinaire!" "Dieu! qu'est ce que cela veut dire!" resounded on all sides from Morehampton's guests and the Trefusis's adorers.

"Major de Vigne's wife?" repeated Raymond. "No she's not, gentlemen; he knows it now, too, and thanks Heaven for it. She married me, as I say, nineteen years ago; more fool I to let her! *Ten* years ago she married Major de Vigne. So you see, my lord, she is my wife, not his, and I believe what she has done is given a nasty coarse impolite term by law. What I tell you is quite true. Here's Captain Chevasney, my lord, who will tell you the same, and tell it better than I. Come, old girl, you've had a long holiday; you must come with me and work for a little while now."

He spoke with a diabolical grin, and, thus appealed to, I went forward and gave Morehampton as succinctly as I could the outlines of the story. The Trefusis's face grew grey as ashes, save where the rouge remained in two bright crimson spots fixed and unchanged, her eyes glittered in tiger-like fury, in cold, hellish wrath, and her parasol fell to the ground; its ivory handle snapped in two as her hands clenched upon it, only with a violent effort restraining herself from flying at mine or her husband's throat. For the first time in her life, the clever Greek had her own marked card turned against her; her schemes of malice, of vengeance, of ambition, were all swept away like cobwebs, never to be gathered up again. De Vigne was free, and she was caught in her own toils!

She swung round, sweeping her black Chantilly lace round her, and scattering her sandal-wood perfume on the air, laughing:

"And do you believe this cock-and-bull story, Lord Morehampton?" Her voice came out in a low, fierce hiss, like a serpent's, while her large, sensual, ruby lips curled and quivered with impotent rage. "Do you

believe this valet's tale, bribed by a man who would move heaven and earth to prove his lawful marriage false, and the corroborating story told so glibly by a gentleman who, though he calls himself a man of honour, would swear black were white to pleasure his friend?"

"Come, come there, my lady!" laughed Raymond. "Wait a bit. Don't call us bad names. You can't ride the high horse any more like that, and if you don't take care what you say we'll have you up for libel; we will, I assure you. Come, you used to be wide-awake once, and if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head it may be the worse for you."

"Lord Morehampton, will you endure this? I must appeal," began the Trefusis, turning again to that noble earl, who, with his double eyeglass in his eye, and his under lip dropped in extreme astonishment, was too much amazed, and too much annoyed, at such an unseemly and untimely interruption to his morning fête to take any part in the proceedings whatever. He was a little shy of her, indeed, and kept edging back slowly and surely. She was trembling now from head to foot with rage at her defeat, terror for the consequences of the *esclandre*, mad wrath and hatred that her victim had slipped from her fetters, and that De Vigne was free.

Her husband interrupted her with a coarse laugh, before she could finish.

"You appeal to your cavalier servente, madame? Oh! if my Lord Morehampton likes to keep you, *I* have no objection; it will take a good deal of trouble off my hands, and I only wish him joy of his bargain. And next time, Lucy, make sure your chickens are hatched before you count them!"

At so summary a proposition from a husband, the earl involuntarily drew back, blank dismay visible on his purple and supine features. The offer alarmed him! The Trefusis was a deuced handsome woman, but she was a deuced expensive one too, thought he, and he hardly desired to be saddled with her *pour toujours*. Added to his other expenses, for a permanence, she would go very near to ruin him, not to mention tears, reproaches, and scenes from many other quarters; and "she is a very vixen of a temper!" reflected the earl, wisely, as he edged a little farther back, and left her standing alone—who is not alone in defeat?

The Trefusis looked round on everybody as they hung back from her, leaving a clear space about her, with a searching, defiant glance, her fierce black eyes seeming to smite and wither all they lit on; great savage lines gathered round her mouth and down her brow, that was dark with mortification and impotent chained-up fury. She glanced around, her lips twitching like a snared animal's, her face ashy grey, save where the crimson rouge burned in two oval patches, flaring there like streaks of flame, in hideous contrast to the deathly pallor of the rest. She was defeated, outdone, humiliated; the frauds and schemes of twenty years fruitless and unavailing in the end; her victim free, her enemies triumphant! She glared upon us all till the boldest women shrank away terrified, and the men shuddered as they thought what a fiend incarnate this their "*belle femme*" was! Then she gathered her rich lace around her. To do her justice, she was game to the last!

"Order my carriage!"

She was beaten, but she would not show it; and to her carriage she swept, her massive Chantilly gathered round her, her silks rustling, her

perfume scenting the air, her demie traine brushing the lime-blossoms off the lawn, her step stately and measured, her head defiantly erect, leaving on the grass behind her the fragile ivory handle, symbol of her foiled vengeance and her impotent wrath—her dethroned sovereignty. There was a moment's silence as she swept across the lawn, her tall *chasseur*, in his dashing green and gold uniform, walking before her, her two footmen with their long white wands behind, and at her side, dogging her footsteps, with his sneer of retribution and his smile of vengeance, the valet who had claimed her as his wife. There was a moment's silence; then the tongues were loosened, and her friends, and her rivals, and her adorers spake.

"Gad!" quoth my Lord of Morehampton, "she looked quite ugly, 'pon my soul she did, with those great rouge spots on her cheeks. Curse it! how deuced shocking!"

"Mon Dieu, milor," sneered Mademoiselle Papillon, "*je vous félicite sur votre nouvelle amie, peut-être vous voudriez avcir le plaisir de prendre la rôle du troisième mari!*"

"Better go and be Queen of the Greeks—deuced sharp woman!" said Lee Philipps.

"Always said that creature was the very devil. Plucky enough, though!" remarked Leslie Egerton, with his cigarette in his teeth.

"What a jolly thing for De Vigne! Prime, ain't it?"

"The biter bit!" chuckled old Fantyre. "Well, she was very useful to me, but she was always a devil, as you say, Leslie; horrid temper! She should have managed her game better. I've no patience with people who don't make sure of their cards. Dear dear! who'll read me to sleep of a night?"

And the others all crowded round me, dirty old Fantyre peering closest of all, with her little bright, cunning, inquisitive eyes.

"Come, tell us, Chevasney, is it true?"

"I say, old fellow, what's the row?"

So the world talks of us, either in our sorrows or our sins! They were full of curiosity, annoyance, amusement—as it happened to affect them individually; none of them stopped to regret the great lie, to remember the great wrong, to grieve for the debased human nature, and the bitter satire on the Holy Bond of Marriage, that stood out in such black letters in the new story which I added to their repertoire of *scandâles*. Cancans amuse us; we never stop to recollect the guilt, the sorrow, or the lie that must give them their foundation-stone, their colouring, and their flavour. Mademoiselle Papillon was nearest of all to the moral of the story, when she shrugged her little plump shoulders:

"Mon Dieu! Qui voudrait se marier! Dans celle loterie bizarre qui peut espérer d'éviter la chicane? En amour on est un ange—en mariage un démon. Nul homme sage ne l'essayerait!"

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The summer sunshine that lit up the sparkling wines, and glittering toilettes, and gorgeous liveries of the fête at Enghein, shining on the Trefusis's parure of amethysts and on the rich scarlet rouge of her cheeks—that flag of defiance that flaunted there in defeat as in victory!—shone at the same hour through the dark luxuriant foliage of the chesnuts at St. Crucis, on the lilac-boughs heavy with massed blossom, on the half-opened rosebuds clinging round the woodwork of the old brown

walls, and on the swallow's nest nestled under the thatch of the eaves. A warm amber light, the light of the coming summer, lay on the earth, and in it the gnats were whirling at their play, and the early butterflies fluttering their saffron wings. The afternoon was perfectly still, no sound breaking in upon its silence except now and then the song of a bird in the branches, the lazy drone of a bee among the lilacs, or the distant chime of a church clock afar off ringing the quarters slowly and softly in the summer air. And out on the dark oaken sill of the window, drooping her head upon her hands, while the light flickered down upon her hair through the network of the leaves, leant a woman, heedless, in the depth of her own thought, of the play of the south wind or the songs of the birds, as both made music about her among the chesnut-blossoms and the lilac-leaves without. Alma had been but a few hours in England, and had come at once to her old home, endeared to her by a thousand associations. She was alone, nothing near her save the bee droning in the cup of the early rose, or the yellow butterfly that settled on her hair unnoticed. Her head was bent, resting on her hand; her face was very pale, save when now and then a deep warm flush passed over it, suddenly to fade again as quickly; her eyes were dark and dreamy, with a yearning tenderness; and on her lips was a smile, mournful yet proud, as, half unconsciously, they uttered the words of her thoughts aloud: "I will not leave thee, no, nor yet forsake thee. Where thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!"

They were the words of an oath—an oath to whose keeping she would dedicate her life, even though, to so keep it, that life would be in the world's eyes condemned and sacrificed. She leant there, against the dark wood-work, alone, the silence unbroken that reigned about her, save when the wind swept through the fragrant branches above, or the rush of a bird's delicate wings cleft the air. Suddenly—in the stillness, while yet it was so distant that no other ear could have heard it—she caught a footfall while its sound was so faint that it did not break the silence, as the spaniel catches the step of his master while yet afar off; she lifted her head with the wild, eager grace that was natural to her as is its freedom to a flower, her eyes growing dark and humid in their expectancy and their great joy, her colour changing swiftly with the force of a joy so keen that it trenched on anguish, with the hot vivid flush of a love strong as the life in which it is embedded and entwined. Then, with a low, glad cry, she sprang, swift as an antelope, to meet him, and to cling to him as she would have clung to him through evil and adversity, through the scorch of shame and the throes of death, through the taunts of the world and the ghastly terrors of the grave.

For many moments De Vigne could find no words even to tell her that which she never dreamed of, that which panted on his lips; he held her in his arms, crushing her in one long, close embrace, meeting as those meet who would not spend one hour of their lives asunder. For many moments he bent over her, speechless, breathless, straining her madly to him, spending on her lips the passion that found no fitting utterance in words; then, stifled and hoarse in its very agony of joy, his voice broke out:

"You will be my wife—this day—this hour! Alma!—thank God with me—I am free!"

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The day stole onward : faintly from the far distance swung the silvery sound of evening bells ; the low south winds stirred amongst the lilac-blossoms, shaking their rich fragrance out upon the air ; the bees hummed themselves to slumber in the hearts of folded roses ; the mellow amber light grew deeper and clearer, while the first stars were coming out in the west, the day was passing onward, ere long to fade into twilight, ere long to sink into night. And as the rays of the western sun swept through the parted network of the leaves, and fell about his feet, shining in the eyes of the woman he loved, and bathing her hair in light where it swept across his breast, De Vigne bowed his head in thanksgiving too deep for words ; not alone for the passionate joy in which his life was steeped, not alone for his freedom from that deadly curse that had been on him for so long—fruits of an early marriage—but for that hour, past yet still so near ; so near that still he sickened at it, as men at the memory of some horrible death they have but by a hair's-breadth escaped. That hour when, for the first time in all his wayward, headlong, vehement manhood, he had *resisted* and flung off from him the temptation that, yielded to but for one brief fleeting instant, would, though never tracked or known by man, have made him taste fire in every kiss of the lips he loved, quail before the light of the fairest day that dawned, and start in the sweat of agony, and wake in the terror of remembered guilt from his sweetest rest, his most delicious sleep ;—that hour in the forest solitude, when, goaded, taunted, reviled, maddened, he had been face to face with what he loathed, parted by her from what he loved, he had had strength to fling her from him, untouched, unharmed, unchastised—that hour which had been the crowning temptation of Granville De Vigne's life. He had had strength to cast it behind him with a firm hand, and had had strength to flee from it—*fearing himself*, as the wisest and holiest amongst us need do in those dark hours that come to all when there is but a plank between us and the fathomless abyss of some great guilt.

And while the starlit night of the early summer stole onwards towards the earth, De Vigne bowed his head over the woman who had cleaved to him through all, and would so have cleaved howsoever his life had turned, whose arms were close about him, and whose warm lips were on his ; and while a deep and delicious joy steeped his present and his future in its own golden and voluptuous delight, he looked backward for one instant to his Past, and thanked God.

II.

ADIEU AU LECTEUR !

THE history is told ! It is one simple enough and common enough in this world, and merely traces out the evil that accrued to two men in the same station of life and in similar circumstances, although of widely different temperaments, from an error of judgment—the most fatal error that man can make—an Early Marriage. Both my friends took advantage of this liberty, you see, to tie themselves again ! I *don't* say in that respect, "Go thou and do likewise," ami lecteur, if you be similarly situated, but rather, if you are free—keep so ! A wise man, they say, knows when he is well off !

In the *Times* the other day, I read among the deaths, "At Paris, in her ninety-seventh year, Sarah, Viscountess Fantyre." Gone at last, poor old woman, under the sod, where shrewdness and trickery and rouge and trump cards are of no avail to her, though she held by them to the last. She died as she had lived, I hear, sitting at her whist-table, be-wigged and be-rouged, gathering her dirty, costly lace about her, quoting George Selwyn, dealing herself two honours and six trumps, picking up the guineas with a cunning twinkle of her monkeyish eyes, when Death tapped her on the brain, and old Fantyre was carried off the scene in an apoplectic fit; while her partner, the Comte de Beaujeu, murmured over his *tabatière*, "Peste! Death is horridly ill bred; he should have let us played the conqueror!"

What memoirs the old woman might have left us—dirty ones, *sans doute*, but what memoirs of intrigues, plots, scandals, schemes—what rich glimpses behind the cards, what amusing peeps beneath the purple! A great many people, though, are glad, I dare say, that the Fantyre experiences are not down in black and white, and no publisher, perhaps, would have been courageous enough to risk their issue. They would have blackened plenty of fair reputations had their gunpowder burst; they would have offended a world which loves to prate of its morals, cackle of its purity, and double-lock its chamber-doors; they would have given us keys to many skeleton cupboards, which we should have opened to turn away from more heart-sick than before!

Her protégée, the Trefusis, has in no wise gone off the scene, nor did she consent to drop down into a valet's wife. Her exposée at Morehampton's villa had been the most bitter thing life could have brought her, for she had read enough of Rochefoucauld to think with him, "*le ridicule déshonore plus que le déshonneur*." She sought the friendly shadow of Notre-Dame de Lorette. Fearing her husband no longer, she bribed him no more; and if you like to see her any day, walk down the Rue Bréda, or look out in the Pre Catalan for a carriage with lapis-lazuli liveries, dashing as the Montespan's, and you will have painted to you in a moment the full-blown magnificence (now certainly coarse, and I dare say only got up at infinite trouble from Blanc de Perle and Bulli's best rouge) of the quasi-milliner of Frestonhills. She has at present, *en proie*, a Russian prince, and thrives, *à ravir*, upon roubles. Her imperial sables are the envy of the Quartier; and as women who range under the Piratical Flag don't trouble their heads with a Future, the Trefusis does not stop to think that she may end in le *Maison Dieu*, with a bowl of *soupe maigre*, when her beauty shall utterly have lost all that superb and sensual bloom that lured De Vigne in his hot youth to such deadly cost.

"A young man married is a man that's marred."

The stag with the grip of the stag-hound ever at his throat; the antelope with the fangs of the tigress ever tearing his reeking flanks; the racer yoked in the heavy galling shafts that he must drag behind him over stony roads till he faints and dies, still with his burden harnessed on him; these unions were not worse than many of those marriages that are the bitter fruit of no sin, no fault, no error, but merely of a *mistake*!—those marriages that are a bondage more cruel, more eternal, more unpitied than the captivity of Israel in Egypt!

"A young man married is a man that's marred." One wrote that

who was more deeply skilled in the intricacies of the human heart, who saw more profoundly into the manifold varieties, the wayward and conflicting instincts of human life, than any by whom the world has since let itself be led and moulded. "Marred?" How can the man fail to be so who chooses his yoke-fellow for life in all the blind haste, the crude taste of his earlier years, when taste in all things alters so utterly from youth to manhood? In what the youth of five-and-twenty thinks so wise, fair, excellent, half a score or a score years later on he sees but little beauty. In study, sport, literature, his preference changes much in the interval that parts his early from his matured years; I have heard young fellows in their college terms utterly recant in June all they swore by religiously in January, equally earnest and sincere, moreover, in their recantation and their adoration! Taste, bias, opinion, judgment, all alter as their judgment widens, their taste ripens, and their sight grows keener from longer mixing amidst the world, and longer studying its varied views. God help, then, the man who has taken to his heart and into his life a wife who, fair in his eyes in all the glamour of love, all the "purple light of youth," is as insufficient to him in his maturer years as are the weaker thoughts, the cruder studies, the unformed judgment, the boyish revelries of his youth. The thoughts might be well in their way, the studies beneficial, the judgment generous and just, the revels harmless, but he has *outgrown them*—gone beyond them—left them far behind him; and he can no more return to them and find them sufficient for him than he can return to the *Gradus ad Parnassum* of his first school-days. So the wife, too, may be good in her way: he may strive to be faithful to her and to cleave to her as he has sworn to do; he may seek with all his might to come to her side, to bring back the old feeling, to join the broken chain, to find her all he needs and all he used to think her; he may strive with all his might to do this, but it is *Sisyphus-labour*; she does not satisfy his manhood, the scales have fallen from his eyes, he loves her no longer! It is not his fault; she belongs to the things of his youth that pleased a crude taste, an immature judgment; he sees her now *as she is*, and she is far below him, far behind him; if he progress he must go on alone, if he fall back to her level his mind deteriorates with every day that dawns! Would he bring to the Commons no arguments riper than the crude debates that were his glory at the Union; would he condemn himself in science never to discard the unsound theories that were the delight of his early speculations; would he deny himself the right to fling aside the moonshine philosophies, the cobweb metaphysics that he wove in his youth, and forbid himself title to advance beyond them? Surely not! Yet he would chain himself through his lifelong to a yoke-fellow as unfit and insufficient to his older years as ever the theories and thoughts of his youth can be; as fatal to his peace while he is bound to her, as they, could he be bound to them, would be fatal to the mind they dwarfed, to the brain they crammed into a prison-cell!

In youth Rosaline seems very fair,
None else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye.

A young man meets a young girl in society, or at the sea-side, or on the deck of a Rhine steamer; she has nice fresh colouring, bright blue

eyes, or black ones, as the case may be, very nice ankles, and a charming voice. She is a pretty girl to everybody; to him, thrown across her by chance, she is beautiful—divine! He thinks, over his pipe, that she is just his ideal of *Œnone*, or *Gretchen*, or airy fairy *Lilian*, if he be of a poetic turn, and rank with German idealism; or meditates that she's "a clipper of a girl, and, by Jupiter! what lovely scarlet lips, and what a pretty foot!" if of a material disposition. He falls in love with her, as the phrase goes; he flirts with her at water-parties, and pays her a few morning calls; he sees her trifling with a bit of fancy-work, and hears her pretty voice say a few things about the weather. A few *cœcillades*, a few waltzes, a few *têtes-à-têtes*; when looking at the rosebud lips he never criticises what they utter, and he proposes—he is accepted; they are both dreadfully in love, of course, and—marry. It is a pretty dream for a few months; an easy yoke, perhaps, for a few years; then gradually the illusions drop one by one, as the leaves drop from a shaken rose, loth, yet forced to fall. He finds her mind narrowed, bigoted, ill-stored, with no single thought in it akin to his own. What could he learn of it in those few morning calls, those few ball-room *têtes-à-têtes*, when the glamour was on him, and he would have cared nothing though she could not have spelled his name? Or—he finds her a bad temper (when does temper ever show in society, and how could he see her without society's controlling eye upon her?), snarling at her servants, her dogs, the soup, the east winds; meeting him with petulant acerbity, revenging on him her milliner's neglect, her maid's stupidity, her migraine, or her torn *Mechlin*. Or—he finds her a heartless coquette, cheapening his honour, holding his name as carelessly as a child holds a mirror, forgetting, like the child, that a breath on it is a stain; turning a deaf ear to his remonstrance; flinging at him, with a sneer, some died-out folly—"before *I* knew you, sir!"—that she has ferreted out; goading him to words that he knows, for his own dignity, were best unsaid, then turning to hysteria and se posent en martyre. Or—and this, I take it, is the worst case for both—the wife is a good wife, as many (ladies say most) wives are; he knows it, he feels it, he honours her for it, but—she is a bitter disappointment to him. He comes home worn-out with the day's labour, but successful from it; he sits down to a *tête-à-tête* dinner; he tells her of the hard-won election, the hot-worded debate in the House, the issue of a great law case that he has brought off victorious, of his conquest over death by the bedside of a sinking patient, of the compliment to his corps from the commander-in-chief, of the one thing that is the essence of his life and the end of his ambition; she listens with a vague, amiable, absent smile, but her heart is not with him, nor her ear. "Yes, dear—indeed—how very nice! But cook has ruined that splendid haunch. Do look! it is really burnt to a cinder!" She never gives him any more than that! She cannot help it; she is a good, patient, domestic, quiet woman, who would not do wrong for the world, but her sphere is the nursery, her thoughts centre on the misdemeanours of her household, her mission is emphatically to "suckle fools and chronicle small-beer." The perpetual drop, drop, of her small worries, her puerile pleasures, is like the ceaseless dropping of water on his brain; try how he might, he could never waken this woman's mind to one pulse in unison with his in the closest relationship of human life; she is less capable of

understanding him in his defeats, his victories, his struggles, than the senseless writing-paper, which, though it cannot respond to them, at least lets him score his thoughts on its blank pages, and will bear them unobliterated ! Yet this disunion in union is common enough in this world : when a man marries early it is too generally certain.

A man early married, moreover, is *prematurely aged*. While he is yet young his wife is old ; while he is in the fullest vigour of his manhood, she is grey, and faded, and ageing ; youth has long gone from her, while in him it is still fresh ; and while away from her he is young, by her side he feels old. Married—in youth he takes upon himself burdens that should never weigh save upon middle age ; in middle age he plays the part that should be reserved for age alone. I read the other day in an essay a remark of the writer's relative to the marriage of Milverton, in the last series of *Friends in Council*, with a girl of twenty-two, in which he said that he could well conceive what a delight it might be to a man at or past middle age, who had believed his youth lost for ever, to have it restored to him in a love which gives him the rich and subtle gladness that brings back the "greenness to the grass, and the glory to the flower." It is true ; and it is this later love which can satisfy him and not fade and disappoint him ; since it is in later years alone that his own character will have become no longer mutable, his own tastes have ripened, and his own judgment grown secure. Yet to the man who has married early this resurrection of his youth can never come, or, if it come, can only come in bitterness, like the bitterness of the prisoner who catches one glimpse of the fair laughing earth lying beyond in the sunlight, and knows that the bars of his cell are fixed, and that on his limbs are the weight of irons.

And, to take it in a more practical sense, scarcely the less inevitably from every point is "a young man married a man that's marred." If to men of fortune, like Sabretasche and De Vigne, with every opiate of pleasure and excitement to drown the gall and fret of uncongenial or unhappy union, early marriage blots and mars life as it does, how much more bitter still to those who are poor and struggling men, with the burden of work, hardly done and scantily paid, upon their shoulders, is its fatal error ! A young man starts in life with no capital, but a good education and a profession, that, like all professions, cannot be lucrative to him till time has mellowed his reputation, and experience made him, more or less, a name in it. It brings him quite enough for his *garçon* wants ; he lives comfortably enough in his chambers or his lodgings, with no weightier daily outlay than his Cavendish and his chop ; study comes easy to him, with a brain that has no care gnawing on it ; society is cheap, for his chums come contentedly for a pipe, and some punch, or some beer, and think none the worse of him because he does not give them turtle and Vin Mosseux. He can live for little if he like ; if he want change and travel, he can take his knapsack and a walking tour ; nobody is dependent on him ; if he be straitened by poverty, the strain is on him alone ; he is not tortured by the cry of those who look to him for daily bread, the world is before him, to choose at least where he will work in it ; in a word, he is free ! But, if he marries, his up-hill career is fettered by a clog that draws him backward every step he sets ; his profession is inadequate to meet the expenses that crowd in on him ; if he keep manfully and

honestly out of debt, economy and privation eat his very life away, as, say what romancists may, they ever must; if he live beyond his income, as too many professional men are almost driven to do in our day, there is a pressure on him like the weights they laid upon offenders in the old Newgate press-yards. He toils, he struggles, he works, as brain-workers must, feverishly and at express speed to keep in the van at all; he is old, while by right of years he should yet be young, in the constant harassing rack and strain to "keep up appearances," and *seem* well off while every shilling is of consequence; he writes for his bread with the bray of brawling children above his head; he goes to his office turning over and over in wretched arithmetic the sums he owes to the baker and the butcher; he smiles courteously upon his patients or his clients with the iron in his soul and county-court summonses hanging over his head. He goes back from his rounds or his office, or comes out of his study after a long day, jaded, fagged, worn out; comes, not to quiet, to peace, to solitude, with an Havannah and a book, to anything that would soothe the fagged nerves and ease the strain for an hour at least, but only for some miserable petty worry, some fresh small care; to hear his wife going into mortal agonies because her youngest son has the measles, or bear the leer of the servants when they say "the tax-gatherer's called again, and, please, must he go away?"

Corregio *literally* dying in the heat and burden of the day, of the weary weight, the torturing rack of home-cares, his family and his poverty dragging him downward and clogging his genius as the drenching rains upon its wings clog the flight of a bird, is but sample of the death-in-life, the age-in-youth, the self-begotten curse, the self-elected doom, that almost inevitably dog the steps of a man who has married early, be his station what it may, be his choice what it will.

This Spring of Love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which shows now all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away!

Such is love, rarely anything better, scarcely ever anything more durable. Such are all *early* loves, invariably, inevitably. God help, then, though we may count them by the myriad, those who in and for that one brief "April day," which, warm and shadowless at morning, sees the frost down long before night, pay rashly as Esau paid in the moment of eager delight, when no price was counted, and no value asked; pay, with headstrong thoughtlessness, in madman's haste, the one priceless birthright upon earth—Freedom!

"A young man married is a man that's marred!"

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

REVELATIONS OF THE GUILLOTINE.*

THE era of Louis XIV. and of Louis XV. was that of minorities; the system extended itself to the very foot of the social ladder, and to the royal minorities succeeded that of the royal executioners. Charles Sanson was dead, and his widow, the most remarkable woman of the family—Martha Dubut—obtained the father's appointment for his eldest son, Charles Jean Baptiste Sanson, at that time only seven years of age. Jean Baptiste, worthy son of an indomitable mother, took to his profession, when age had rendered him competent to its duties, as a matter of course. He was equally free from the feverish excitement of his grandfather and the gloomy melancholy of his father. So great was the influence of Martha Dubut, "the mother of the Gracchi of the scaffold," that she also obtained the appointment of provost of the king's hotel for her second son, Gabriel, but the execution of Damiens so sickened this youth with the duties that he at once gave up his charge.

Jean Baptiste, of a less sensitive nature, on the contrary, took a pride in his profession, and thoroughly identified himself with the sanguinary appanage, which he looked upon as hereditary. Unluckily, he was not of a literary turn—possibly the two avocations do not tally, for Henry Sanson manifestly had his business in horror—and he has left few notices of the terrible dramas in which he was engaged. The fact is, that these appear, from the brevity of such as do exist, to have made no deep impression upon his cynical disposition. Among the most remarkable were one Ruxton, broken on the wheel for having assassinated Andrieu, a barrister-at-law; and Montgeol, a civil engineer, who had murdered Lescombat, an architect, prompted thereunto by Marie Taperet, the wife of the latter. The indifference and egotism of this corrupt woman at his trial so irritated her quondam lover, that he was induced to tax her openly with having instigated him to commit the crime. Marie Taperet, young and beautiful, and whose coquetry equalled her viciousness, reckoned upon her charms and dress to fascinate the magistrates and win them over in her favour, but in this she was disappointed; she was condemned to be hung, and only obtained delay by declaring herself enceinte by the unfortunate man whom she had sent to the scaffold. Marie Taperet's history bears some resemblance to that of Madame Ticquet; like it, it has been made the groundwork of both novels and dramas, but it has no redeeming points like the ill-assorted marriage, and ardent and passionate, albeit criminal, love of Madame Ticquet. Among the other more or less

* *Mémoires des Sansons, etc. Tome Troisième. Paris: Dupray de la Mahérie.*

distinguished personages who fell into the hands of Jean Baptiste was a magistrate of the name of Dufrancey, who was nearly sacrificing the life of one Roy, a merchant, by false testimony. A slight incident at the trial betrayed the plot.

Roy, overwhelmed by the horrible charges brought against him by one of the witnesses, exclaimed :

“ Miserable man, what have I done to you that you should have me broken on the wheel? I do not know you, or have you ever seen me!”

“ How!” exclaimed the witness, “ broken on the wheel? I did not mean it to go as far as that.”

These words were a beam of light. A new turn was given to the examination, and the whole plot was discovered.

Jean Baptiste was struck down by palsy in January, 1754. We have seen how he attempted to re-vindicate his rights in the instance of Lally Tollendal; in fact, he may be almost said to have loved his profession. Another proof of this lies in the fact that out of ten children, he got all that were boys—seven in number—appointments as executioners at Reims, Orleans, Meaux, Etampes, Soissons, Montpellier, and elsewhere. When these members of a family of decapitators were assembled at the patriarchal board, the aged Martha Dubut at the head, her son paralysed and statue-like at the side, and the mother at the foot, they were designated as Monsieur de Reims, Monsieur de Soissons, &c.—a custom which is still upheld in the profession.

The eldest, Charles Henry Sanson, was by birthright Monsieur de Paris, and he was a handsome and even gentlemanly person. Being obliged by law to wear a green coat, he actually brought the colour into fashion, and he even attempted to raise the question, as a descendant of the De Longvals, if the office of executioner derogated from his rights of nobility! His handsome person and love of dress entailed many adventures, some of which, as his acquaintance with Jeanne Vaubernier, afterwards Countess of Barry, had no untoward results, which was not always the case with others. Being out hunting one day, a lady of title inquiring as to who he was, and receiving for answer that he was a “ parliamentary officer,” she invited him to her house. But discovering afterwards the real profession of our gay Lothario, she was so profoundly irritated that she commenced an action against him, insisting that he should ask pardon publicly with a rope round his neck, and further, that he should be obliged to wear a distinctive badge. Charles Henry defended himself so effectually, however (the very speeches made on both sides are placed on record in this strange history), that nothing came of this persecution of an indignant lady.

The acquaintanceship with Jeanne Vaubernier, afterwards Countess of Barry, is said to have originated in the attendance at the house of Jean Baptiste of the Abbé Gomart, chaplain to the condemned, and who may be supposed to have frequented the society of the Sansons from their duties bringing them so closely and so intimately together. The disputed paternity of Jeanne Vaubernier is attributed by the Sansons to a youthful error on the part of the abbé, who seems in other respects to have been a pious man, and an able and conscientious minister of religion. It was from hearing the worthy abbé talk of the beauty and the frailty of his niece, as he called her, and the latter of which, while he extolled the

charms of the girl, he never ceased to deplore at the table of the Sansons, that first induced the ardent young Charles Henry to seek her, with the view primarily, we are told, of bringing her back to a sense of rectitude. Whereupon Jeanne most justly retorted:

“*Quel nigaud que ce garçon là !*”

Henry Sanson passes lightly and delicately over these pages in the history of his grandfather, which others have availed themselves of to present in a very different light; the one party as a hideous and repulsive relationship with a common executioner, the other as a mysterious and fatal connexion replete with strange prophecies of the future. Read in any light, it remains not the less a strange incident that one of the favourites of this frail but beautiful and fascinating creature, should have been the very man who, in after years, was called upon to carry out the last penalty of the law—or rather of public reprobation—upon her own person.

Charles Henry Sanson became, indeed, in the words of his biographer, the minister of popular reprisals, the incarnation of the thoughts of Marat and Robespierre, and the liquidation of the revenge accumulated for ages against the abuses of the monarchy, and he seemed at that exceptional epoch to have become the alpha and omega of politics. It is, indeed, impossible to find in any other country, or under any other legislation of the past, a more perfect or a more exaggerated personification of the public executioner. Royalty, the “Gironde,” and the “Mountain,” each in its turn passed under his hands; each successive crisis ended at the same point—the scaffold; as if the fatal triangle of iron moved by his homicidal hands—an invention that seemed as if it had sprung forth from the necessities and inspiration of the time—was the only possible solution to all the various social and political questions that were discussed with so much violence in those days.

The latter portion of the reign of Louis XV. had been sparing in blood. The condemned were simply malefactors of the most common and vulgar class, such as always present themselves amidst a vast and more or less disorganised population. Henry Sanson remarks, however, upon more than one occasion, that it was strange to say the parliament, whom these miserable victims appealed to for mercy, that invariably aggravated their sentence of death into that of being broken upon the wheel. Happily, we have now come to the time when the last of such execrably barbarous scenes was attempted to be enacted, and that, too, at Versailles, the very seat and stronghold of royalty.

“Our modern laws,” writes Henry Sanson, “attaching more importance to human dignity, have abolished corporeal punishments. The pillory and the brand have disappeared one after the other; I have seen them both erased from my fatal duties. The act of mutilation that preceded the execution of parricides has fallen into disuse, as a refinement of cruelty unworthy of a civilised society. The cremation of bodies and the dispersion of their ashes to the winds, would only be looked upon in the present day as an odious phantasmagoria calculated to hurt public feeling and to degrade justice. The scaffold and the privation of life in the name of the law alone remain; and an internal voice proclaims to the old descendant of a long generation of executioners, that these last fétiches of barbarity will not fail to be carried away by the breath of

progress, and that legislation, refreshed at the eternal sources of religion, will at length recognise the inviolability of human life, the work of God, who alone has the right to destroy it."

The events of a period marked by an effusion of blood greater than is known to the annals of any other epoch, or any other race of people, were preceded by an incident of a more personal character, and which displays an amount of cynicism that is so peculiarly national, and was so characteristic of the times that it is impossible to pass it over in silence.

Desrues, a grocer's apprentice in Chartres, born in 1744, came to Paris to seek his fortune, like many others, and was received in the shop of the sister-in-law of his quondam master. A frail, impotent creature, of, according to Cailleau, even an indistinct sex, this otherwise repulsive youth managed by his assiduities, civilities, and assumed piety, so far to ingratiate himself in the favour of his mistress, as to be admitted in 1770—that is to say, at about twenty-six years of age—as a partner in the business. Two years after this he married Marie Nicolais, daughter of a sub-officer of artillery, whose mother had since united herself to a cobbler; Marie Nicolais was neither comely nor wealthy, nor even gifted with much intelligence, but she had an inheritance in prospective. This inheritance was a kind of feudal half-ruinous keep, with an estate attached, at Caudeville, near Auxerre, and at that time held by one Despleignes du Plessis. In default of direct issue, the lordship of Caudeville fell, one-third to the Nicolais family, another third to a Sieur Laurent, and the last third to a Marie Courtonne, a cousin-german. No sooner was Desrues wedded, than he set to work to appropriate to himself the lion's share of the property in perspective. As to the old cobbler and his wife, they were only too glad to get rid of a succession, the trouble of vindicating their right to which appeared to them an unending mystery. They sold their claim at once for 40*l.* down, and an annuity of 50*l.* Laurent was satisfied with the promise of the plate and furniture. Marie Courtonne alone held out, and would not come to terms. In the mean time, the misanthropic tenant of the ruinous castle was found one day dead in his arm-chair. He had been shot through the window with a fowling-piece loaded with small shot, but whether the crime had been committed by some discontented farmer, desperate poacher, or others anxious to inherit the estate, was never discovered. The murder had manifestly not been committed for purposes of robbery, as none was attempted, and more was never known.

The peculiar ambition of Desrues was, as with many others who have been ill-favoured by nature, not only to gain wealth, but also to stand high in the world, to move in good society, and be what is termed a person of distinction. In 1773 he sold his grocery, and removed to what his Parisian biographer calls "a vast apartment" in the Rue des Deux-Boules-Sainte-Opportune. His conversation turned incessantly upon his Château de Caudeville, and his forests, meadows, and ponds; and he called himself Desrues de Bury, and his wife De Nicolai, dropping the final "s." As no actual moneys had come in as yet from these territorial seignoralities, he had recourse to loans and to usury to keep up his establishment, and he would even borrow (always upon the faith of the said seignoralities) to lend—not always with the most successful results.

It was under these circumstances that an acquaintanceship with the procureur Joly brought Desrues into contact with a M. de Saint Faust de la Motte, who, with his wife, son, and daughter, inhabited the domain of Buisson-Souef, near Villeneuve le Roi, and who, being anxious to forward their son's prospects in life, were seeking a purchaser for their domain, in order that they might reside in Paris. Desrues at once presented himself as the purchaser of the estate; but as the epoch of this liquidation of the Caudeville succession was still in abeyance, he submitted terms—a small sum down, a larger sum on signing the contract, a third sum three months afterwards, and two other equal payments annually, making a total of one hundred and thirty thousand francs. Desrues had not, probably, one hundred and thirty pence at his banker's; but what did that matter to a man of his speculative genius. "Who obtains credit owes nothing," was his axiom, and he quietly awaited the chapter of events to extricate himself from difficulties as they arose. The property of Buisson-Souef was an inheritance of Madame de la Motte's, née Perier; and M. de la Motte, who was attached to the court, but in embarrassed circumstances, had condescended to wed a mere bourgeoisie for the sake of the succession. It was to Madame de la Motte, then, that the most assiduous approaches were made by Desrues and his wife, and they induced her to sign a contract privately, upon condition of her receiving a personal present of four thousand two hundred francs, as pin-money, and for which Desrues gave his acceptance at three months. The dates of payment were left in this contract to be filled up afterwards. The three months elapsed, and the first little bill fell due, and was dishonoured; but M. and Madame Desrues de Bury played their part so well, dwelt with so much emphasis upon the delays met with in arranging the liquidation of the Caudeville succession, exchanged visits at Buisson-Souef, and so fêted M. and Madame de la Motte in Paris in their turn, that they were completely thrown off their guard.

But this state of things could not go on for ever. Even the La Mottes became impatient, and in December, 1776, Madame la Motte was induced to accept an invitation to come and pass a few weeks at the residence of the Desrues de Bury, at that time in the Rue Beaubourg, in order that some final settlement might be arrived at. Desrues began by exciting distrust on the part of Madame de la Motte towards her quondam friend the procureur Joly, and he gradually obtained so much influence over her as to induce her to remove her son—at that time a youth of fifteen, at college—to a pensionnat of his own selection, in a street significantly designated as that of l'Homme Armé.

Matters went on thus till the 25th of January, 1777, upon which day Madame de la Motte was taken ill, with nausea, sickness, and severe pains in the head. The illness continued for some days, and Desrues persuaded her not to call in a medical man; as a grocer, he was, he said, an expert in drugs, and he undertook to cure, what he termed, an evanescent indisposition. Desrues accordingly manufactured the "tisanes," which he administered with his own hands, and on the 30th of January Madame de la Motte had a second crisis, more violent than the first. To the inquiries of her son and attendants, however, Desrues persevered in replying at the same time that she was getting better. The next day he managed dexterously to get everybody out of the house. The son he sent

off with an attendant into the country, and he told his wife to remain in town. Madame de la Motte intended, he said, to go to Versailles the next day for change of air, and she must be left quiet to gain strength for removal.

Having thus disembarrassed himself of importunate witnesses, he sent for a stout Auvergnat, whom he conducted into the kitchen, where he helped him to lift up and place a large heavy box on his shoulders. Not far from his own door he met Madame Desrues, and he asked her to go to a friend's house—a M. Monchy—and request permission to leave the box there till the next day. As they were returning, Madame Desrues inquired how Madame de la Motte was. "So well," replied the husband, jauntily, "that she went off to Versailles this very morning."

Desrues was on foot betimes the next morning. He directed his steps towards the more crowded and business quarter of the city, and only stopped at a house called the "Plat d'Etain," in front of which jangled an inscription, with a notice to the effect that there was a cellar there to let. Presenting himself to the mistress of the house, he said that his name was Du Coudray, that he lived in an hotel of the Rue Montmartre, and that he wished to rent the cellar in order to place there some Spanish wine, which he expected that very day, and for which he had no accommodation in his own house. Madame Masson, the landlady, could not, however, cede the cellar till the day following. On that day the assumed Du Coudray went to the Port Saint Nicolas, where he purchased a quarter of cider, and had it put into a cart. He then accompanied the driver to his friend's, M. Monchy, where he had the box brought down and placed in the cart with the barrel, and, thus loaded, he went on to the Plat d'Etain. Unfortunately, on entering the Rue de la Mortellerie, in which that house was situated, he met with a creditor, who, with the curiosity of a man who has been long deceived, persisted in watching whither his slippery customer was bound with his load of merchandise.

Arrived at the Plat d'Etain, Desrues du Coudray engaged an Auvergnat to assist in lowering the said merchandise into the cellar; the barrel was easily managed, but the box was found to be very heavy. The men were, however, so liberally paid that they contented themselves with merely observing the fact. When they were gone, Desrues shut himself up in the cellar with a bundle of straw, some deal boards, nails, hammer, and gimlet, all of which he had obtained in the neighbourhood, and he remained at work there for three hours.

The same evening young De la Motte called in the Rue Beaubourg to see his mother. He was much surprised when he learnt that, ill as she was, she had gone off to Versailles. Desrues persuaded him to stay, saying that if he did so, he would go with him next day to Versailles also. The ensuing morning, however, he pretended sudden and important business, and the departure was thus deferred under one pretext and another until the 10th of February. In the mean time, five days' detention in the house of the Rue Beaubourg had wrought a wondrous change in the young man's health. He had become pale, sickly, and was preyed upon by a low fever; he was, indeed, so weak as scarcely to be able to take even moderate exercise. Desrues comforted him and made his "tiscanes."

Arrived at Versailles, Desrues took a room in the Rue de l'Orangerie,

giving his name as Beaupré, and saying that he had come to place his nephew in the war-office, but that the latter had been taken ill on the road, and required some rest. He was, indeed, apprehensive of small-pox, but as he was a medical man, he would himself watch over his case until he was sufficiently recovered to be presented at the office. To the young man himself he apologised for his mother not seeing him; she was, he declared, so busily engaged in obtaining him a situation under government. The people of the house were much touched with the affection manifested by the pretended uncle for his nephew, and they proffered whatever assistance might be wanted to bring about the youth's convalescence. Great was their surprise, however, at being suddenly summoned up-stairs the very next day; the young man was in agony—moribund, in fact. The uncle, in despair, claimed the attendance of a priest, but before he could come, the young De la Motte was no more!

The day after this untoward event, Desrues made a declaration of the decease of Louis Antoine, son of Jacques Beaupré de Commercy, aged twenty-two; and the same day he attended his funeral, accompanied only by the host of the Rue de l'Orangerie. This accomplished, he made a bundle of the young man's effects, and excusing himself to his host upon the plea that he was anxious to break the sad intelligence to the parents of the youth, he hurried off to Paris, making his appearance in the Rue Beaubourg with the radiant countenance of a merchant who has just done a capital stroke of business.

The deposit in the cellar of the Plat d'Etain appears, however, to have given him some anxiety. He went thither the very next day. Madame Masson said all was right, but the porter of the house had remarked that whenever his dog passed the cellar door, he scratched and barked ferociously. Desrues du Coudray laughed at the statement, but was not really pleased with it. On quitting the house, he went to the Place de Grève, where he hired a workman to dig a hole in the cellar. When this man was conducted to the spot, there were three instead of two objects. There was a barrel, a box, and something else, carefully wrapped in straw, said to be Spanish wine, and which was to be buried, because Spanish wine improved rapidly in quality when under ground. The man set to work, and Desrues sat by, cheering him in his labour with jokes suited to his comprehension. When the hole was dug, he gave a hand in lowering the wine tenderly into its place; and when this was done, he assisted in covering it over, stamping down the ground with comical gestures. The reader will at once comprehend that it was upon the body of the unfortunate Madame de la Motte that this wretch was thus indulging his indecent buffoonery.

But Desrues was as yet only half way through his self-imposed and cynical task. He had still to obtain possession of the property. To bring this about, he began by asserting that Madame de la Motte had made the excuse of going to Versailles an occasion for running away with a lover, after he had deposited in her hands the purchase-moneys. He produced at the same time the contract, drawn up under the promise of a bribe, which he had never made good. This contract, however, was itself dependent upon a power of attorney given by M. de la Motte to his wife, and that power was in the hands of M. Joly. Desrues applied to the "procureur" for this document, but the latter, suspecting that all

was not right, refused to deliver it up, and asked where Madame de la Motte was. He also wrote at the same time to M. de la Motte, expressing his apprehensions of foul play. Desrues had not a moment to lose. He must find Madame de la Motte. So away he started for Lyons. This was on the 5th of March. He arrived there on the 7th. Those were not railway times. The next day a tall lady, elegantly dressed, but in mourning, and her face covered with a black veil, presented herself in the study of the notary Baron. She stated that she was Madame de la Motte, describing her place of residence, and she requested that an act should be drawn up in her name and signed by herself and the notary, requiring the procureur Joly to give up a certain power of attorney held by him to a certain M. Desrues de Bury. The notary apologised that he had not the honour of knowing Madame de la Motte, and that before he drew up such a deed she must return, accompanied by two persons domiciled in Lyons, who could be witnesses to her identity. Thus discomfited, the lady withdrew, but only to try another notary, M. Pourra. The gentleman being out for the moment, the lady was received by his wife, who examined the strange visitor with feminine curiosity, and was by no means satisfied with the result of her examination. M. Pourra, less cautious, however, than M. Baron, drew up the desired document.

It was at once sent off to Paris, where it fell into the hands of the head of the police, who had already ordered a domiciliary visit to be effected in the Rue Beaubourg. Hence, also, the moment that Desrues returned from Lyons he was arrested. This was on the 13th of March. His wife was committed to prison shortly afterwards. At the domiciliary visit, Madame de la Motte's watch was found, and the police no longer doubted but that they were upon the traces of a great crime. The facts of the case soon spread abroad, and became the talk of all Paris. The strange proceedings connected with the cellar at the Pot d'Etain oozed out, and information was given to the police. A search was made, and the body of Madame de la Motte was exhumed. Convinced of a first murder, the police made active researches at Versailles after a second, and despite the falsification of names and dates, a clue was soon obtained that led to the exhumation of the body of the unfortunate young De la Motte. Needless to say, that Desrues himself had personified Madame de la Motte at Lyons.

This wretched criminal was tried on the 28th of April, and sentenced on the 30th. On the 6th of May he underwent the preliminary question, and although so miserable a specimen of humanity, he withstood the torture with remarkable fortitude, persisting to the last in his innocence. When removed to the Place de Grève, and fixed to the cross of St. Andrew, he turned as yellow as an orange, yet his firmness did not forsake him. He looked round at the crowd, and nodded to several persons whom he recognised. When fastened to the wheel, he simply looked at the assistant who held the bar of iron, and said, "Act quickly." The assistant struck him on the arms, then on the legs, and then on the thighs; he shrieked loudly at each blow, but when he received the last on his chest, his eyes remained open, and he no longer moved. His body was afterwards burnt, and his ashes were thrown to the winds. Desrues perished as he had lived, a most detestable hypocrite to the last, endeavouring not only to lie to men, but to deceive God, to whom he

appealed in vain. The peculiar mental manifestations of the individual appear to have been immense confidence in himself, without the least control of moral or religious feeling, and a contempt for his fellow-creatures, sharpened by the fact of his being the despised of all.

The “*affaire du collier*,” as it is called—the story of the diamond necklace—in which poor Marie Antoinette was most innocently yet fatally involved, is told by Henry Sanson precisely in the sense now generally accepted even by such little scrupulous historical romancers as Alexandre Dumas. It was a vile plot of Madame de la Motte’s (not the victim of Desrues de Bury, but an illegitimate descendant of Henry II., by Nicole de Savigny, and so reduced in early youth as to have had once to beg her bread), abetted by the inordinate vanity and ambition of the Prince Cardinal of Rohan. This precious descendant of the ancient kings of France was a perfect feminine fury. Short in stature, she was well set, rather plump than thin, and of great vigour of body. Her features were good but irregular, and the expression when at rest pleasing, varied greatly when in action. She had beautiful hair, a good complexion, and small and neat hands and feet. When her sentence was read to her, she appeared maddened with rage, and bit her lips till the blood flowed from them. At last, she threw herself back with such force that had she not been luckily caught in the arms of an attendant, she must have seriously injured herself. She then rolled herself on the ground as if in frightful convulsions, howling all the time like a wild beast. It required five men to hold her to prevent her inflicting an injury upon herself.

After ten minutes spent in these fearful struggles, she was removed to the great court of the Palais de Justice, where a scaffold had been erected. It was at that time six o’clock in the morning, and there were few persons present; when she had been laid upon the platform the fustigation was proceeded with, and as long as it lasted her yells were furious and agonising. Her imprecations were especially addressed to Cardinal Rohan, whom she accused of her misfortune, and of whom she spoke in the most insulting terms. She was also heard to say, “It is my fault if I am subjected to this ignominious treatment; I had only to speak the word, and I should have been hung.”

She was scourged twelve times. When she was raised from the infliction of this degrading punishment, the tears started from her eyelids as if projected by some peculiar muscular contraction excited by her nervous condition, and instead of falling down her cheeks they actually darted forwards. Till that moment, and during all her agony, her sufferings had been unrelieved by tears.

Her dress had been torn and disordered in the prolonged struggle of the few previous moments, and Charles Henry Sanson took advantage of the circumstance, and of a kind of momentary stupor that had succeeded upon the fustigation, to stamp the hot iron of the brand upon one of her shoulders. This roused her again with a vengeance. She threw herself, with the cry of a hyæna, upon one of the assistants, and bit him till a piece of flesh remained in her teeth. So fierce were her struggles, and so exhaustive the opposition she presented, that the brand could never be effectually applied to the other shoulder.

The demands of justice being, however, satisfied, Madame de la Motte was transferred in a hackney-carriage to the Salpêtrière, but when she

was being removed she attempted to throw herself beneath the wheels, and even when in prison she tried to suffocate herself by forcing the sheets of her bed down her throat.

She only remained, however, ten months in confinement. It is supposed that M. de la Motte was enabled to bribe certain parties with the money obtained by the sale of the necklace, and with which he had started for London, leaving his wife to be publicly fustigated and branded for obtaining possession of the same, and for implicating an innocent queen in the swindling transaction. Certain it is that a soldier acting as sentinel below her window was induced to pass over to her a light-blue coat, with black waistcoat and trousers, round hat, cane, and gloves, so that she was enabled to issue forth from her prison in the complete disguise of a fashionable of the day. It is related that the Sister of Charity who facilitated her escape, said to her, as she went forth, "Adieu, madame; prenez garde de vous faire *remarquer*;" which may be understood either in the sense of take care you are not noticed, or take care you are not branded again. Madame de la Motte died in London on the 23rd of August, 1791, some say of a bilious fever, others, that she was killed by throwing herself out of her window in a fit of passion.

The last time that a criminal was sentenced to be broken on the wheel was at Versailles, in 1788. The final extinction of so barbarous a practice was a first good act of the then prevalent tendency to reforms, which, unfortunately, when allowed to run into revolutionary riot, accomplished, by means of an instrument not at that time perfected, more murders than have ever stained the soil of any other country. This was how it happened :

There was at Versailles a farrier, Mathurin Louschart by name, who carried on his business in the Rue de Montreuil, assisted by an only son. Master Mathurin, as he was called, was a fine man, of herculean strength, although long past his prime, and he was especially and deeply imbued with reverence for the existing order of things. Royalty, and all that appertained to it, was with him sacred; the more so as he was in reception of a handsome income as farrier to the court. He was also a member of a corporation, and upheld all the prejudices, antipathies, and hatreds of such old-established institutions. His son, on the contrary, a handsome young man, although obliged by an imperious father to follow a coarse but lucrative employment, had been educated at college, where he had become a convert to the new ideas of the day. Although, in reality, deeply attached, this unfortunate difference of opinion sowed the seeds of discord between father and son; and this difference appears to have been further increased by the machinations of a woman—Elizabeth Verdier—who, with her daughter Hélène, inhabited a portion of the house ever since the decease of Madame Louschart. Brought up with this young girl, Jean Louis Louschart had long been attached to her with an affection of no merely evanescent character. The mother, a vain, irritable, and ambitious woman, sought, it would appear, for a better settlement for her daughter, and fixed her hopes, with that view, upon the master of the establishment. It is hence probable that she also contributed in no small degree, having such objects in view, to foment, instead of allaying, the little social and political divergences of opinion that broke out between father and son.

Certain it is, that, notwithstanding every effort on the part of the youth to keep himself in the good graces of his obdurate parent, and to uphold his suit with the companion of his childhood, the pretty Hélène, at the same time, he was one day ignominiously expelled from his father's home—it is said for having incontinently broached some of his philosophical ideas concerning that political liberty and equality which has been so long the *ignis fatuus* of France. Jean Louis Louschart, rudely expelled from the parental roof, was received in the house of Lecointre, a linendraper, and who afterwards attained no small notoriety on the breaking out of the Revolution. As to Master Mathurin, no sooner was the son ejected than he publicly announced, to the astonishment of his friends and neighbours, who were well aware of the long-existing attachment of Jean Louis and Hélène Verdier, that he was going to marry the latter young person himself.

The feelings of the youth, under the circumstances, may be more readily imagined than described. Driven from the paternal roof, deprived of all prospects of inheriting from a parent reputed wealthy, severed even from the business, the reported marriage of his father to the object of his early and constant affections came as the culmination of his misfortunes. He sought, as a last resource, an interview with Madame Verdier; but that coarse woman soon let him know what her intentions were, nor would she allow an interview between the two young people to take place. That which would naturally be expected to occur under such circumstances took place, and the lovers, unable to meet legitimately, did so clandestinely; but it is said that so great was Jean Louis's respect for his father, that he actually urged the girl to resign herself to an evil which was as abhorrent to her as to himself.

It was with this view that he is said to have re-conducted her to the paternal home. Unfortunately, the old farrier and the petulant virago were there to receive them. A scene occurred, into the details of which it is unnecessary to enter here. The girl was smote down by her mother, notwithstanding the young man's loud protestations of her innocence, and the father, stimulated by the revengeful mother, lifted his great hammer against his son. The latter was obliged, in order to save his life, to disarm his parent; the old man fell in the struggle, while the son, making good his escape at the same moment by the door, cast the horrid weapon from him, behind. Master Mathurin happened to be raising his head at the moment, and he received the heavy mass of iron on his right brow, fell back again, and never spoke another word.

When Jean Louis was arrested the next morning, he was more surprised than any one else, for he had never dreamed of even hurting a hair of that parent, whom Madame Vernier was now prepared to swear she had seen him slay in cold blood. When he at length mastered the bearing of the fearful crime with which he stood accused, "Do people kill their father?" was his simple exclamation.

In presence of the evidence of Madame Verdier, that she had seen the son smite his father with her own eyes, no escape remained, however, for the youth. He was condemned on the 31st of July, 1788, to be publicly broken on the wheel, his body to be afterwards burnt, and his ashes cast to the winds.

Charles Henry Sanson was engaged to carry out these melancholy

behests of the law, and to transfer the necessary apparatus from Paris. He arrived there on the 2nd of August, and was surprised at finding the Place Saint Louis so encumbered with an excited populace, that it was with the greatest difficulty that his workmen could proceed with the erection of the scaffold. These demonstrations led to the further erection of a palisade round the scaffold, as also to the demand for a small force of soldiers to assist the gendarmerie in case of tumult or disorder the ensuing day—the one fixed for the execution. The latter was also fixed for an early hour—half-past four in the morning—in the hopes that all would be over before the mob would be abroad.

The authorities were, however, labouring under a misconception as to the true nature of the demonstration. It was perfectly organised, and the populace were determined that the last penalty of the law should not be carried out in the instance of a person whom they believed to be the victim of an unjust persecution. Even at that early hour it was with difficulty that the cart could be driven through the dense crowd that encumbered those streets, generally so silent and deserted. As to Jean Louis, he seemed insensible to the excitement which his presence created; he was almost solely absorbed in the exhortations of the chaplain who accompanied him, and it was only at the corner of the Rue Satory that a shriek from a female voice aroused him from the state of pious resignation in which he seemed plunged. Then, for the first time, he wept, and was heard to exclaim, "Adieu, Hélène, adieu!"

"C'est au revoir qu'il faut dire, Jean Louis!" exclaimed a colossal man, who, with a group of other stalwart workmen, had accompanied the fatal cart from the prison doors. And he added, "They do not break fellows like you on the wheel!"

The crowd applauded these observations with cheers, that were taken up and prolonged to the Place Saint Louis. And no sooner, indeed, had the procession arrived at the foot of the scaffold, than the mob began its work. In a moment the palisading flew to pieces, and a howling, furious, irresistible mass of human beings took possession of the scaffold. The bonds that bound down the condemned man were cut in twain, and he was hoisted upon the shoulders of workmen, to be paraded triumphantly through the streets. Jean Louis is said to have resisted these proceedings. He is described as wishing to die, because he had been unintentionally the cause of his father's death. No harm was done to "Charlot," as the people called the public executioner, but he was glad to make his escape the moment an opportunity presented itself. What the soldiery and the gendarmerie did, we are not told. No doubt they felt the utter inability of struggling against such multitudes, and took themselves off likewise. As to the scaffold, it was torn to pieces: the fire, which was to have judicially consumed the remains of Jean Louis, was lit up and fed with its fragments, among which was the wheel or cross of St. Andrew—committed to the flames for the first and last time. Men and women then joined hands, and danced and sang round the bonfire, rejoicing in their exploit. It was, says Henry Sanson, "the first popular festival of the Revolution." It is indeed a curious incident—one that we do not find recorded in the pages of Michelet, of Louis Blanc, or even of Ternaux: yet, although the reader will not readily admit the correctness of the view taken of Jean Louis's innocence or culpability, upon the mere

asseverations of the public executioner, still the latter and more public incidents that attended this last attempt to carry out a barbarous solemnity must be accepted as historical.

Previous to this incident of the abolition of the wheel, and the first breaking out of popular excesses, Charles Henry Sanson had taken to himself a wife, the daughter of a market-gardener residing at Montmartre (which was not at that time covered with whitewashed cottages with green shutters), and whose acquaintance he had made when out shooting. The lady was thirty-two years of age, six years the senior of Charles Henry, and admirably adapted by her mental qualifications to take the head of the establishment of the chief executioner, which was at that epoch one of some importance. The former head of the house, Martha Dubut, had been called to her last account some time previously; but Jean Baptiste, the paralytic executioner, having lost his wife, had returned upon the hands of the family. The hotel in the Faubourg Poissonnière had been sold, and the establishment had removed to the Rue du Château d'Eau, in a spacious house with court and garden.

Charles Henry Sanson was twice in the presence of the unfortunate monarch Louis XVI. before he met him for the last time on the scaffold. The first of these occasions was caused by his claiming certain arrears of pay which the embarrassment of the royal finances had prevented being liquidated. Nothing remarkable occurred at this first interview, save that the monarch shuddered at the sight of the "maître des hautes œuvres;" and Henry believes it was from a sad presentiment of evil, rather than from the horror inspired by the profession of the visitor. *Credat Judæus Apella!* Sanson, having explained to his majesty that he was in danger of arrest from not having wherewith to pay his creditors, the king, unable to liquidate the debt, ordered him a "sauf-conduit," which debarred his creditors from interfering with his person.

It was at the same epoch—that is to say, towards the end of 1789—that Doctor Guillotin, deputy for the third estate in Paris—"to his eternal honour," according to Henry Sanson—first brought his motion before the National Assembly for inflicting the punishment of death in a uniform manner, without distinction of classes, and by simple decapitation. The adoption of this motion, although favourably received by an assembly of "égalitaires," was postponed for two years, on account of the difficulty of arriving at a decision as to the means of decapitation. Two incidents occurred in this long interval that tended to confirm the revolutionary feeling of the day against the old and more barbarous methods of putting to death. One of these was the case of the two young brothers Agasse, of good family, who had been convicted of forgery, and condemned to death. Their father, eighty years of age, was president of the district of Saint Honoré. Charles Henry made his appearance upon this occasion with the national cockade in his hat. The young men were pitied, not only for their early fate and good connexions, but also because it was felt that the punishment was in excess of the crime. "If," exclaimed Prudhomme in his *Révolutions*, "such crimes are punished with death, what punishment remains for the assassin, the parricide, or the traitor to his country?" The designation of the last, as the culminating point of crime, manifested how the public mind already stood on the brink of that

precipice of mutual distrust which ultimately led to the destruction of victims and victimisers alike. Public feeling was also outraged at this execution, by the fact that the elder brother, on being led down the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, had the body of his brother swinging in the air right before him.

The second case was that of the Marquis of Favras, convicted with having conspired to procure the liberation of the royal family. Monsieur, the king's brother, was implicated in the transaction, but he cleared himself, not very chivalrously, and at the expense of M. de Favras, by publicly declaring at the Hôtel de Ville that he had nothing but financial, and never any personal, affairs with the zealous but unfortunate royalist. Henry Sanson remarks, ironically, that "Monsieur" was a good deal indebted for the applause which his public exculpation met with, to the fact that the people were not at that time accustomed to have princes of the blood pleading in their presence. "The step taken by Monsieur flattered those feelings of pride which the nation derived from the consciousness of its importance." Such a step was, for that very reason, excessively mischievous, as every new concession, at such a crisis, tended to augment the self-importance of the mob. It was no longer a question of legal proceedings—the head of M. de Favras was claimed by the populace. The judges had lately acquitted the farmer-general Augeard, accused with having supplied moneys with which to bribe the soldiery, as also the Baron de Besenval, colonel of the Swiss Guard, implicated in the affair of July at the Champ de Mars, and they no longer dared to refuse a victim to public clamour. M. de Favras was condemned to be hung. He was actually led forth from the court to the scaffold, and no one paid attention to the fearful precedent which was thus established. The truculent mob insisted, also, that he should be led to the scaffold with the rope round his neck.

"Allons, saute, marquis!" was the expression of their melancholy cynicism. M. de Favras perished like a gentleman—a victim to the unbridled and disloyal passions of the populace—with expressions neither of anger, impatience, nor contempt, at the manner in which he was treated, but with the firmness of an innocent man dying in a just cause, and resigned to the will of Heaven.

In the mean time Doctor Guillotin was making but little progress in his researches to discover the best means for decapitating his fellow-creatures. All that was presented by the past, as well as in the experience of other countries, was carefully consulted. Three German prints, by Pentz, Aldegredier, and Lucas of Cranach, as also an Italian print of 1555, due to Achille Bocchi, furnished models of machines to that effect, but which left much to desire. In the so-called Mannaia, by which the famous conspirator Giustiniani suffered at Genoa, the patient was placed on his knees, while his head was bent forwards on a block. Sanson insisted that the body should be horizontally placed, so as to be relieved of its own weight, and thus offer no resistance to the action of the knife. According to Henry Sanson, the real discoverer of the guillotine was one Schmidt, who used to play the piano at his grandfather's house, while the latter accompanied him on the violin. This German was an excellent mechanic, as well as a good musician, and Sanson having told him of the dilemma in which they were then placed, he at once sketched a machine,

which became afterwards the guillotine—a knife suspended between two grooved uprights, and a movable plank, to which the patient could be made fast and then tilted over, so that his neck should fall at the point where the knife, loosened by a mere bit of string, would come down and sever it in twain.

Doctor Guillotin communicated the discovery to the Assembly on the 31st of April, 1791, and Doctor Louis, the king's physician, was appointed to advise upon its adoption. The love of the monarch for mechanics, especially in the matter of locks and watches, is well known, and having expressed to his physician his wish to see the proposed mechanism, Sanson accompanied Doctor Guillotin to a conference held in the Tuileries, on the 2nd of March, 1792. They were received by Doctor Louis, and were in the act of examining the sketch, when a door opened behind the tapestry, and another person entered into the doctor's study:

Doctor Louis, till that time seated, rose up. The new comer cast a cold look at Dr. Guillotin, who bowed reverentially, and then addressing himself abruptly to Louis, he said:

"Well, doctor! what do you think of it?"

"It appears to me perfect," answered the doctor, "and fully justifies all that M. Guillotin has told me about it."

Saying this, he passed over the sketch to the person who had interrogated him. The latter examined it a few moments in silence, and then shook his head, as if in doubt.

"Is this knife, in the form of a crescent, what is wanted? Do you think that a knife so formed can adapt itself exactly to all necks? There are some that it would barely cut, and others that it would not even embrace."

Ever since this person had come in, Charles Henry Sanson had not lost a look nor a word. The sound of the voice satisfied him that he was not deceived in his first impression; it was the king who was once more before him—the king in a dark suit, without orders on his breast, and who, by the attitude which he had taken and imposed on those who must know him, showed that he wished this time to preserve a strict incognito.

Charles Henry Sanson was struck with the justice of his observation, and mechanically raising his eyes to the king's neck, which was but lightly covered with a thin lace kerchief, he remarked that the prince, vigorously constituted, had a muscular neck, the proportions of which far exceeded the dimensions of the crescent traced by Schmidt's pencil. He shuddered involuntarily, and, as he remained absorbed in thought, he heard the king's voice whispering to Doctor Louis, while his eyes were on him:

"Is that the *man*?"

The doctor nodded an affirmative.

"Ask him his opinion," added Louis XVI.

"You have heard monsieur's observation," said the king's physician.

"What do you think as to the proper shape of the knife?"

"*Monsieur* is perfectly in the right," my grandfather replied, dwelling with a marked emphasis upon the word, *Monsieur*; "the shape of the knife might entail difficulties."

The king smiled with an appearance of satisfaction; then, taking up

a pen from Doctor Louis's table, he corrected the design by substituting an oblique line for the crescent.

"But I may be deceived," he added; "and when experiments are made, both shapes must be tried."

The king then rose, and saluting the company with a wave of his hand, he withdrew.

The report was sent up to the Assembly by Doctor Louis five days after this conference—the 5th of March—and on the 20th the doctor was empowered to construct a machine. A carpenter, Guidon by name, undertook the task at an expense of 5500 francs, or about 230*l*. When it was completed, a first essay was made upon three bodies in the prison Bicêtre. The experiments took place in the court of the prison on the 17th of April, in the presence of Doctors Louis, Pinel, and Cabanis—all men of European reputation—the Sansons, and others. The prisoners also contemplated the strange scene from their windows. The first two attempts with the oblique edge succeeded perfectly; the third, with the concave edge, failed. The oblique knife gained the day.

Little more than a week had elapsed before Charles Henry also experimented successfully upon the living body, in the person of one Pelletier, condemned for highway robbery with violence. People at this time called the machine *Louison* and *Louissette*, after Doctor Louis; others called it *Guillotine*, after Doctor Guillotin. It ought to have been called after Schmidt, which would have involved the reputation of the numerous family of Smiths; but Henry Sanson says that the name that remained to it was best deserved, for it was due to the efforts of Doctor Guillotin that other cruel and barbarous methods of putting to death were superseded by a simple, quick, and effective mode of decapitation. Henry Sanson reserves to another chapter the consideration of the disputed question as to the amount of pain and consciousness involved in decapitation by the guillotine, and he promises us the results of his personal experiences upon this mysterious subject.

The hour was now approaching when the history of France, according to Henry Sanson, became that of the scaffold. Certain it is that all social, financial, and political difficulties met their solution beneath the triangular wedge. The executioner could exclaim that it was for him alone that a revolution had been effected, and Charles Henry emerged into "*le grand Sanson*!" A first change took place on the 19th of August, on the occasion of the execution of one Collot, condemned for forgery. On the fatal cart making its way to the Place de la Grève, the mob shouted out:

"*Au Carousel*!"

The equipage continuing its way, a man seized the horse by the bridle, and declared that it was the will of the "*commune*" that the guillotine, destined for the future to punish the valets and slaves of tyrants, should be raised in front of the palace of the last king. Charles Henry argued that he could not act against his orders, and, besides, that it was too late to remove the scaffold. He was only allowed to proceed as far as the Hôtel de Ville to receive new instructions. These were in favour of the will of the sovereign people. The scaffold had accordingly to be taken down and removed at once to the Carousel, accompanied by the mob that

had assisted in taking it to pieces singing patriotic songs. Arrived in front of the Tuileries, Charles Henry perceived that his assistants had fraternised so copiously on the way as to be no longer fit for duty, but the mob manifested as much good will in re-erecting the scaffold as it had shown in pulling it to pieces, and it was soon up again. But the operation had to be performed by the light of torches. Another difficulty presented itself; "le grand Sanson" was left, by the defalcation of his assistants, alone with his convict. Hence he again urged the postponement of the execution. A beardless young man, however, with a red cap on his head, came forward and proffered his assistance, with the usual excited expressions of patriotism, devotion, and hatred of the aristocracy, which had become the jargon of the day. Sanson accepted the youth's services, the more especially as the convict, whose hopes had been excited by the long delay, struggled vehemently against this irregular proceeding. The improvised executioner acted with energy, but his pallid countenance, bedewed with a cold perspiration, soon showed how much he was affected by the new duties he had imposed upon himself. Sanson was not the man to spare him. When at length the victim had been fastened to the plank and tumbled down to his proper position, he handed over the string to the youth, who let it slip with a nervous tremor. But the mob was not satisfied; it requested to be shown the head. Sanson told the young man he could not give a better proof of his vaunted patriotism than by holding it out. The youth rushed to the basket, took out the head by the hair, and advanced with it to the front of the platform, but at the very moment that he was lifting up the bloody trophy, he himself fell backwards. He had been struck down by apoplexy, and never moved again.

The Carousel remained for several months after this the scene of all public executions. Political victims had taken the place now of the convicts of yore. Suleau, a royalist journalist, was massacred in the Court des Feuillants, at the instigation of the sanguinary Amazon, Théroigne de Méricourt. Durosoy, another of the same stamp, fell beneath the knife of the guillotine, and was succeeded by a veteran royalist officer, D'Angremont, and he again by a venerable old man, Laporte, intendant of the civil list. One Julien having been condemned to the pillory, shouted thence, "Vive le Roi! Vive la Reine! Au Diable la Nation!" For this he was nigh being stoned to death, and then torn to pieces, and he was only saved to be executed the next day. The 3rd of September the guillotine had a holiday. It did not do its duty swiftly enough to satisfy the passions of the populace, and a crowd of cut-throats usurped its functions. Major Bachmann, of the Swiss Guard, was, however, spared from the massacre to perish by the guillotine. But for him it would have had two days' rest. Cazotte, the poet, who is said to have predicted the fate of the aristocracy of Paris, was the next victim. The number of executions underwent, indeed, no decrease up to the period of the king's death, but it never attained the proportions which it assumed a few months afterwards.

Girondists and Montagnards were now at open war. The triumph must inevitably lay with the party which was prepared to make the greatest concessions to popular clamour. The Convention itself was a phantom. The communes usurped all power. Yet, strange enough,

the state of anarchy and disorder was so general, that the communes themselves were at times nearly coming to hands. Charles Henry Sanson relates that he and his father had been compelled to take part in the meetings of their district, or "commune." They also formed part of a deputation sent on the 12th of August to the Hôtel de Ville to protest against the presence of a stranger at their deliberations. As this person was an agent of Robespierre's, the deputation was not merely snubbed, but actually threatened. Charles Henry describes his life as having been several times placed in imminent danger by the crowd of cut-throats who filled the courts of the Hôtel. It was, indeed, with the greatest trouble that the members of the deputation effected their escape, and when they described what had occurred to their own section, it rose to a man to exact revenge. Two thousand men with four guns were ready in two hours to march against the central commune, and war would have broken out, as in the middle ages, between two quarters of Paris, had it not been for the timely concessions and apologies made by Robespierre and Chaumette.

Such was the condition of Paris at the time when Louis XVI. was brought to the scaffold. It is impossible to picture to oneself a more frightful state of anarchy—every one distrustful of his neighbour—communes or districts in arms for the safety of their localities—all public authority and representation in abeyance, and the whole population controlled by the dread of a few unprincipled, audacious cut-throats who had obtained possession of the Hôtel de Ville, where they were protected by a body-guard of the lowest dregs of the population—criminals and assassins.

The oratorical struggles carried on between the Girondists and the Montagnards at the Convention, for and against the royal captive being placed upon his trial, may, in the face of such a state of things, be looked upon as so much eloquence cast to the winds, so much zeal spent in vain. The fate of the unfortunate monarch was decided upon the first day that the conspiracies and attempts made upon his own liberty and life were converted into so many crimes committed on his side. It was the 11th of December, 1792, that Louis Capet appeared before the Convention; sentence of death was passed on the 17th of January, 1793. His death-warrant was obtained by a majority of 70 out of 690 voters.

The last moments of the King of France have been depicted by many a picturesque pen, but it is impossible not to feel that the executioner was placed in a position to describe details with greater minuteness than probably any other person—in a certain sense more than even the chaplain himself—and that he must have observed many things that would have escaped the eyes of others.

The Sansons were in great force upon this great and solemn occasion. There was Charles Henry, the head of the family; Henry, the historian's father; besides Charlemagne Sanson and another brother, provincial executioners, who had volunteered their assistance. Henry's father had to attend in uniform as a member of one of the battalions supplied by each section on that eventful day, and we are assured that he was ready to have acted in favour of a rescue had the occasion presented itself. The other Sansons were armed to the teeth, and that under thick overcoats in which they were completely enveloped. They were also, we are

assured, prepared for a rescue, and to act in case of necessity with the liberators.

The subsequent details are given in the words of Charles Henry Sanson, the executioner, himself:

I left at eight o'clock this morning, after having embraced my poor wife and my son, whom I had no hopes of ever seeing again, and I stepped into a hackney-carriage with my two brothers, Charlemagne and Louis Martin. The crowd in the streets was so dense, that it was nine o'clock before we arrived at the Place de la Révolution. Gros and Barré, my assistants, had got the machine up, but I was so filled with the idea that it would not be wanted, that I scarcely looked at it. My brothers and myself were well armed; we had under our wrappers besides our swords, daggers, four pistols in our waistbands, powder-horns, and our pockets full of balls. We felt convinced that an attempt would be made to deliver the unfortunate prince, and that we could not be too well armed to second such an effort if made. (It is to be remarked here, that the Sansons had received intimations from many parties personally, as also by anonymous letters, some of which were accompanied by threats of violence in case of opposition, of intended attempts to save the life of the monarch.)

Arrived on the Place, I looked about for my son, and I saw him at some distance with his battalion. He looked at me expressively, and seemed to encourage me in the belief that I should not, upon this occasion, drink the cup to the dregs. I also lent an anxious ear to any noise that might forewarn me of one of those attempts at succour which had been announced to me the day before. I even rejoiced in the idea that, perchance, by that time the king had been torn from his escort, and was flying under the protection of devoted friends, unless the inconstant and mobile populace, whose sentiments are so easily changed, had taken him under their own all-powerful protection, and had converted the punishment that had been prepared for him into an ovation.

Whilst I was thus indulging in vain illusions, and giving myself up to dreamy fancies, I was aroused by a painful consciousness of the approach of the procession.

My eyes had turned once or twice anxiously in the direction of the Madeleine. Suddenly, I saw a body of cavalry come forward, with a carriage drawn by two horses, surrounded by a crowd of horsemen, and also escorted by cavalry. There was no doubt about the matter; it was the martyr who was thus being brought to the scaffold. My sight became confused, an involuntary shudder pervaded my whole frame; I looked at my son, and his face was lividly pale.

The carriage, in the mean time, had arrived. The king was seated in the back, having by his side a priest, his confessor; whilst on the front seat were two non-commissioned officers of gendarmerie. The door was opened; the gendarmes came down first, followed by the venerable priest, accoutred in the proscribed garments which I had not seen for a long time, and then the king, more dignified, more calm, and more majestic than I had seen him at Versailles or at the Tuileries.

On seeing him being led towards the steps, I cast a glance of despair around me; but I could see nothing but soldiers. The populace was

kept back in the rear of the armed force, and seemed as if struck with stupor, and all preserved a gloomy silence. The roll of the drums, which never ceased, would, besides, have drowned their cries for pity, should any such have emanated from them. Where are these liberators, so ostentatiously announced? Charlemagne and I were in a state of consternation; Martin, younger and more intrepid, advanced, and, taking off his hat in the most respectful manner, observed to the king that it would be necessary to remove his coat.

"It is useless," he replied; "they may finish with me as I am."

My brother persisted, and added, that it was indispensable that his hands should be tied. This last condition appeared to irritate him exceedingly, and he blushed up to his forehead.

"What!" he said, "would you dare to touch me? Here, here is my coat, but do not touch me!"

Saying this, he himself took off his coat. Charlemagne then went up to the assistance of Martin, but, not daring to address the illustrious victim in the language dictated by his heart in the presence of the ferocious hordes that surrounded the scaffold, he merely observed, but in a manner that let his secret tears be guessed:

"It is absolutely necessary. The execution is impossible without that."

Recalled, at the same time, to a sense of my duty, and unwilling that the whole responsibilities should fall upon my brothers, I turned to the chaplain's ear:

"Monsieur l'abbé," I said to him, "I pray of you to obtain the king's acquiescence. We shall gain time whilst his hands are being tied, and it is impossible that such a spectacle should not end by moving the feelings of the populace."

The abbé turned towards me with a melancholy look, in which surprise, incredulity, and resignation were at once depicted, and then, addressing himself to the king:

"Sire," he said, "resign yourself to this last sacrifice, by which you will still more closely resemble the God who is about to reward you."

The king then at once consented to hold out his arms at the same time that his confessor held up the image of Christ to his lips. Two assistants bound together the hands that had held a sceptre. It seemed to me that this must be the signal for the reaction, which could not fail to declare itself in favour of this touching victim; but nothing of the kind—nothing but the infernal roll of the drums.

The king, supported by the worthy priest, ascended the steps of the scaffold slowly and with majesty.

"Are not the drums going to cease?" he inquired of Charlemagne.

The latter made a sign to the effect that he had nothing to do with the matter.

Arrived upon the platform, he advanced towards the side where the crowd seemed to be densest, and, with a motion of his head, he gave an imperative signal to the drummers, who for a moment suspended their beating by an involuntary impulse.

"Frenchmen," he then said, in a loud voice, "you see your king ready to die for you. May my blood cement your happiness. I die innocent of all that I have been accused of."

He was about to continue, but Santerre, who was at the head of his staff, made a sign to the drummers, who immediately began their roll, and allowed nothing further to be heard.

Another moment, and the king was made fast to the fatal plank, and at the very instant that the knife was gliding down upon his head, he may have heard the grave voice of the pious ecclesiastic who had accompanied him on the scaffold pronouncing these words :

“Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!”

Thus ended the life of this unfortunate prince, whom a thousand men of resolution might have saved at this last moment, when, even among the soldiery, his presence had aroused feelings of real compassion; and I could not understand, after the notices I received the previous day, how he came to be so cruelly abandoned. The least signal would have sufficed to have brought about a diversion in his favour; for if, when my assistant, Gros, exhibited that august head to the mob, a few convicts gave vent to shouts of triumph, the majority turned away with deep horror and painful shudderings.

Such is the narrative given by Charles Henry Sanson, and it is to be observed that it is not indited to suit the tone of feeling of the present day, but was written the day after the execution. Nay, he had the courage to write in nearly the same sense to the *Thermomètre du Jour* at the very epoch in question. Henry Sanson, the historian of the family, complains that M. de Lamartine should in his “History of the Girondins” have represented the Sansons as “tutoying,” or speaking rudely to the monarch at the foot of the scaffold, and as lifting up their hands, and being ready to have recourse to violence towards the martyr king. Not only, according to Charles Henry’s account, were the feelings of every member of the family deeply interested in the fate of the revered and unfortunate monarch, but they were armed to the teeth to assist his escape, if the attempt had been made. If the testimony of at least a latent loyalty remains then in favour even of the very men who had to carry out the outrageous behests of the mob, what must it have been with mere lookers-on at so sad a spectacle, but who from the utter distrust pervading all classes of society, brought about by a reign of terror, dared not even breathe their pity or aspirations of succour to one another? Thus it was that Louis XVI. fell in the midst of a prostrate people, who left him at the mercy of a small knot of cut-throats and assassins.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE TWENTY-SECOND.

I.

A PEACEFUL HOUR IN THE PORCH OF ASHLYDYAT.

IN the old porch at Ashlydyat of which you have heard so much, sat Thomas Godolphin. An invalid chair had been placed there, and he lay back on its pillows in the afternoon sun of the late autumn. A warm, sunny autumn, had it been; a real "Eté de St. Martin." He was feeling wondrously well; almost, but for his ever-present feeling of weakness, quite well. His fatigue of the previous day—that of Cecil's wedding—had left no permanent effects upon him, and had he not known thoroughly his own hopeless state, he might have fancied this afternoon that he was about to get well all one way.

Not in his looks. Pale, wan, ghastly were they; the shadow of the grim, implacable visitor that was so soon to come was already on them: but the face in its calm stillness told of ineffable peace: the brunt of the storm had passed.

The white walls of Lady Godolphin's Folly glittered brightly in the distance; the dark-blue sky was seen through the branches of the trees, growing bare and more bare against the coming winter; the warm rays of the sun fell on Thomas Godolphin. In his hand he held a book from which others than Thomas Godolphin have derived courage and consolation—"God is love." He was reading at that moment of the great love of God towards those who strive, as he had done, to live for Him; he looked up, repeating the sentence: "He loves them in death and will love them through the never-ending ages of the world to come." Just then his eyes fell on the figure of Margery, who was advancing towards Ashlydyat. Thomas closed his book, and held out his hand.

"My mistress told me you'd have said Good-by to me yesterday, Mr. Thomas, and it was just my ill luck to be out. I'd gone to take the child's shoes to be mended—she wears 'em out fast, she does. But you are not going to leave us yet, sir?"

"I know not how soon it may be, Margery: very long it cannot be. Sit down."

She stood yet, however, looking at him, disregarding the bench to which he had pointed; stood with a saddened expression and compressed lips. Margery's was an experienced eye, and it may be that she saw the shadow which had taken up its abode in his face.

"You be going to see my old master and mistress, sir," she burst forth, dashing some rebellious moisture from her eyes. "Mr. Thomas, do you recollect it?—my poor mistress sat here in this porch the very day she died."

"I remember it well, Margery. I am dying quietly, thank God, as my mother died."

"And what a blessing it is when folks can die quietly, with their conscience and all about 'em at peace!" ejaculated Margery. "I wonder how Mr. George 'ud have took it, if *he*'d been called instead o' you, sir?"

There was considerable acrimony, not to say sarcasm in the remark; perhaps not altogether suitable to the scene and interview. Good Thomas Godolphin would not see it or appear to have noticed it. He took Margery's hands in his.

"I never thought once that I should die leaving you in debt, Margery," he said, his earnest tone bearing its own emotion. "It was always my intention to bequeath you an annuity that would have kept you from want in your old age. But it has been decreed otherwise; and it is of no use to speak of what might have been. Miss Janet will refund to you by degrees what you have lost in the bank; and so long as you live you will be welcome to a home with her. She has not much, but——"

"Now never fash yourself about me, Mr. Thomas," interrupted Margery. "I shall do well, I dare say: I'm young enough yet for work, I hope; I shan't starve. Ah, this world's nothing but a peck o' troubles," she added, with a loud sigh. "You'll find that, sir, when you've left it: and it's a happy thing for them as can learn as much afore they go."

"The troubles have nearly passed, for me," he said, a smile illuminating his wan and wasted features.

"It's to be hoped they have, sir. But you were always one to think and care for others: and it is by such that troubles stand the longest and are felt the deepest. If one didn't learn with one's mother's milk, as it were, that all God does is for the best, one might be tempted to wonder why He lets 'em come to such as you. This world has had its share of sorrow for you, Mr. Thomas."

"I am on the threshold of a better, Margery," was his quiet answer: "one where sorrow cannot enter."

Margery sat for some little time on the bench, talking to him. They had gone back in thought to old times, to the illness and death of Mrs. Godolphin, to the long-gone scenes of the past, whether of pleasure or of pain: a past which for us all seems to bear a charm when recalled to the memory, which it had never borne when present. At length Margery rose to depart, declining the invitation to enter the house or to see the ladies, and Thomas said to her his last farewell.

"My late missis, I remember, looked once or twice during her illness as grey as he do," she cogitated with herself as she went along. "But it strikes me that with him it's death. I've a great mind to ask old Snow what he thinks. If it is so, Mr. George ought to be telegraphed for: they *be* brothers, after all."

Margery made her way direct to the house of Mr. Snow. Mr. Snow was absent, but Mr. Snow's boy was keeping the surgery, and by way of doing it agreeably, was standing on his head on the counter.

"Now then!" cried Margery, in her sharpest accent, "is that how you attend to the place in your master's absence? Where is he?"

The boy had scuttered to his feet on the floor, very much relieved when he saw the intruder was only Margery. "He's caught up into the moon," cried he, impudently.

"I'll catch you, if you don't behave yourself," rebuked Margery. "You tell me where your master is."

"If he ain't there he's elsewhere," retorted the bold boy. "This here surgery haven't seen the colour of his skin since morning."

Giving the boy a smart box on the ear to remind him of her visit, Margery went out again. About half way home she encountered Mr. Snow. He was coming along on the run, and would have passed Margery, but she arrested him.

"There's no bumbailie after you, is there?" cried she, in her free manners. "Can't you stop a minute, sir?"

"I've been a few miles up the line and have got back late; the train was twenty minutes behind its time. What is it, Margery woman?"

"Well, I want to know your opinion of Mr. Godolphin, sir. I have just been up to see him, and I don't like his look."

"Does he look worse than usual?"

"If I am not mistaken he looks as he have never looked yet; as folks can look but once in their lives—and that's right afore death," returned Margery. "When shall you see him, sir?"

"This evening if I possibly can. Not that anything can be done for him: as we all know too well."

"I'd like to ask you another question, sir, now we are by ourselves," resumed Margery, laying hold of his coat-tails lest he should evade her. "What's your true opinion of my mistress?"

"I don't know; I haven't got one," replied Mr. Snow, too impulsively for anything but truth. "Sometimes I think she'll get over this weakness and do well; at others I am tempted to think—something else. Take as much care as you can of her?"

He shook his coat free and started off, running as before. Margery continued her way, which led her past the turning to the railway station. She cast an eye on the passengers coming from the train—who had not joined in the speed adopted by Mr. Snow—and in the last of them saw her master, Mr. George Godolphin.

Margery halted and rubbed her eyes, and almost wondered whether it was a vision. Her mind had been buried in the question, should she, or should she not, telegraph for him; and there he was, before her view. Gay, handsome George! with his ever-distinguished entourage (I don't know a better word in English); his bearing, his attire, his person so essentially the gentleman; his pleasant face and his winning smile.

That smile was directed to Margery as he came up. He bore in his hand a small basket of wicker-work, its projecting top covered with delicate tissue paper. But for the bent of Margery's thoughts at the time, she would not have been particularly surprised at the sight of him, for Mr. George's visits to Prior's Ash were generally impromptu ones, paid without warning. She met him rather eagerly: speaking the impulse that had been in her mind—to send a message for him, on account of the state of his brother.

"Is he worse?" asked George, eagerly.

"If ever I saw death writ in a face, it's writ in his, sir," returned Margery.

George hesitated a moment. "I think I will go up to Ashlydyat without loss of time then," he said, turning back. But he stopped to give the basket into Margery's hands.

"It is for your mistress, Margery. How is she?"

"She's nothing to boast of," replied Margery, in a tone and with a stress that might have awakened George's suspicions, had any fears with reference to his wife's state yet penetrated his mind. But they had not. "I wish I could see her get a little bit o' life into her, and then the health might be the next thing to come," concluded Margery.

"Tell her I shall soon be home." And George Godolphin proceeded to Ashlydyat.

It may be that he had not the faculty of distinguishing the different indications that a countenance gives forth, or it may be that to find his brother sitting in the porch disarmed his doubts, but certainly George saw no cause to endorse the fears expressed by Margery. She had entered into no details, and George had pictured in his own mind Thomas as in bed. To see him therefore sitting out of doors, quietly reading, certainly lulled all George's present fears.

Not but that the ravages in the worn form, the grey look in the pale face, struck him as it was lifted to his; struck him almost with awe. For a few minutes their hands were locked together in silence. Generous Thomas Godolphin! never since the proceedings had terminated, the daily details were over, had he breathed a word of the bankruptcy and its unhappiness to George.

"George, I am glad to see you. I have been wishing for you all day. I think you must have been sent on purpose."

"Margery sent me. I met her as I was coming from the train."

It was not to Margery that Thomas Godolphin had alluded—but he let it pass. "Sent on purpose," he repeated, aloud. "George, I think the end is very near."

"But you are surely better?" returned George, speaking in his impulse. "Unless you were better would you be sitting here?"

"Do you remember, George, my mother sat here in the afternoon of the day she died? A feeling came over me to-day that I should enjoy a breath of the open air, but it was not until after they had brought my chair out and I was installed in it that I thought of my mother. It struck me as being a curious coincidence; almost an omen. Margery recollected the circumstance, and spoke of it."

The words imparted a strange sensation to George, a shivering dread. "Are you in much pain, Thomas?" he asked.

"Not much; a little, at times; but the great agony that used to come upon me has quite passed. As it did with my mother, you know."

Could George Godolphin help the feeling of bitter contrition that came over him? He had been less than man, lower than human, had he helped it. Perhaps the full self-reproach of his conduct never came home to him as it came now. With all his faults, his lightness, he loved his brother: and it seemed that it was he—he—who had

made the face wan, the hair grey, who had broken the already sufficiently stricken heart, and had sent him to his grave before his time.

"It is my fault," he spoke in his emotion. "But for me, Thomas, you might have been with us, at any rate another year or two. The trouble has told upon you."

"Yes, it has told upon me," Thomas quietly answered. There was nothing else that he could answer.

"Don't think of it, Thomas," was the imploring prayer. "It cannot be helped now."

"No, it cannot be helped," Thomas rejoined. But he did not add that, even now, it was disturbing his death-bed. "George," he said, taking his brother's hands, "but that it seems so great an improbability, I would ask you to repay to our poor neighbours and friends what they have lost, should it ever be in your power. Who knows but you may be rich some time? You are young and capable, and the world is before you. If so, think of them: it is my last request to you."

"It would be my own wish to do it," gravely answered George. "But do not think of it, Thomas; do not let it trouble you."

"It does not trouble me much now. The thought of the wrong inflicted on them is ever present to me, but I am content to leave that, and all else, in the care of the all-potent, ever-merciful God. He can recompense better than I could, even had I my energies and life left to me."

There was a pause. George loosed his brother's hands and took the seat on the bench, where Margery had sat; the very seat where he had once sat with his two sticks, in his weakness, years before, when the stranger, Mr. Appleby, came up and inquired for Mr. Verrall. Why or wherefore it should have come, George could not tell, but that day flashed over his memory now. Oh, the bitter remembrance! He had been a lightsome man then, without care, free from that depressing incubus that must, or that ought to, weigh down the soul—cruel wrong inflicted on his fellow-toilers in the great journey of life. And now? He had brought the evil of poverty upon himself; the taint of disgrace upon his name; he had driven his sisters from their home; had sent that fair and proud inheritance of the Godolphins, Ashlydyat, into the barter market; and had hastened the passage of his brother to the grave. Ay! dash your bright hair from your brow as you will, George Godolphin!—pass your cambric handkerchief over your heated face!—you cannot dash away the remembrance. You have done all this, and the consciousness is very present to you now.

Thomas Godolphin interrupted his reflections, bending towards George his wasted features. "George, what are your prospects?"

"I have tried to get into something or other in London, but my trying has been useless. All the places that are worth having are so snapped up. I have been offered something in Calcutta, and I think I shall accept it. If I find that Maria has no objection to go out, I shall: I came down to-day to talk it over with her."

"Is it through Lord Averil?"

"Yes. He wrote to me yesterday morning before he went to

church with Cecil. I got the letter by the evening mail, and came off this morning."

"And what is the appointment? Is it in the civil service?"

"Nothing so grand—in sound, at any rate. It's only mercantile. The situation is at an indigo merchant's, or planter's; I am not sure which. But it's a good appointment; one that a gentleman may accept; and the pay is liberal. Lord Averil urges it upon me—these merchants, they are brothers, are friends of his. If I decline it, he will try for a civil appointment for me, but to obtain one might take a considerable time: and there might be other difficulties."

"Yes," said Thomas, shortly. "By what little I can judge, this appears to me to be eligible, just what will suit you."

"I think so. If I accept it, I shall have to start with the new year. I saw the agents of this house in town this morning, and they tell me it is quite a first class appointment for a mercantile one. I hope Maria will not dislike to go."

They sat there conversing until the sun had set. George pointed out to his brother's notice that the air was getting cold, but Thomas only smiled in answer: it was not the night air, hot or cold, that could any longer affect Thomas Godolphin. But he said that he might as well go in, and took George's arm to help his feeble steps.

"Is no one at home?" inquired George, finding the usual sitting-room empty.

"They are at Lady Godolphin's," replied Thomas, alluding to his sisters. "Bessy goes there for good next week, and certain arrangements have to be made, so they walked over this afternoon just before you came up."

George sat down. The finding his sisters absent was a relief: since the unhappy explosion, George had always felt as a guilty schoolboy in the presence of Janet. He remained a short while, and then rose to depart. "I'll come up and see you in the morning, Thomas."

Was there any prevision of what the night would bring forth on the mind of Thomas Godolphin? It might be. He entwined in his the hands held out to him.

"God bless you, George! God bless you, and keep you always!" And a lump, not at all familiar to George Godolphin's throat, rose in it as he went out from the presence of his brother.

II.

FOR THE LAST TIME; VERY FAINT.

It was one of those charmingly clear nights that bring a sensation of pleasure to the senses. Daylight could not be said to have quite faded, but the moon was up, its rays shining brighter and brighter with every departing moment of day. As George passed Lady Godolphin's Folly, Janet was coming from it.

He could not avoid her. I don't say he wished to do it, but he could not if he had wished it. They stood talking together for some time; on Thomas's state; on this Calcutta prospect of George's, for Janet had heard something of it from Lord Averil, and she questioned him

closely ; on other subjects. It was growing quite night when Janet made a movement homewards, and George could do no less than attend her.

"I thought Bessy was with you," he remarked, as they walked along.

"She is remaining an hour or two longer with Lady Godolphin ; but it was time I came home to Thomas. When do you say you must sail, George ?"

"The beginning of the year. My salary will commence with the first of January, and I ought to be off that day. I don't know whether that will give Maria sufficient time for preparation."

"Sufficient time !" repeated Miss Godolphin. "Will she be wanting to take out a ship's cargo ? I should think she might be ready in a tithe of it. Shall you take the child ?"

"Oh yes," he hastily answered ; "I could not go without the child. And I am sure Maria would not consent to be separated from her. I hope Maria will not object to going on her own score."

"Nonsense !" returned Janet. "She will have the sense to see that it is a remarkable piece of good fortune, far better than you had any right to expect. Let me recommend you to put by half the salary, George. It is a very handsome one, and you may do it if you will. Take a lesson from the past."

"Yes," replied George, with a twitch of conscience. "I wonder if the climate will try Maria ?"

"I judge that the change will be good for her in all ways," said Janet, emphatically. "Depend upon it she will only be too thankful to turn her back on Prior's Ash. She'll not get strong as long as she stops in it, or so long as your prospects are uncertain, doing nothing as you are now. I can't make out, for my part, how you live."

"You might easily guess that I have been helped a little, Janet."

"By one that I would not be helped by if I were starving," severely rejoined Janet. "You allude, I presume, to Mr. Verrall ?"

George did allude to Mr. Verrall ; but he avoided a direct answer. "All that I borrow I shall return," he said, "as soon as it is in my power to do so. It is not much : and it is given and received as a loan only. What do you think of Thomas ?" he asked, willing to change the subject.

"I think——" Janet stopped. Her voice died away into an awe-struck whisper, and finally ceased. They had taken the path home round by the ash-trees. The Dark Plain lay stretched before them, clear and shadowy (but that must seem a contradiction) in the moonlight. In the brightest night the gorse-bushes, with their shade, gave the place a shadowy weird-like appearance, but never had the moonlight on the plain been clearer, whiter, brighter than it was now. And the Shadow ?

The ominous Shadow of Ashlydyat lay there : the Shadow which had clung to the fortunes of the Godolphins, as tradition said, in past ages ; which had certainly followed the present race. But the dark blackness that had characterised it was unobservable now : the Shadow was undoubtedly there, but had eyes been looking on it, less accustomed to its form than were Miss Godolphin's, they might have failed

to make out distinctly its outlines. It was of a light, faint hue; more as the shadow of the Shadow, if I may so express it.

"George! do you notice?" she breathed.

"I see it," he answered.

"But do you notice its peculiarity—its faint appearance? I should say—I should say that it is indeed going from us; that it must be about the last time it will follow the Godolphins. With the wresting from them of Ashlydyat the curse was to spend itself."

She had sat down on the bench underneath the ash-trees, and was speaking in a low, dreamy tone: but George heard every word, and the topic was not particularly palatable to him. He could not but remember that it was he and no other who had been the cause of the wresting from them of Ashlydyat.

"Your brother will not be here long," murmured Janet. "That's the warning for the last chief of the Godolphins."

"Oh, Janet! I wish you were not so superstitious! Of course we know—it is patent to us all—that Thomas cannot last long: a few days, a few hours even, may close his life. Why should you connect with him that wretched Shadow?"

"I know what I know, and I have seen what I have seen," was the reply of Janet, spoken slowly; nay, solemnly. "It is no wonder that *you* wish to ignore it, to affect to disbelieve in it: but you can do neither the one nor the other, George Godolphin."

George gave no answering argument. It may be that he felt he had forfeited the right to argue with Janet. She again broke the silence.

"I have watched and watched; but never once, since the day that those horrible misfortunes fell, has that Shadow appeared. I thought it had gone for good; I thought that our ruin, that the passing of Ashlydyat into the possession of strangers, was the working out of the curse. But it seems it has come again; for the last, final time, as I believe. And it is but in accordance with the past, that the type of the curse should come to shadow forth the death of the last Godolphin."

"You are complimentary to me, Janet," cried George, good humouredly. "When poor Thomas shall have gone, I shall be here still, the last of the Godolphins."

"*You!*" returned Janet, and her tone of scornful contempt, unconscious as she might herself be of it, brought a sting to George's mind, a flush to his brow. "You might be worthy of the name of Godolphin once, laddie, but that's over. The last true Godolphin dies out with Thomas."

"How long are you going to sit here?" asked George, after a time, as she gave no signs of moving.

"You need not wait," returned Janet. "I am at home now, as may be said. Don't stay, George: I would rather you did not: your wife must be expecting you."

Glad enough to be released, George went on his way, and Janet sat on, alone. With that Shadow before her—though no longer a dark one—it was impossible but that her reflections should be turned back on the unhappy past. She lost herself in a maze of perplexity—as all must do, whose thoughts roam to things "beyond their ken." Why

should this fate have overtaken the Godolphin family—the precise fate predicted for it ages ago? Why should that strange and never-to-be-accounted-for Shadow appear on the eve of evil? *Could they not have gone from their fate?*—not have escaped it by any means? It seemed but a trifling thing to do for George Godolphin, to keep in the right path, instead of lapsing to the wrong one: it seemed a more trifling thing still for Sir George Godolphin to do—to quit his inheritance, Ashlydyat, for the Folly, yet upon that pivot events seemed to have turned. As it had been foretold (so ran the prediction) ages before: When the chief of Ashlydyat should quit Ashlydyat, the ruin of the Godolphins would be near. And it had proved so. “Eh me!” wailed out Janet, in her sore anguish, “we are blaming George for it all, but perhaps the lad could not go against the fate. Who knows?”

Who knew, indeed! Let us look back to some of the ruin we have witnessed; and marvel, as Janet Godolphin did, whether those whom we blame as its cause, *could* have “gone against their fate.” There are mysteries in this world which we cannot solve: we may lose ourselves as we will in their depths—we may cast ridicule to them, or pass them over with a light laugh of irony—we may talk, in our poor inflated wisdom, of their being amenable to common laws, to be accounted for by ordinary rules of science,—but we can never solve them; never fathom them, until Time shall be no more.

A great deal of this story, *The Shadow of Ashlydyat*, is a perfectly true one; it is but the recital of a drama of real life. And the superstition that encompasses it? ten thousand inquisitive tongues will ask. Yes, and the superstition. There are things, as I have just said, which can neither be explained nor accounted for: they are marvels, mysteries, and so they must remain. Many a family has its supernatural skeleton, religiously believed in; many a house has its one dread corner which has never been fully unclosed to the bright light of day. Say what men will to the contrary, there is a tendency in the human mind to allow the in-creeping of superstition. We cannot shut our eyes to things that occur within their view, although we may be, and always shall be, utterly unable to explain them; what they are, where they spring from, why they come. If I were to tell you that I believe there are such things as omens, warnings, which come to us—though seldom are they sufficiently marked at the time to be attended to—I should be set down as a visionary day-dreamer. I am nothing of the sort: I have my share of plain common sense, I pass my time in working, not in dreaming: I never had the gratification of seeing a ghost yet, and I wish I was as sure of a thousand pounds *cadeau* coming to me this moment, as I am that I never shall see one; I have not been taken into favour by the spirits, have never been promoted to so much as half a message from them—and never expect to be. But some curious incidents have forced themselves on my life’s experience, causing me to echo as a question the assertion of the Prince of Denmark.—Are there more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy?

Janet Godolphin rose with a deep sigh and her weight of care. She kept her head turned to the Shadow until she had passed from its view, and then continued her way to the house, murmuring, “It’s but

a little misfortune; it's but a little misfortune: the shade is not much darker than the moonlight itself."

Thomas was in his arm-chair, bending forward towards the fire, as she entered. His face would have been utterly colourless, save for the bluish tinge which had settled there, a tinge distinguishable even in the red blaze. Janet, keen-sighted as Margery, thought the hue had grown more ominous since she quitted him in the afternoon.

"Have you come back alone?" asked Thomas, turning towards her.

George accompanied me as far as the ash-trees: I met him. Bessy is staying on for an hour with Lady Godolphin. Have you had your medicine, Thomas?"

"Yes."

Janet drew a chair near to him and sat down, glancing almost stealthily at him. When this ominous look appears on the human face, we do not like to gaze into it too boldly, lest its owner, so soon to be called away, may read the fiat in our own dread countenance. Janet need not have feared its effect, had he done so, on Thomas Godolphin.

"It is a fine night," he observed.

"It is," replied Janet. "Thomas," dropping her voice, "the Shadow is abroad."

"Ah!"

The response was spoken in no tone of dread, of dismay; but calmly, pleasantly, with a smile upon his lips.

"It has changed its colour," continued Janet, "and may be called grey now instead of black. I thought it had left us for good, Thomas: I suppose it had to come once more."

"If it cared to keep up its character for consistency," he said, his voice a jesting one. "If it has been the advance herald of the death of other Godolphins, why should it not herald in mine?"

"I did not think to hear you joke about the Shadow," observed Janet, after a pause of vexation.

"Nay, there's no harm done. I have never understood it, you know, Janet; none of us have: so little have we understood, that we have not known whether to believe or disbelieve. A short while, Janet, and things may be made plainer to me."

"How are you feeling to-night?" somewhat abruptly asked Janet.

"Never better of late days. It seems as if ease both of mind and body had come to me. I think," he added, after a few moments' reflection, "that what George tells me of a prospect opening for him has imparted this sense of ease. I have thought of him a great deal, Janet, of his wife and child: of what would become of him and of them."

"And it has been troubling you, I conclude!" remarked Janet, with a touch of her old severe accent. "He is not worth it, Thomas."

"May God help him on now!" murmured Thomas Godolphin. "He may live yet to be a comfort to his family; to repair to others some of the injury he has caused. Oh Janet! I am ready to go."

Janet turned her eyes from the fire that the tears rising in them might not be seen to glisten. "The Shadow was very light, Thomas,"

she repeated. "Whatever it may herald forth, will not be much of a misfortune."

"A misfortune!—to be taken to my rest!—to the good God who has so loved and kept me here! A few minutes before you came in, I fell into a doze, and I dreamt I saw Jesus Christ standing there, by the window, waiting for me. He had his hand stretched out to me with a smile. So vivid had been the impression, that when I woke I thought it was reality, and I got up and was hastening towards the window before I recollected myself. Death a misfortune! No, Janet; not for me."

Janet rang the bell for lights to be brought in. Thomas, his elbow resting on the arm of the chair, bent his head upon his hand, and became lost in the imagination of glories that might so soon open to him. Bright forms were flitting around a throne of wondrous beauty, golden harps in their hands; and in one of them, her harp idle, her radiant face turned as if watching for one who might be coming, he seemed to recognise Ethel.

A misfortune for the good to die! No, no.

III.

THE BELL THAT RANG OUT ON THE EVENING AIR.

GEORGE GODOLPHIN sat with his wife and child. The room was bright with light and fire, and George's spirits were bright in accordance with it. He had been enlarging upon the prospect offered to him, describing a life in India in vivid colours; had drawn some imaginative pen-and-ink sketches of Miss Meta on a camel's back; in a gorgeous palanquin; in an open terrace-gallery being fanned by about fifty slaves, the young lady herself looking on in a high state of excitement, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks burning. Maria seemed to be partaking of the general hilarity; whether she was really better, or the unexpected return of her husband had infused into her artificial strength, unwonted excitement, certain it is that she was not looking very ill that night: her cheeks had borrowed some of Meta's colour, and her lips were parted with a smile at George's words, or at Meta's ecstasies. The child's tongue was never still; it was papa this, papa the other, incessantly. Margery felt rather cross, and when she came in to add some dish to the substantial tea she had prepared for her master, told him she hoped he'd not be for carrying Miss Meta out to them wretched foreign places that was only good for convicts. India and Botany Bay ranked precisely alike in the mind of Margery.

But the tea was done with and removed, and the evening had gone on, and Margery had come again to escort Miss Meta to bed. Miss Meta was not in a hurry to be escorted. Her nimble feet were flying everywhere: from papa at the table, to mamma who sat on the sofa near the fire; from mamma to Margery, standing silent and grim, scarcely deigning to look at the pen-and-ink sketches that Meta exhibited to her.

"I don't see no sense in 'em, for my part," slightly spoke Margery, regarding with dubious eyes one somewhat indistinct repre-

sentation held up to her. "Them things bain't like Christian animals. A elephant, d'ya call it? Which is its head and which is its tail?"

Meta whisked off to her papa, elephant in hand. "Papa, which is its head and which is its tail?"

"That's its tail," said George. "You'll know its head from its tail when you come to ride one, Margery," cried he, throwing his laughing glance at the woman.

"Me ride a elephant! me mount upon one o' them beasts!" was the indignant response. "I'd like to see myself at it! It might be just as well, sir, if you didn't talk about 'em to the child: I shall have her start out of her sleep screaming to-night, fancying that a score of 'em's eating her up."

George laughed. Meta's busy brain was at work; very busy, very blithesome just then.

"Papa, do we have swings in India?"

"Lots of them," responded George.

"Do they go up to the trees? Are they as good as the one Mrs. Pain had made for me at the Folly?"

"Ten times better than that," said George, slightly. "That was a muff of a swing, compared to what the others will be."

Meta considered. "You didn't see it, papa. It went up—up—oh, ever so high."

"Did it," said George. "We'll send the others higher."

"Who'll swing me?" continued Meta. "Mrs. Pain? She had used to swing me before. Will she go to India with us?"

"Not she," said George. "What should she go for? Look here. Here's Meta on an elephant, and Margery on another, in attendance behind."

He had been mischievously sketching it off: Meta on the elephant, sitting at her ease, her dainty little legs astride, boy fashion, was rather a pretty sight: but poor Margery grasping hold of the elephant's body and trunk, her face one picture of horror in her fear of falling, and some half-dozen natives propping her up on either side, was only a ludicrous one.

Margery looked daggers, but nothing could exceed the delight of Meta. "Draw mamma upon one, papa; make her elephant alongside me."

"Draw mamma upon one?" repeated George. "I think we'll have mamma in a palanquin; the elephants shall be reserved for you and Margery."

"Is she coming to bed to-night, or isn't she?" demanded Margery, in an uncommonly sharp tone, speaking for the benefit of the company generally, not to anybody in particular.

Meta paid little attention; George appeared to pay less. In taking his knife from his waistcoat-pocket to cut the pencil, preparatory to "drawing mamma and the palanquin," he happened to bring forth a ring. Those quick little eyes saw it; they saw most things. "That's Uncle Thomas's!" cried the child.

In his somewhat hasty essay to return it to his pocket, George let the ring fall to the ground, and it rolled towards Margery. She picked it up, wonderingly—almost fearfully; she had believed that Mr. Go-

dolphin would not part with his signet-ring during life: the ring which he had offered to the bankruptcy commissioners, and they, with every token of respect, had returned to him.

"Oh, master! Surely he is not dead?"

"Dead!" echoed George, looking at her in surprise. "I left him better than usual, Margery, when I came away."

Margery said no more. Meta was not so scrupulous. "Uncle Thomas always has that on his finger: he seals his letters with it. Why have you brought it away, papa?"

"He does not want it to seal letters with any longer, Meta," George answered, speaking gravely now, and stroking her golden curls. "I shall use it in future for sealing mine."

"Who'll wear it?" asked Meta. "You, or Uncle Thomas?"

"I shall—some time. But it is quite time Meta was in bed; and Margery looks as if she thought so. There! just a few of mamma's grapes, and away to dream of elephants."

Some fine white grapes were heaped up on a plate on the table: they were what George had brought from London for his wife. He broke some off for Meta, and that spoiled young damsel climbed on his knee while she devoured them, chattering incessantly.

"Will there be parrots in India? Red ones?"

"Plenty. Red and green and blue and yellow," returned George, who was rather magnificent in his promises. "There'll be monkeys as well—as Margery's fond of them."

Margery flung herself off in a temper. But the words had brought a recollection to Meta: she scuffled up on her knees, neglecting her grapes, gazing at her papa in consternation.

"Uncle Reginald was to bring me home some monkeys and some parrots and a Chinese dog that won't bite: how shall I have them, papa, if I'm gone to Cal—what is it?" She spoke better than she did, and could sound the "th" now; but the name of the Hindostan presidency was difficult to be remembered.

"Calcutta. We'll write word to Regy's ship to come round there and leave them," replied ready George.

It satisfied the child. She finished her grapes, and then George took her in his arms to Maria to be kissed, and afterwards put her down outside the door to offended Margery, after kissing lovingly her pretty lips and her golden curls.

His manner had changed when he returned. He stood at the fire near Maria, grave and earnest, and began talking more seriously to her on this new project than he had done in the presence of the child.

"I think I should do wrong were I to refuse it: do not you, Maria? It is an offer that is not often met with."

"Yes, I think you would do wrong to refuse it. It is far better than anything I had hoped for."

"And can you be ready to start by New Year's-day?"

"I—I could be ready, of course," she answered. "But I—don't know whether—"

She came to a final stop. George looked at her in surprise: in addition to her hesitation, he detected considerable emotion.

She stood up by him and leaned her arm on the mantelpiece. She strove to speak quietly, to choke down the rebellious rising in her throat: her breath went and came, her bosom was heaving. "George, I am not sure whether I shall be able to undertake the voyage. I am not sure that I shall live to go."

Did his heart beat a shade quicker? He looked at her, more in surprise still than in any other feeling. He had not in the least realised this faint suggestion of the future.

"My darling, what do you mean?"

He had passed his arm round her waist and drawn her to him. Maria let her head fall upon his shoulder, and the tears began to trickle down her wasted cheeks.

"I cannot get strong, George. I get weaker instead of stronger; and I begin to think I shall never be well again. I begin to know that I shall never be well again!" she added, amending the words: "I have thought it some time."

"How do you feel?" he asked, breaking the silence that had ensued.

"Are you in any pain?"

"I have had a pain in my throat ever since the—ever since the summer; and I have a constant inward pain here"—touching her chest. "Mr. Snow says both arise from the same cause—nervousness; but I don't know."

"Maria," he said, his voice quite trembling with its tenderness, "shall I tell you what it is? The worry of the past summer has had a bad effect upon you and brought you into this low, weak state. Mr. Snow is right: it is nervousness: and you must have change of scene ere you can recover. Is he attending you?"

"He calls every other day or so, and he sends me medicine of different kinds; tonics, I fancy. I wish I could get strong! I might—perhaps—get a little better, that is, I might feel a trifle better, if I were not always so entirely alone. I wish," she more timidly added, "that you could be with me more than you are."

"You cannot wish it so heartily as I," returned George. "A little while, my darling, and things will be bright again. I have been earnestly and constantly seeking for something to do in London, and was obliged to be there. Now that I have this place given me, I must be there still chiefly until we sail, making my preparations. You can come to me if you like, until we do go," he added, "if you would rather be there than here. I can change my bachelor lodgings, and get a place large enough for you and Meta."

She felt that she was not equal to the removal, and she felt that if she really were to leave Europe she must remain this short intervening time near her father and mother. But—even as she thought it—the conviction came upon her, firm and strong, that she never should leave it; should not live to leave it. George's voice, eager and hopeful, interrupted.

"We shall begin life anew in India, Maria: with the old codfish we shall quit old sores. As to Margery—I don't know what's to be done about her. It would half break her heart to drag her to a new land, and quite break it to carry off Meta from her.—Perhaps we had better not attempt to influence her either way, but let the decision rest entirely with her."

"She will never face the live elephants," said Maria, her lips smiling at the joke, as she endeavoured to be gay and hopeful as George was. But the effort utterly failed. A vision came over her of George there alone; herself in the cold grave, whither she believed she was surely hastening; Meta—ay, what of Meta?

"Oh, George! if I might but get strong! if I might but live to go!" she cried, in a wail of agony.

"Hush, hush! Maria, hush! I must not scold you; but indeed it is not right to give way to these low spirits. That of itself will keep you back. Shall I take you up to town with me now, to-morrow, just for a week's change? I know it would partially bring you round, and we'd make shift in my rooms for the time. Margery will take care of Meta here."

She knew how worse than useless was the thought of attempting it; she saw that George could not be brought to understand her excessive weakness. A faint hope came across her that, now that the uncertainty of his future prospects was removed, she might grow better. That uncertainty had been distressing her sick heart for months.

She subdued her emotion and sat down in the chair quietly, saying that she was not strong enough to go up with him this time: it would be a change in one sense for her, she added, the thinking of the new life; and then she began to talk of other things.

"Did you see Reginald before he sailed?"

"Not immediately before it, I think."

"You are aware that he has gone as common seaman."

"Yea. By the way, there's no knowing what I may be able to do for Regy out there. And for Isaac too, perhaps. Once I am in a good position I shall be able to assist them—and I'll do it. Regy hates the sea: I'll get him something more to his taste in Calcutta."

Maria's face flushed with hope, and she clasped her nervous hands together. "If you could, George! how thankful I should be! I think of poor Regy and his hard life night and day."

"Which is not good for you by any means, young lady. I wish you'd get out of that habit of thinking and fretting about others. It has been just poor Thomas's fault."

She answered by a faint smile. "Has Thomas given you his ring?" she asked.

"He gave it me this afternoon," replied George, taking it from his pocket. It was a ring with a bright green stone, on which was engraved the arms of the Godolphins. Sir George had worn it always, and it came to Thomas at his death: now it had come to George.

"You do not wear it, George."

"Not yet. I cannot bear to put it on my finger while Thomas lives. In point of fact, I have no right to do so—at least, to use the signet: it pertains exclusively to the head of the Godolphins."

"Do you see Mrs. Pain often?" Maria presently said, with apparent indifference. But George little knew the fluttering emotion that had been working within, or the effort it had taken to subdue it on the question could be put.

"I see her sometimes; not often. She gets me to ride with her in the Park now and then."

"Does she intend to continue to reside with the Verralls?"

"I suppose so. I have not heard her mention anything about it."

"George, I have often wondered where Mrs. Pain's money comes from," Maria resumed, in a dreamy tone. "It was said in the old days, you know, that the report of her having thirty thousand pounds' fortune was false; that she had none."

"I don't believe she had a penny," returned George. "As to her income, I fancy it is drawn from Verrall. Mrs. Pain's husband was connected in some business way with Verrall, and perhaps she still benefits. I know nothing whatever, but I have often thought it must be so. Hark! Listen!"

George raised his hand as he abruptly spoke, for a distant sound had broken upon his ear. Springing to the window he threw it open. The death-bell of *All Souls'* was booming out over Prior's Ash.

Before a word was spoken by him or by his wife; before George could still the emotion that was thumping at his heart, Margery came in with a scared face: in her flurry, her sudden grief, she addressed him as she had been accustomed to address him in his boyhood.

"Do you hear it, Master George? That's the passing-bell! It is for him. There's nobody else within ten miles that they'd trouble to have the bell tolled for at nigh ten o'clock at night. The master of *Ashlydyat's* gone."

She sat down on a chair, regardless of the presence of her master and mistress, and flinging her apron over her face, burst into a storm of sobs.

A voice in the passage outside aroused her, for she recognised it as Bexley's. George opened the room door, and the old man came in.

"It is all over, sir," he said, his manner strangely still, his voice unnaturally calm and low, as is sometimes the case where emotion is striven to be suppressed. "Miss Janet bade me come to you with the tidings."

George's bearing was suspiciously quiet too. "It is very sudden, Bexley," he presently rejoined.

Maria had risen and stood with one hand leaning on the table, her eyes strained on Bexley, her white face turned to him. Margery never moved.

"Very sudden, sir: and yet my mistress did not seem unprepared for it. He took his tea with her, and was so cheerful and well over it, that I declare I began to hope he had taken a fresh turn. Soon afterwards Miss Bessy came back, and I heard her laughing in the room as she told them some story that had been related to her by Lady Godolphin. Presently my mistress called me in, to give me directions about a little matter she wanted done to-morrow, and while she was speaking to me, Miss Bessy cried out. We turned round and saw her leaning over my master. He had slipped back in his chair powerless, and I hastened to raise and support him. Death was in his face, sir; there was no mistaking it; but he was quite conscious, quite sensible, and smiled at us. 'I must say farewell to you,' he said, and Miss Bessy burst into a fit of sobs; but my mistress knelt down quietly before him, and took his hands in hers, and said, 'Thomas, is the moment come?' 'Yes, it is come,' he answered, and he tried to look

CARDINAL FLEURY.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

If ever, says Voltaire, there was any one happy on earth, it was Fleury. "He was considered one of the most amiable and sociable of men till seventy-three, and at that usual age of retirement, came to be respected as one of the wisest." From 1726 to 1742, adds the historian,* everything thrived in his hands, and till almost a nonagenarian his mind continued clear, discerning, and fit for business.

We are told that Fleury's conduct in his diocese, as Bishop of Fréjus, had been so benevolent, regular, and exemplary, as to attract universal love and respect; and that he was pointed out by public opinion, not less than by some Court cabals, to the dying Grand Monarque, as the preceptor for his infant great-grandson and successor, Lewis the Fifteenth.

During the Regency,—to follow Earl Stanhope's narrative,—Fleury "behaved with so much prudence and circumspection, as not to offend either Orleans or Dubois: he never thrust himself into any State or Court intrigues, and only zealously discharged the duties of his trust. Gradually he gained an absolute control over the mind of his pupil, and when Bourbon came to the helm, was desired always to assist at the conferences of the Monarch and the Minister. Nor was his ascendancy weakened by his pupil's marriage; for the young Queen, of timid and shrinking temper, and zealous only in her devotions, took no great part in politics. Fleury would probably have found no difficulty in removing the Duke of Bourbon at an earlier period, but thought it better to let circumstances work for him, and be carried down the propitious current of events. 'Time and I against any two others,' was a favourite saying of the crafty Mazarin."

"Fleury, therefore, allowed the attack to come from the opposite quarter. Bourbon contrived to draw the young Queen to his party, and made a joint application to his Majesty, that he might transact business without the intervention of Fleury. On learning this cabal, Fleury, sure of his ground, but affecting great meekness, took leave of the King by letter, and retired to his country house at Issy. There he remained for one day in apparent disgrace. But it was only for one day. Louis, in the utmost concern at his loss, gave positive orders to Bourbon to invite him back to Court, which the Minister did accordingly, with many expressions of friendship and of wonder at his sudden retirement.† Yet in June, 1726, he was again combining an attack upon this valued friend, when Fleury discovered and crushed him, and obtained, without difficulty, his dismissal from office and banishment to Chantilly."‡

From which period dates the "justly famous administration of Fleury"—signalled by historians as a new era of peace and prosperity to France.

* *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, ch. iii.

† Hor. Walpole to Lord Townshend, Dec. 24, 1725, and Duclos, *Mém.*, vol. iii. p. 364.

‡ *History of England*, by Lord Mahon, vol. ii. p. 100 *sq.* Third edit.

There is a passage in Mr. Carlyle's History of Frederick the Great, in which the reader's attention is called to the year 1726, wherein Cardinal Fleury began his long supremacy in the state; "an aged reverend gentleman, of sly, delicately cunning ways, and disliking war, as George I. did, unless when forced on him: now and henceforth, no mediating power more anxious than France to have the ship in trim."* Ten years later, the same historian has to show us France, after nibbling for several centuries, in the act of swallowing Lorraine whole. "Cunning Fleury has swallowed it whole. 'That was what he meant in picking this quarrel!' said Teutschland, mournfully. Fleury was very pacific, candid in aspect to the Sea-Powers and others; and did not crow afflictively, did not say what he had meant."†

It is of the Silesian question, vexed by and vexing all the Powers in 1741, that Macaulay is treating when he remarks of the Cardinal, that the voice of Fleury had always been for peace; that he had a conscience, and that now, in extreme old age, he was unwilling, after a life "which, when his situation was considered, must be pronounced singularly pure, to carry the fresh stain of a great crime before the tribunal of his God."‡

Three Cardinals have reigned in France, observes M. Arsène Housaye, —Richelieu, Mazarin, Fleury. Three Churchmen, three Statesmen. With less of genius than the two former, Fleury had the art of proving sufficient unto the day and the demands thereof; and without resorting to the axe, like Richelieu, or to intrigue, like Mazarin, he continued their work of isolating the crown by lowering the noblesse. Cardinal Fleury, says this critic, was afraid of what he called a *ministère historique*. He had no contempt for future celebrity, but it was not at all to his mind to be written about by his contemporaries. He liked silence, and would often repeat an apophthegm of the "Imitation," namely, "*Amia nesciri*." —In his horror of noise, he would have no governmental authorities round about him but simple *commis*. He dreaded innovators, and said that every new idea contains within itself a tempest—"failing to see that the tempest forms the fertilising torrent." It was his belief that Law had been the ruin of France,—"Law, qui avait été le torrent fécond éparpillant des parcelles d'or là où l'or n'était jamais venu."—But the historian avows his sympathies to be due to a Minister who consciously and designedly laboured for the people only; who read the Gospels more frequently than Machiavel, and who said with l'Abbé de Saint-Pierre that your true soldiers are they who cultivate the soil.

"But if he was right in his relation to the people, he was wrong in his relation to power; for by dint of removing to a distance from the throne all those men who, by genius, character, or boldness, created public opinion in France, public opinion was turned against him, and ceased to accept his *mot d'ordre* from Versailles."§

One of Sir Bulwer Lytton's travelled heroes is introduced to a man in a clerical garb, and of a benevolent and prepossessing countenance, as

* Carlyle, Hist. of Fredk. the Grt., vol. i. book v. ch. iii.

† Vol. ii. book ix. ch. xi.

‡ Macaulay's Essay on Fredk. the Great.

§ Le Roi Voltaire, l. vi. ch. vii.

the Bishop of Fréjus, who receives him "with an air very uncommon to his countrymen," viz. with an ease that seemed to result from real good nature, rather than artificial grace. Fleury had at this time just left his bishopric, which he was supposed to hate with a genuine hatred, signing himself in a letter to Cardinal Quirini, "Fleuri, évêque de Fréjus par l'indignation divine." "The king does not like him much," a fair politician is made to say; "but he is a good man on the whole, though jesuitical." In Fleury's interview with Devereux, the good bishop takes especial pains to keep clear of French politics. He asks him, however, two or three questions about the state of parties in England—about finance and the national debt—about Ormond and Oxford; and appears to give the closest attention to the young Englishman's replies. The fair politician aforesaid, Madame de Balzac, breaks out, during this colloquy, into occasional sarcasms against the Jesuits, which have nothing to do with the subjects in question, and at which he smiles once or twice. "*Ah, ma chère cousine,*" said he, "you flatter me by showing that you like me not as the politician, but the private relation—not as the Bishop of Fréjus, but as André de Fleuri."* In a subsequent chapter, Devereux has ample time for conversation with the Bishop that was, Cardinal and Prime Minister that should be, and gives a deliberate estimate of his powers. To this effect: That he certainly had in him very little of the great man, and indeed presented a most striking instance of this truth, "that in that game of honours which is played at courts, we obtain success less by our talents than our tempers." After some cursory conversation on works of fiction and on literature in general, and the various characters of the literati of the day, Fleury is described by his interlocutor as artfully gliding into a discussion on statistics and politics, which afforded the latter a sudden, but thorough, insight into the depths of his policy. "I saw that, while he affected to be indifferent to the difficulties and puzzles of state, he lost no opportunity of gaining every particle of information respecting them; and that he made conversation, in which he was skilled, a vehicle for acquiring that knowledge which he had not the force of mind to create from his own intellect, or to work out from the *worriest* labours of others. If this made him a superficial statesman, it made him a prompt one; and there was never so lucky a minister with so little trouble to himself."†

When he died, at the beginning of 1743, in the ninetieth year of his age, Fleury left the character of having governed France during a period of seventeen years with the most upright disinterestedness and unblemished integrity; though better calculated to superintend the regulations of peace than to direct the operations of war; for by his attention to the recovery of the finances, he had exposed himself to the censure of suffering the marine to fall into decay, and of repressing the military ardour of the nation.‡

* Devereux, book iv. ch. iv.

† At his death appeared the following punning epigram:

"*Floruit sine fructu;*

Defloruit sine luctu."

"He flowered without fruit, and faded without regret."—*Ibid.*, ch. vi.

‡ Coxe, Hist. of House of Austria, vol. iii. ch. civ.

Fleury's administration has been spoken of as pretty nearly corresponding with that of Walpole in its duration and its policy; though there was difference enough in the character and motives of the two leaders. It commenced properly, as a sole ministry, on the summary dismissal of the Duke of Bourbon from power, when that grandee could not be induced to abide within the "reasonable limits" marked out for him by Fleury. "He would have all or none; and the latter portion accordingly became his share, and the former the share of the Cardinal." The period of Fleury's death has been taken as a point at which to separate the reign of Louis the Fifteenth into two great divisions.* And though, as a matter of convenience, there may be no objection to this arrangement, which divides the time equally—the first half, at a broad view, appearing peaceful, the second warlike,—yet were it a mistake to suppose that "the loss of this statesman turned the current of things," or again, that the extension even of his long life, from the nonagenarian to the centenarian stage, would have averted much of what followed. For it is clear that the death of Fleury was no such signal for changes as the fall of Wolsey or the disgrace of Clarendon. "All the elements of political, and social, and religious disorganisation had developed themselves, and were at work during his lifetime. He saw his country plunged into wars; he saw his king plunged into debauchery; he saw the people plunged into infidelity. Versailles in 1740 differed only in degree from Versailles in 1760. Madame de Pompadour was at least as respectable as Madame du Mailly. The Parisian coteries were in full operation. The worst of Voltaire's poems had appeared; and a more infamous writer even than he, the physician La Mettrie, was thriving and publishing in the heart of Paris."†

"The Cardinal saw all this; and could only suppose that, when all reverence for heavenly things, and all respect for earthly things, were thus lost, the end of the world was drawing nigh. (The only troubles which had not yet arisen were those of France). In Fleury's time the court had been but venially extravagant, and the wars had not yet been paid for." The good old ecclesiastic had removed all the most oppressive imposts; he left a rich revenue without a burdensome tax; and without which paid all state debts, and did poor. A noble character, such a Minister of France in the eighteenth century.‡

M. Arène Houtaye reckons it among the striking contrasts of the eighteenth century, that the first Minister after Cardinal Fleury was Madame de Pompadour. In the case of the Cardinal, he says, a blind religion protected the throne against the parliament; in that of the Marquise, philosophy was advancing from blade to ear and to full ear in the ear,—fated to be a trouble to clergy and parliament in turn. The Cardinal was close-fisted as an intendant; the Marquise showed herself prodigal as a mistress; saying that money ought to flow from the pocket in full stream and high tide, like a generous river to permeate the State. The Cardinal had been hostile to Austria and well-disposed toward

* See *English Review*, III. 104, Art. "The Court of Louis XV."

† See the Cardinal's own words, quoted from Rancho's *Mémoires*, by Schœffer, c. ii, § 41.

‡ *Engl. Rev.*: The Fall of the Jesuits.

Prussia; the Marquise went to war with Frederick to please Maria Theresa.* One very great advantage of Fleury's administration is justly said to have been its stability: even had his talents been less, the nation would still have reaped the benefit of unity and uniformity in its government. "His years of office were nearly twenty. Few of his successors ruled above a tenth part of the time. Between the years 1766 and 1768—years requiring the utmost ability and management—there were no less than twenty-five ministers in the six departments."† Many a regret the nation may have felt for *ce vieillard ambitieux et circonspect*, as Voltaire calls him,‡—though sneering elsewhere at His Eminence as one "*dont le caractère étoit de croire soutenir de grandes choses par de petits moyens*,"§ and therefore addicted to stingy ways in war, and economising when he should have been open-handed, counting the cost too literally after, as well as before, war had commenced.

Eminently and pre-eminently His Eminence was a Minister of Peace. As such he is panegyriced, nay in plain terms adored, in J. B. Rousseau's Ode to Peace:

D'un ministre adoré l'heureuse providence
Veille à notre salut; il vit; c'en est assez.
Peuples, c'est par lui seul que Bellone s'arrête
Va se voir enchaîner d'un éternel lien:
C'est à votre bonheur qu'il consacre sa vie
C'est à votre repos qu'il immole le sien. ||

Villemain remarks of Saint-Pierre's *La paix perpétuelle*, that it is the only one of that strenuous Abbé's plans which is not forgotten now; and that it is easy to suppose this plan was not very shocking to Cardinal Fleury, that "*ministre d'humeur fort pacifique*," despite of the deplorable war into which, at eighty-nine years of age, he plunged his country.¶ This minister, says Barante, had cleverness enough to end his days tranquilly in the bosom of power, but not strength enough, nor clear-sightedness enough, to secure duration to the effects of his government. He seemed to have but one anxiety, how to bring his long career to a close without disturbance or defeat. His habit of mind lacked far-seeing foresight,—a common defect in extreme old age. When he once refused a favour asked by the Abbé de Bernis, in these obliging terms, "You shall never have it as long as I am alive,"—"I can wait," was the young man's reply,** and not many years later that young man was in the Minister's place.

† M. Bérnière describes the long government of "the sage and gentle pastor of the flock of France" as itself under the sway of two influences. One man, we are told, shared with the Cardinal his authority over the destinies of France,—Polot, his confessor, and Barjac, his valet de chambre. The spirit of Polot's soul is said to have pushed on the timid ambition of Fleury, his penitent, to power; sure, if Fleury were once minister, that day, the doctor and Jesuit and implacable persecutor, could constrain him to the service of his society's cause. As for the valet, the hidden ways

* *Le Roi Voltaire*, l. x. § 11. *Engl. Rev.*, abstr. p. 111.

† *Siècle de Louis XV.*, c. lii. § 168, ch. xi.

‡ J. B. Rousseau, Ode à la Paix. § Villemain, *Tableau du XVIII^e Siècle*.

** Barante, *De la Littérature Française*.

by which he had attained to favour were more obscure. "The Cardinal had had weaknesses in his youth; and Barjac was then his confidant. Since then he had grown great, like his master—and in a respectful intimacy with his master. To him, nothing that was decided in the council touching war, finances, or the church, was a secret. He had his share of the Cardinal's hat and ministry. 'We are writing to Rome;—' 'We are sending D'Antin on a mission;—' 'We received Villars;—' he would say."* But this is only what the modern valet and latter-day Jeames are also in the habit of saying,—the We of familiar flunkeyism being as recognised a fact as the We of a fashionable doctor, or the We of an Able Editor. And perhaps the French love of effect, and a greed for biographical parallels and paradoxes, may have more than a little exaggerated the influence of Father Polet over the Cardinal-Minister,—with a semi-conscious or sub-conscious view to strengthen his analogy to Richelieu, by providing him with an analogue to *that* Cardinal-Minister's Father Joseph.

M. de Tocqueville, who ascribes to Fleury "great powers of wit and fascination," yet assigns to him a matter-of-fact and lucid mind, utterly devoid of warmth and elevation; says that he was keen and subtle even to knavery; that his economy degenerated to penuriousness; and that his resentments were implacable. And then adds, that his hand bore heavily on the Jansenists, whose opinions differed in some points from his own; while its touch was light for the men without faith, who were beginning to propagate incredulity.

Lord Brougham speaks of the "habitual insincerity and deep cunning of Fleury."† One might think there was the same irony in Pope's eulogy of "honest Fleury" as the reader of Shakspeare feels, though Othello did not feel it, at the Moor's iterated praise of "honest, honest Iago." But Pope was seemingly all seriousness and sincerity in his reference to the Cardinal as a Minister whom no odious comparisons could affect:

Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.‡

And history, by the pen of some of its best-informed and least-partial scholars, goes far to justify the personal epithet. Earl Stanhope, for one, bears record, that during his whole government Fleury sought no riches, and displayed no splendour; but lived in the same plain and unostentatious manner as when in a private station. The same historian considers that in knowledge of foreign affairs Fleury was second only to Dubois, though he admits the Cardinal's abilities to have been "not, perhaps, of the highest order"§—and also that Fleury was not "wholly free" from the common defects of age—being too fond of expedients and delays, and on many occasions carrying his caution to timidity, his economy to avarice. Yet the latter, it is argued, was exerted in the

* Bibliothèque des Mémoires, t. iii. Introd. par M. F. Barrière. (1846.)

† Appendix to Historical Sketches, vol. vi.

‡ Pope, Epilogue to the Satires, Dial. i.

§ "Had they been so, they would probably have worn out earlier in life. The flame of genius which dazzles the beholder is almost equally certain to burn and consume its tenement."—Mahon, Hist. of Engl., ch. xiv.

public expenses as much as in his own; and if he was afraid of war, his predecessors for the most part had a far worse fault—they were ambitious of it. Speaking, again, of the pacific mediation of Fleury and Walpole between Spain and Portugal in 1736, by which harmony was restored between the two Peninsular Courts, Lord Mahon says that in all these foreign negotiations the English Ministers found in Fleury the same judicious and conciliatory, though sometimes a little timid, temper.

Fleury's approximation in policy to Sir Robert Walpole was made, indeed, a charge against him, which some took for a compliment, others for a stigma. We find Sir Robert's son, the Strawberry-hill one, the son, asking my Lady Ossory in 1784 if she has seen the *Memoirs of Marshal Villars*? "To me they are very interesting, for they abuse my father—stay, let me account for this satisfaction. The Opposition wrote volumes to accuse him of being a tool to France, and governed by Cardinal Fleury; Marshal Villars is so good as to rail at the Cardinal for being governed and duped by my father. It is not living to no purpose, when I have reached to this vindication."*

But although Fleury had used every endeavour to avert a war between the Courts of London and Madrid,—when that war actually broke out, he became, as the most favourably-disposed of English historians is constrained to relate, "more and more estranged from his English allies"—and the despatches of 1740 are said to display the growing coldness, and point to the probable result. When he perceived that France must probably follow Spain in a breach with England, he began to lend a ready ear to Jacobite malcontents and exiles, and entered into their designs, with secrecy indeed and caution, but still with considerable warmth.† So, for France, and for England, and for himself, the last end of this man was worse than the first.

First and last, however, he did the state some service, and that of no slight kind. The monument of his administration, it has been said, was everywhere seen inscribed, not on brass or marble, but on the smiling and happy faces of the people. Between the aspect of France as it was in the last days of long-lived Lewis the Fourteenth, and that of France as it was in the last days of long-lived Cardinal Fleury, there was a great gulf fixed. Happy they whose lot was cast on the hither side.

When Lady Mary W. Montagu visited France in 1739, she declared it to be so much improved, that it would not be known to be the same country that she passed through twenty years before; and adds: "Everything I see speaks in praise of Cardinal Fleury: the roads are all mended, and the greater part of them [she wrote from Dijon] paved as well as the streets of Paris, planted on both sides like the roads in Holland: and such good care taken against robbers, that you may cross the country with your purse in your hand."‡ And further on she proceeds to describe the French as more changed than their roads; for, instead of pale yellow faces wrapped up in blankets, as her ladyship and her husband had seen them in the early days of the Regency, she now saw the villages all filled with fresh-coloured lusty peasants, in good clothes and clean linen. "It is incredible," she adds, "what an air of plenty and content is over the whole country."

* Horace Walpole's Letters, vol. viii. p. 497.

† Mahon, II. 1-2, 27.

‡ Lady Mary to Mr. Wortley, Aug. 18, 1739.

As to his personal character, Fleury has been charged by scandal-mongers with profligate excesses. Not merely with the habitual sensuality imputed to Lord Somers, but even so pronounced an admirer of Lord Somers as Macaulay. But with criminal, with felonious indulgence, of the worst kind. Chamfort, for instance, not only informs us that the secret of Fleury's antagonism to the crowned wife of Louis XV. was her majesty's refusal to give ear to his *propositions galantes*—in proof of which allegation is cited a letter of her father's, King Stanislaus, in answer to one wherein she had sought paternal advice at this juncture—but also that Fleury, although now seventy-six years old, had, a few months previously, been guilty of rape twice over—*avait violé deux femmes*.^{*} After so grave an arraignment, one is prepared for such bagatelles as the following by the gross—as many as adulterous Monsieur Chamfort may be pleased to relate, or invent: *L'abbé de Fleury avait été amoureux de madame la maréchale de Noailles, qui le traita avec mépris. Il devint premier ministre; elle eut besoin de lui, et il lui rappela ses rigueurs. Ah! monseigneur, lui dit naïvement la maréchale, 'qui l'aurait pu prévoir?' 'Whether all this sort of thing be or be not like the Cardinal, *que sais-je?*' But the telling of it is very like Chamfort.*

THE QUEEN AND THE DYING SOLDIER.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

[On the 8th of May last, her Majesty the Queen visited the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, the foundation-stone of which had been laid by the Prince Consort. This may be considered as the first public act of her Majesty since her irreparable bereavement—an act every way appropriate, as well as in accordance with her humane disposition.]

SHE walked the corridors with footstep slow,
Thought on her brow and sorrow in her mien,
Yet winning sweetness in her tranquil woe—
'Twas England's widowed Queen.

She came to view the mansion, nobly raised
For valour stricken by pale sickness' hand;
Hearts in their eager eyes, those veterans gazed,
A bronzed, worn, gallant band.

Memory was busy in her royal breast,
For memory of the lost would never sleep;
He laid yon stone—hush, heart! ye sorrows, rest!
Not now sad love may weep.

* Chamfort, *Caractères et Portraits*.

† *Œuvres de Chamfort*, pp. 91, 131. Ed. 1852.

The struggling tear was checked, or veiled from sight;

She entered wards where suffering met her now;

She moved like Mercy's angel, pity's light

The crown that graced her brow.

Though valour calmly drooped, yet sad the scene;

Some who had fronted death, and mocked at fear,

Some who, with iron limbs, had giants been,

Weak as poor infants here.

She saw the shrunken hand that, strong in fight,

For her, for England, had the falchion waved,

The palsied forms of men, whose deeds of might

Her threatened India saved.

To each worn, wounded one, her looks, her words,

Yielded a balm, and cheering thanks she gave;

Oh, toil in foreign climes, and foemen's swords,

For this who would not brave?

Their hearts leaped up—their scarr'd, bold features glowed;

Indian, Crimean hero thrilled with pride—

Kind words and glances by their Queen bestowed,

Worth all proud gifts beside!

Now stood she by a couch where, ghastly pale,

A veteran languished;—brightly shone the day,

But ah! like night upon a darkening vale,

—On him death's shadow lay.

His soul was fitting to that unknown land,

Where he, she loved, his crown of glory wore,

Looking, perchance, down on her, smiling bland

On deeds he shared of yore.

The sinking hero heard that gentle voice;

Light o'er his features broke—revived his heart,

His spirit seemed a moment to rejoice,

While Death held back his dart.

To see the kind, the mighty sovereign here,—

Queen of the realms where never sets the sun,—

Beside his lowly bed, a sorrowing tear

For him whose course was run:

'Twas honour, joy, sweet consolation given;

Oh, to have stemmed the battle's fearful scene,

And die like this—he poured warm thanks to Heaven,*

He bless'd that pitying Queen.

* The dying man exclaimed, "I thank, I thank God that he has allowed me to live long enough to see your Majesty with my own eyes." The Queen and the Princess Alice are said to have been much affected by the incident.

THE JAPANESE "FLOWERY LAND."*

THE memory of stealthy midnight assaults, of barbarous murders committed in the open daylight, of two-sworded, swaggering, blustering bullies, yclept Yakonins, and of feudal barons (Daimios) intent on the extirpation of the foreigner, and ever heading their bravos in the onslaught, is still tingling in our brain from the tragic pages of Alcock, when lo! a more pleasant prospect opens before our eyes—Japan depicted by the simple-minded lover of nature—the Japanese as they are in their more innocent moods, untutored in broil, and amiable in their manners—Japan itself as it is when not defaced by ferocious superstitions and fierce political enmities—a land of sunshine and flowers—depicted, too, by our old friend Mr. Fortune—the same whom we followed in another flowery land, in 1847, by Hong-Kong to Amoy, Chusan, Ningpo, Shanghai, and Fu-chu-fu; in 1852 to the Bohea Mountains and other tea districts of the interior; and in 1857 to Chekiang, Quan-ting, the silk and rice countries of the interior, and to Hu-chu-fu—the Versailles of China. This is truly Japan and the Japanese under another aspect, and glad are we to avail ourselves of it, for we have faith in the Japanese, although we abhor Daimios and Yakonins, and we believe that, as has happened in other countries, a gifted, proud, hospitable, and intelligent race of people, will one day shake off the incubus of feudal tyranny and priestly superstition that lays heavy on the country, and will extend the right hand of fellowship to the stranger.

Let us, then, leave awhile the bullies of Yedo and their princely employers, and contemplate the Japanese at home, or as he is when uncorrupted by outward influences.

The houses of the high officials (Mr. Fortune tells us, and it is to be remarked that although so old and tried a traveller in China, this was his first visit to Japan), wealthy merchants, or retired gentlemen, though generally small, and only of one or two stories in height, are comfortable and cleanly dwelling-places. One marked feature of the people, both high and low, is a love for flowers. Almost every house which has any pretension to respectability has a flower-garden in the rear, oftentimes indeed small, but neatly arranged; this adds greatly to the comfort and happiness of the family. As the lower parts of the Japanese houses and shops are open both before and behind, I had peeps of these pretty little gardens as I passed along the streets; and wherever I observed one better than the rest I did not fail to pay it a visit. Everywhere the inhabitants received me most politely, and permitted me to examine their pet flowers and dwarf trees. Many of these places are exceedingly small, some not much larger than a good-sized dining-room; but the surface is rendered varied and pleasing by means of little mounds of turf, on which are planted dwarf trees kept clipped into fancy forms, and by miniature lakes, in which gold and silver fish and tortoises disport themselves. It is quite refreshing to the eye to look out from the houses upon these gardens. The plants generally met with in them were the following: *Cycas revoluta*, Azaleas, the pretty little dwarf variegated bamboo introduced by me into England from China, Pines, Junipers, Taxus, Podo-

* A Narrative of a Journey to the Capitals of Japan and China. By Robert Fortune. John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1863.

carpus, *Rhapis flabelliformis*, and some ferns. These gardens may be called the gardens of the respectable working classes.

Japanese gentlemen in Nagasaki, whose wealth enables them to follow out their favourite pursuits more extensively, have another class of gardens. These, although small according to our ideas, are still considerably larger than those of the working classes; many of them are about a quarter of an acre in extent. They are generally turfed over; and, like the smaller ones, they are laid out with an undulating surface, some parts being formed into little mounds, while others are converted into lakes. In several of these places I met with azaleas of extraordinary size—much larger than I have ever seen in China, or in any other part of the world, the London exhibitions not excepted. One I measured was no less than forty feet in circumference! These plants are kept neatly nipped and clipped into a fine round form, perfectly flat upon the top, and look like dining-room tables. They must be gorgeous objects when in flower. *Parfugium grande*, and many other variegated plants still undescribed, were met with in these gardens, in addition to those I have named as being favourites with the lower orders.

One old gentleman to whom I was introduced by my friend Mr. Mackenzie—Mr. Matotski—has a nice collection of pot plants arranged on stages, much in the same way as we arrange them in our greenhouses in England. Amongst them I noted small plants of the beautiful *Sciadopitys verticillata*, several *Retinosporas*, some with variegated leaves; *Thujopsis dolabrata*, and variegated examples of laurel, bamboo, orontium, and *Hoya Matotskii*—a name given by some Dutch botanist in honour of the old gentleman, and of which he was not a little proud. Mr. Matotski is a fine mild-looking Japanese, rather beyond the middle age. He has a collection of birds, such as gold and silver pheasants; and in his library are some illustrated botanical books, which he shows with great pride to his visitors. He presented me with a few rare plants from his collection, and offered to procure me some others, of which he had no duplicates in his own garden.

Two other facts in natural history struck our traveller in his early rambles; first, living salamanders for sale in tubs; and, secondly, strikingly beautiful fowls with long and gracefully-curved tail feathers, and fine silky ones hanging down on each side of the hinder part of the back. Bantams were also plentiful, and bold, independent-looking little fellows they appeared to be. Camphor-trees of a great size grew about the Buddhist temples on the hill-sides. Facts of a different kind, and appertaining to the life of the people, also presented themselves to his notice. Among these was a procession of a number of men dressed up as Chinamen, who were supporting a huge dragon, and making it wriggle about in an extraordinary manner:

Another procession consisted of little children, some so small that they could hardly walk, who were dressed in the Dutch military costume—cocked-hats, tailed-coats with epaulets, dress swords, and everything in the first style, closely resembling Mynheer on gala-days, when the trade of Japan was all his own, and Desima—dear little prison—his abiding place. In this procession, Dutch frans and frauleins were duly represented, and truth compels me to say that they were never shown off to more advantage. The procession was accompanied by a band, dressed up also in an appropriate manner: they had European instruments, and played European music. The day was fine; thousands of people lined the streets, flags were hung from every window, and altogether the scene was most amusing. I followed the procession through the principal streets, and then up to a large temple situated on the hill-side above the town. Here the infantine troop was put through various military manœuvres, which were executed in a most creditable

manner. I was amused at the gravity with which everything was done; each child looked as if it was in sober earnest, and scarcely a smile played on one of the many little faces that were taking part in this mimic representation of the good Dutchmen. The exercises having been gone through, the band struck up a lively air, and the little actors marched away to their homes.

It is almost needless to remark that these processions occurred at Nagasaki, where Chinamen and Dutchmen are familiar of old. The veteran naturalist, Dr. von Siebold, lives a few miles from the city amongst the most beautiful scenery. The doctor, whose opinion is weighty, likes the Japanese, and is himself a great favourite with the people around him. The Japanese also have nurseries as well as private gardens. Gardening is indeed a passion with the Japanese as with the Chinese—at least, with some. Mr. Fortune saw at Nagasaki a dwarfed fir-tree so curiously trained that he believes it kept a man constantly employed upon it every day throughout the year. Imagine a human being doomed to pass his life in attendance upon a dwarf fir-tree!

Mr. Fortune's views with regard to the future of Nagasaki are as concise, as they are to the point. A trade, which the quiet old Dutchmen of Desima never dreamt of, has sprung up with China, but all the exports are seaweed, salt fish, and a few other articles, while the imports are medicines, Japan wood, and dyes. The exports to Europe are chiefly tea, vegetable wax, and copper. At present there is little demand for our English manufactures; but that may spring up. In the mean time, Nagasaki may one day become most valuable as a sanitarium for our troops in that quarter of the globe. As if a country that has not even a repairing dock in its twin colonies of Vancouver Island, and British Columbia, still less troops wherewith to resist the encroachments of Washingtonians and New Californians, could send troops to Japan!

It appears, according to Mr. Fortune, that the merchants sided with the Japanese in selecting Yokuhama as the European settlement in the bay of Yedo. The European officials wished for Kanagawa. A look represents the whole transaction as an act of duplicity on the part of the Japanese, and that it was they who set the merchants and their representatives at cross purposes, and in unseemly antagonism. Our representative also denounces the site as opposed to treaty, as in a marsh, away from the Tokaido, or high road, and insulated by a canal-like Desima. The merchants, however, declared that Yokuhama had deep water, and Kanagawa had not, and the former carried the day. Unhappily," Mr. Fortune adds, "all this was the cause of much wrangling and ill feeling, which it will take some time to remove." Mr. Fortune belongs pre-eminently to the class of men devoted to pacific pursuits. He admits that Yokuhama is in a swamp, that a broad and deep canal has been dug round the town, that guard-houses are placed at points of egress, and that no one can go out or come in without the sanction of the Japanese; yet is he innocent enough to believe that this is intended more for the protection of the Europeans than anything else. The population is increasing, notwithstanding all these untoward circumstances. When the American squadron first visited Yokuhama in 1854, it was but a small fishing village, containing probably not more than a thousand inhabitants. Now the population amounts to eighteen thousand or twenty thousand,

and a large town occupies the space which was formerly occupied by rice-fields and vegetable gardens. The town is divided into its European and native portions. In the latter, the various productions of the country are exposed for sale. "Dresses," carvings in ivory, lacquer-ware, and porcelain, are all duly represented. All these objects exhibit the skill, industry, patience, humour, and imitative genius of the Japanese in a very favourable light. The toys were equally ingenious and pretty:

"There were glass balls, with numerous little tortoises inside them, whose heads, tails, and feet were in constant motion; humming tops, with a number of trays inside, which all came out and spun round on the table when the top was set in motion, and a number of funny things in boxes like little bits of wood shavings, which perform the most curious antics when thrown into a basin containing water. Dolls of the most fascinating kind, with large, pouting, bulging heads, crying out most lustily when pressed upon the stomach, were also met with in cart loads. One little automaton, so small one could scarcely see it, when put upon hot charcoal, gradually seemed to acquire life and animation, and moved about for all the world like a brilliant caterpillar. This large trade in toys shows us how fond the Japanese are of their children.

"Books, maps, charts, drawings, and sketches are also to be obtained. The plan of Yedo—the same as is published in De Chomire's "Japan"—is sold surreptitiously. Animals and birds are also on sale. There is a place for amusement provided by the Japanese (who are, as considered in these matters as disposed as all countries), and called the Gan-ke-ry. There is much of debauchery and drunkenness, we are told, are common, and even murder is not infrequent. Notwithstanding the obstinacy of the merchants, who would not let a word, the consuls, who have health as well as leisure to command, all dwell at Kanagawa, on the north side of the mouth of the bay of Yedo. This town is, as before observed, on the highway to Yedo, and in the midst of a most fertile and interesting country. Mr. Fortune had the good sense to remove there, and was received by the consul for Portugal and France. How rarely does the British official command to befriend the humble man of science? At Kanagawa, there are temples and cemeteries, gardens, inns, and tea-houses. The priests remove their gods, and make way for the consuls—for a consideration. The Tokaido, or highway, is thronged all day long with people going to or returning from the capital. The corteges of the Daimios, or feudal lords, sometimes cover the road for miles, and occupy hours, nay, even days, in passing by. The people fall down on their knees as the great men himself wends his way. The sketch given of this Tokaido, so much spoken of by travellers, does not give a very imposing idea of its magnificence. Something like a second-rate Turkish town, with a barrier across the street, and bare heads, mushroom hats, fans, and umbrellas, instead of turbans, sepeas, abbas, burnouses; while the dignified bearing of the Moslem is also wanting in the more lively and ingenious Japanese:

"When the retinue of the great man has passed by, the stream of every-day life flows on along the great Tokaido as before. No carts are used on this part of the road. Everything is carried on pack-horses, and these are passing along the road in great numbers all day long. Each horse is loaded with a pile of boxes and packages—a formidable mass, oftentimes, surmounted by a man in a large broad-brimmed straw-hat, who, from his exalted position, is

guiding the movements of his horse. Generally, however, when passing through towns, the horses are led by the drivers. In addition to the huge pile of packages, it is not unusual for a little family, consisting of the mother and children, to be housed amongst them. On one occasion, as two foreigners of my acquaintance were out riding in the country, one of their horses shied, and, coming in contact with a loaded pack-horse, its burden came tumbling off, and was scattered over the road. On stopping to render the driver some assistance in re-loading his horse, my friends were horrified to find a whole family scrambling about amongst the packages, amongst which they had been snugly stowed away.

Besides the processions, pack-horses, and palanquins, the pedestrians on the Tokaido demand our attention. Some are crowned with queer-looking broad-brimmed straw-hats; others have napkins tied round their heads, and their hats slung behind their backs, only to be used when it rains or when the sun's rays are disagreeably powerful; while others, again, have the head bare and shaven in front, with the little pigtail brought forward and tied down upon the crown. Mendicant priests are met with, chanting prayers at every door, jingling some rings on the top of a tall staff, and begging for alms for the support of themselves and their temples. These are most independent-looking fellows, and seem to think themselves conferring a favour rather than receiving one. I observed that they were rarely refused alms by the people, although the same priests came round almost daily. To me the prayer seemed to be always the same—namely, *nan-nan-nan*; sometimes sung in a low key, and sometimes in a high one. When the little copper cash—the coin of the country—was thrown into the tray of the priest, he gave one more prayer, apparently for the charity he had received, jingled his rings, and then went on to the next door. Blind men are also common, who give notice of their approach by making a peculiar sound upon a reed. These men generally get their living by shampooing their more fortunate brethren who can see. Every now and then a group of sturdy beggars, each having an old straw mat thrown across his shoulders, come into the stream which flows along this great highway. Then there is the flower-dealer, with his basket of pretty flowers, endeavouring to entice the ladies to purchase them for the decoration of their hair; or with his branches of "*akemasa*" (*Illicium amomum*), and other evergreens, which are largely used to ornament the tombs of the dead.

All day long, and during a great part of the night too, this continual living stream flows to and from the great capital of Japan along the imperial highway. It forms a panorama of no common kind, and is certainly one of the great sights of the empire. The blind travellers, of whom there are a great number, are said to prefer travelling by night when the road is less crowded, as the light of day makes no difference to them.

Mr. Fortune directed his steps on his botanical pursuits, as in China, to the large Buddhist temples, for at such places the timber is preserved on the hill-sides, and many of the rare trees of the country are sure to be met with adorning some of the courts. Hence it was that at Bokuyō, the first temple he visited in Japan, and that on "a glorious autumnal day," cool and enjoyable, he found "the umbrella pine" a tree of great beauty and interest, growing to a height of a hundred feet. This beautiful new pine is figured in Mr. Fortune's book. The houses of the priests were situated in pretty gardens decorated with the ornamental flowers of the country, and it was the same with the little farm-houses from one of which Mr. Fortune obtained a very fine collection of *chrysanthemums*. He put in his note-book that day, that the Japanese were very like their Chinese friends over the water, and that no difficulty was so great that it could not be overcome by a little liberality. A guide named Tomi, was next obtained. He had been a pedlar, and everybody

knew Tomi, and Tomi knew everybody. He got fuddled with saki every evening, but during the daytime he was to be depended upon. Japan has certainly a delightful climate. Day after day, Mr. Fortune says the sun was shining in a clear sky, and yet the air was cool, and he could walk all day long with the greatest comfort. Tomi soon became a botanist, and would inform his master of temples where there were fine trees of a rare description. Thus it was that he went to the isolated temple of To-rin-gee, where was a grove, or rather a cemetery, sheltered by the "asnero," a beautiful tree from eighty to one hundred feet in height. The roofs of the farm-houses, which are thatched, like the temples, were observed on this occasion to have a species of iris growing thickly on the flattened ridge of the roof, thus giving it a rural and pleasing appearance, which is faithfully rendered in an accompanying sketch. The tea-plant was cultivated in the little gardens of the farmers and cottagers. The chief fruits were pears, plums, oranges, peaches, chesnuts, loquats, Salisburia nuts, and Diospyros kaki. The vine produces fruit of great excellence. The vegetables were carrots, onions, radishes, turnips, yams, lily roots, ginger, and others peculiar to the country.

Mr. Fortune paid his first visit to Yedo as a guest of Sir R. Alcock, and, on this occasion, he was attended by the turbulent native body-guard, yclept Yakonins, now too sadly familiar to us. The people along the road are, however, described as being perfectly civil and respectful. Beggars were carefully kept out of the way; hence some travellers have declared there are no mendicants in Japan, as some have also said there were no drunkards. The fact is that the beggars in Japan are both numerous and importunate, and drunkenness and other vices are as common as in any country in the world. Few in the present day are more truculent in their cups than the overbearing Yakonins or Samurai. Tea-houses constitute the most remarkable feature on the Tokaido, or highway. At one of these some pretty young ladies met them in the middle of the road with a tray, on which were placed sundry cups of tea of very good quality. The invitation of the host of the "Hotel of Ten Thousand Centuries" was in a similar manner seconded by three or four Japanese beauties, but the Englishmen were ungallant enough to decline the proffered hospitality, for these frequent stoppings were rather expensive. This forbearance did not, however, last long. "Whether we really needed refreshment, or whether we could not resist the laughing-faced damsels above mentioned, is not of much moment to the general reader; one thing is certain, that somehow or other we found ourselves within the 'Mansion of Plum-trees,' surrounded by pretty, good-humoured girls, and sipping a cup of fragrant tea." The Japanese "ladies," Mr. Fortune remarks, in connexion with these pretty waiting-maids, "differ much from those of China in their manners and customs. It is etiquette with the latter to run away the moment they see the face of a foreigner; but the Japanese, on the contrary, do not show the slightest diffidence or fear of us. In these tea-houses they come up with smiling faces, crowd around you, examine your clothes, and have even learned to shake hands. Although in manners they are much more free than the Chinese, I am not aware they are a whit less moral than their shy sisters on the other side of the water." If we had not so amiable and innocent a person as

a botanist to deal with, we should not know if the comparison was meant as favourable to the Japanese, or unfavourable to the Chinese.

The garden was ornamented with, besides its groups and avenues of plum-trees (whence the name of the place), little lakes or ponds, of irregular and pleasing forms, in which gold-fish, and tortoises were swimming about in perfect harmony. These little lakes were spanned by rustic bridges, and surrounded with artificial rock-work, in which ferns and dwarf shrubs were planted. Such seems, indeed, to be the pretty and enjoyable nucleus of Chinese and Japanese garden scenery alike. The garden in the rear of the legation, although small in extent, Mr. Fortune describes as being one of the most charming little spots he ever beheld. The curved line, such as Hogarth delighted in, being the line of beauty, it is questionable if the Horticultural Gardens at Kensington would not have been much prettier if laid out in the Japanese style than in straight lines and parallelograms.

Several murders had already occurred at this epoch, but Mr. Fortune is inclined to think that the murdered men were probably innocent altogether blameless, and had brought such punishment upon themselves. But how does this apply to Mr. Heuskin's case, or to the wholesale onslaughts on the British legation? Besides, it is assuming a case. Be this as it may, however, our botanist persists in looking upon the Yakuza more as a body-guard than as spies, and he says he always found them to be perfectly civil. It is well to hear two sides of the question, and ignorance with regard to matters of distrust and spies is essentially blissful.

The temple, the arbours, and even "the blooming damels of the Hill of the god Atango," were disregarded for the sake of the comprehensive panorama which it afforded of the vast and beautiful city at their feet. Would that the shade of Barford could bring that view over him!

"Until now," Mr. Fortune himself admits, "I had formed no adequate idea of the size of the capital of Japan. Before leaving China I had heard stories of its great size, and of its population of two millions; but I confess I had great doubts as to the truth of these reports, and thought it not improbable that, both as to size and population, the accounts of Yedo might be much exaggerated. But now I looked upon the city with my own eyes, and they confirmed all that I had been previously told."

Looking back to the south-west over the wooded suburb of Sinagawa from which we had just come, and gradually and slowly carrying our eyes to the south and on to the east, we saw the fair city of Yedo extending for many miles along the shores of the bay, in the form of a crescent or half-moon. It was a beautiful autumnal afternoon, and very pretty this queen of cities looked as she lay basking in the sun. The waters of the bay were smooth as glass, and were studded here and there with the white sails of fishing-boats and other native craft; a few island batteries formed a breastwork for the protection of the town; and far away in the distance some hills were dimly seen on the opposite shores. Turning from the east towards the north, we looked over an immense valley covered with houses, temples, and gardens, and extending far away almost to the horizon. A wide river, spanned by four or five wooden bridges, ran through this part of the town and emptied itself into the bay.

On the opposite side of a valley, some two miles wide and densely covered with houses, we saw the palace of the Tycoon and the official quarters of the city, encircled with massive stone walls and deep moats. Outside of this there are miles of wide straight streets and long substantial barn-looking

buildings, which are town residences of the feudal princes and their numerous retainers.

To the westward our view ranged over a vast extent of city, having in the background a chain of wooded hills, whose sloping sides were covered with houses, temples, and trees. A large and populous portion of Yedo lies beyond these hills, but that was now hidden from our view.

This hill now bears the modern title of "Grande Vne," and well, we are told, it deserves the name. There is another eminence called "Belle Vne," to the east of the citadel, from whence an equally splendid view of the city, gardens and bay is obtained.

While at Yedo, Mr. Fortune was enabled to make excursions into the surrounding country, as well as into the city, only that he was always accompanied by his guard of Yakuins. He agrees with previous travellers in declaring that it would be difficult in all the world to meet with scenes

of greater natural beauty than are presented in Japan. All the suburban residences, farm-houses, and cottages, have little gardens in front, containing a few of the favourite flowering plants of the country. A remarkable feature in the Japanese character is that, even to the lowest classes, all have an inherent love for flowers, and find in the cultivation of a few pet plants an endless source of recreation and unalloyed pleasure.

If Mr. Fortune remarks, this be one of the tests of a high state of civilization amongst a people, the lower orders amongst the Japanese come out in a most favourable light when contrasted with the same classes amongst ourselves. It is quite certain that all cannot be bad where such tastes are indulged in. The vegetables of Japan do not, however, possess so much flavour as with us.

Mr. Fortune is tempted to trace this to the platy nature of the soil, but is this sufficiently general?

"Never in my wanderings in any other country," says Mr. Fortune, "did I meet with such charming lanes."

Nothing in England could be compared to them. Large avenues and groves of pines, particularly of *Cryptomeria*, the Japanese cedar, and one of the most characteristic trees of the country, were frequently met with, fringing the roads, and affording most delicious shade from the rays of the sun.

Now and then magnificent hedges were observed, carefully clipped and trained to a great height. Everywhere the cottages and farm-houses had also a neat and clean appearance, such as is not to be observed in any other part of the East.

The scene was always changing and always beautiful—hill and valley, broad roads and shaded lanes, houses and gardens, with a people industrious, but unoppressed with toil, and apparently happy and contented.

The people in the villages, it is to be remarked, were quiet and civil, and did not annoy our explorer in any way. Yet, however civil and kind the natives might be, it is his belief that nine-tenths of them hate and despise all foreigners.

It is probable that this is a kind of instinct nurtured by isolation and prejudice, and, indeed, as we too often see, only partially removed by intercommunication. We need not go so far from home as to Japan to meet with instances of international hatred.

Mr. Fortune's experience leads him to believe that the only motives that keep Orientals on their good behaviour, and lead them to allow us to live and travel and trade amongst them, is because one class makes money out of us, and another and a larger one is afraid of our power. But might not this apply to many Occidentals too? Happily there are no rules without

exceptions, and there are in every country enlightened and liberal spirits who do not abhor a stranger merely because he is such.

Among the excursions made in the vicinity of Yedo, some were to the gardens or nurseries, where plants are reared for sale. Mr. Fortune says he has never seen, in any part of the world, such a large number of plants cultivated for sale. The pretty Nanking square porcelain pots, the masses of deep green foliage, and the quaint form and colouring of little rocks of agate, crystal, or other rare stone placed in the pots, produced a novel and striking effect. In Japan, as in China, the art of dwarfing plants has been brought to a high state of perfection. A box is noticed only one inch square by three inches high, in which were actually growing and thriving a bamboo, a fir, and a plum-tree. The price of this portable grove was about 100%. Unfortunately, the Yakonins, who had their profits to make, made our collector pay considerably more than the market price for what purchases he effected. The most remarkable feature in these nurseries was, however, the number of plants with variegated leaves. The Japanese have long cultivated this art. Mr. Fortune was luckily enabled to select in these extensive nurseries a great number of new ornamental shrubs and trees, which will one day, it is hoped, produce a striking and novel effect upon our English parks and pleasure-grounds.

Another excursion was to Ogee, which is described as the Richmond of Japan, and its celebrated tea-house is a sort of "Star and Garter Hotel." As if it were not enough to have pretty living damsels, in one of these gardens there were imitation ladies made up out of the flowers of the chrysanthemum. An enthusiastic florist would no doubt prefer the latter. The Japanese gardener, it appears, understands the cultivation of these chrysanthemums better than we do, and Mr. Fortune obtained some new varieties at the temple of Ah-sax-saw, which may create as great a change among chrysanthemums as the modest "Chusan daisy" did when she became the parent of the present race of pompones.

Among other places visited was the temple of Eco-ying, erected to the memory of 180,000 human beings who lost their lives in an earthquake about a hundred and fifty years ago. At the hotel, the young girls, kneeling in front and on each side of our traveller, poured out his tea, and begged him to eat of the cakes and fruits, while one of them busied herself in taking the shells off some hard-boiled eggs, dipping them in salt, and putting them into his mouth. Surely, he remarks, all this was enough to satisfy and refresh the most weary traveller, and to send him on his way rejoicing. The handsomest girls our traveller saw in Japan, he, however, declares to be the Bikuni, or mendicant nuns, who are generally related to the begging mountain priests.

But the best of friends must part at last, and Mr. Fortune was obliged to bid adieu to kind hosts, adhesive Yakonins, and fair waiting-maids, and set sail with his arboreal and floral treasures for Shanghai. On his way he visited Osaka, which, with its port of Hiogo, is described by Sir R. Alcock as the best trading place in Japan. Mr. Fortune corroborates this statement, and he adds: "Whatever tends to promote luxury, or to gratify sensual pleasures, may be had at as easy a rate here as anywhere, and for this reason the Japanese call Osaka the universal theatre of pleasures and diversions." Moreover, Osaka is only one day's journey from Miyako, the real capital of Japan, and to which the Daimies of

Yedo appear recently to have taken themselves off, even to the Prince of Kanga with his forty thousand retainers. Unfortunately, on the other hand, that article of the treaty which ensures the opening of Hiogo to trade, has not yet been carried out.

Mr. Fortune returned from Shanghai to Nagasaki in 1861, and arrived there upon a holiday, when the greater portion of the population were engaged in the praiseworthy operation of kite-flying. This time he had to exchange the placid waters and the wild and romantic scenery of the Inland Sea for the disagreeables of the outward passage, and he was thus detained two days by a gale. Upon the occasion of this second visit to Japan, Mr. Fortune was aided by an old Chinese servant in collecting shells and insects as well as plants. All countries are beautiful in spring, but Japan was found to be pre-eminently so. The primrose of that season is of a rich magenta colour—the "Queen of Primroses."

Having ransacked Yokuhama and Kanagawa, Mr. Fortune accepted an invitation from the American minister to visit Yedo again, Sir R. Alcock being at that time absent. Mr. Myburgh, in charge of the legation in Sir Rutherford's absence, took offence at this. Mr. Fortune was a British subject, and should therefore have obtained the sanction of the British legation, and not have availed himself of American protection. He was therefore at once ordered to quit the place. A more contemptible stretch of petty official tyranny we never read of. It was in vain that our unfortunate botanist explained and apologised, go he must, or incur the terrible anger of Mr. Myburgh, and so the opportunity of acquiring new spring-plants from the nurseries wherewith to adorn our public and private gardens was lost to the country through the peevishness of a man dressed up in a little vain and brief authority.

Although Yedo is a large city, and remarkable in many ways, it cannot be compared with London, Paris, or any of the chief towns in Europe, either in the architecture of its buildings, the magnificence of its shops, or in the value of its merchandise. It has no Woolwich or Greenwich—no St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey—no Champs Elysées or Versailles; it has nothing to show like the Boulevards in Paris or like Regent-street in London. Indeed, the habits and wants of the people are so different from those of European nations, that we have little in common for a comparison. But, nevertheless, Yedo is a wonderful place, and will always possess attractions peculiarly its own in the eyes of a foreign visitor. It is of great size for an Oriental city; its palace surrounded by deep moats and grassy banks, the official quarter, the residences of the native princes, its wide streets, and beautiful bay, will always be looked upon with a certain degree of interest. Then, the views which are obtained from the hills in its neighbourhood are such as may well challenge comparison with those of any other town in Europe or elsewhere. Its suburbs, too, as I have already shown, are remarkable in many ways. Those beautiful valleys, wooded hills, and quiet lanes fringed with noble trees and evergreen hedges, would be difficult to match in any other part of the world.

With regard to the population of Japan, Mr. Fortune remarks that travellers have hitherto formed their conceptions mainly from going along the Tokaido, or imperial highway; but on leaving the highway, he says, a very different scene presents itself, and there are in the country the means of supplying all the necessaries of life to a population far greater than that which exists in Japan at the present day.

Upon the subject of politics, our traveller agrees with the views of

Sir R. Alcock, as expounded by us in a previous notice. "It is becoming clearer," he intimates, "every day that the government of the Tycoon, with whom we have made our treaties, is powerless to enforce those treaty rights. The feudal princes, with that curious personage the Mikado, or 'Spiritual Emperor,' are stronger than the government at Yedo; and until a change takes place, resulting in the formation of a powerful government, either at Miyako or Yedo, and the destruction of the feudal system, there will, I fear, be little security for the lives of our countrymen in this part of the world. How this is to be accomplished, whether by civil war, or by the interference of foreign powers, is at present uncertain."

Elsewhere he observes: "With all our care in opening up this trade, it is much to be feared that a time may come, and that it is not very distant, when Japan will have to pay dearly for her former exclusive policy. As a nation, we have an abhorrence of war and all its attendant horrors, but somehow or other—owing, no doubt, partly to our wide spread dominions, and to our extensive commerce—we have war always forced upon us against our inclinations; and that this will be one of the results of our new treaty with Japan, there is, as I have already said, but too much reason to anticipate." We hope not. The people, as all travellers agree, are not hostile to us; on the contrary, many are most favourable. It is a pity that they should be made to suffer for their rulers, and if they, or their Tycoon, take it into their heads to get rid of the feudal Daimios and their murderous retainers, there need be no necessity for war.

When Mr. Fortune had finished his work in Japan, the Chinese war having been brought to a successful termination, he was enabled to visit the new ports of Chefoo (Chi-fu) and Tien-tsin on the Gulf of Pechili, or Pi-chili, and also the capital city of Peking, and the mountains which lie immediately beyond it. His work contains a faithful description of this part of his travels over a country which, until the last war, was almost as little known to Europeans as Japan itself. Mr. Fortune does not think much of Chefoo, or rather Yentai, for that is the name of the place, as a port for trade; but he describes it as a very salubrious station, at that time occupied by the French. Of Tien-tsin, its salt-heaps, and heaps of less pleasant things, we have already had enough; yet Mr. Fortune declares it to be an important commercial station, well worthy the attention of the merchants of foreign countries. The English have, it is to be observed, established hospitals both in Tien-tsin and in Peking. Mr. Fortune says he believes that no religious efforts in China are likely to be crowned with so much success as those of the medical missionary. The excursion to the mountains beyond Peking was rewarded by the discovery of a noble oak-tree, and finding that the *Pinus Bungeana*, already introduced by Mr. Fortune in England, grows there with a thick trunk, which branches off at a height of some three or four feet into eight or ten branches, rising perpendicularly to the height of eighty or one hundred feet, and that it may thus be made to constitute a very remarkable object in our landscapes at home. The new oak (*Quercus sinensis*) is almost certain also to prove perfectly hardy in Europe, and Mr. Fortune believes that it will turn out one of the most valuable things brought away from Northern China.

STRATHMORE;

OR, WHOUGHT BY HIS OWN HAND!

A LIFE ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," &c.

There are depths in Man that go the lengths of lowest Hell, as there are heights that reach highest Heaven; for are not both Heaven and Hell made out of him; made by him, everlasting Miracle and Mystery that he is?—CARLYLE.

Oblivion cannot be hired.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S "Urna Buriall."

Good and evil we know, in the field of this world, grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder were not more intermixed.—MILTON.

PART THE FIRST.

STRATHMORE, OF WHITE LADIES.

WHITE LADIES meant neither snowdrops, by their pretty old English name, ghosts in white cere-clothes, nor belles in white tulle. It was only an old densely-wooded estate down in one of those counties that give Creswick his cool chequered shade and wild forest streams, and Lord Birken Foster his shallow sunny brooks and picturesque roadsides; but which, I am told by superior taste, are terribly insipid and miserably stale, with many other epithets I do not care to repeat, having a lingering weakness myself for the old bridle-paths with the boughs meeting above head, the hawthorn hedges powdered with their snowy blossoms, and the rich meadow lands with their tall grasses, and clover, and cowslips, where cattle stand up to their hooks in fresh wild thyme, and shadows lengthen slowly and lazily through long summer days.

White Ladies was an ancient and stately abbey, the last relic of lands once wide and numerous as Warwick's ere he fell at Gladsmeor Heath, a single possession, though that lordly enough, where it had once been but one among a crowded headroll of estates that had stretched over counties before they were parcelled out and divided, some amongst the hungry courtiers who fattened upon abbey lands; some among the Hanoverian rabble, who scrambled for the goodly spoils of loyal gentlemen; some, later on, among the vampires of Israel, who, like their forefather and first usurer, Jacob, know well how to treat with the famished, and sell us our mess of pottage at no smaller price than our birthright. In the days of Monkery and of Holy Church, White Ladies had been a great Dominican monastery, rich in its wealth and famous in its sanctity, and though since those days the great Gothic pile had been blasted with petronels, burned with flame, and riddled with the bullets of the Ironsides; when the western sun slanted in flecks of gold through the boughs of the Wyck-elms, and fell on the panes of the blazoned windows; or the moonlight streaming across the sword, gleamed through the pointed arches and aisles, and down the ivy-covered cloisters; the abbey had still

a stately and solemn beauty, given to it in ancient days by the cunning hand of master masons; in the days when men built for art and not for greed, and lavished love in lieu of lasting gold, when they worked for a long lifetime to leave some imperishable record of their toil, grandly heedless how their names might perish and be forgot. It stood down in deep secluded valleys on the borders of Wales, shut in by dense forest lands that covered hill and dale for miles about it, and sheltered in their recesses the dun deer in their coverts and the grey herons by their pools; a silent, solitary, royal place, where the axe never sounded among the centenarian trees, and the sylvan glory was never touched by the Vandal of time and the Goth of steam that are swiftly sapping what Tudor iconoclasts spared, and destroying what Puritan petards left free.

Through the dark elm-boughs that swayed against the marvellous carvings with which Norman builders had enriched the abbey; through the tangled ivy that hid where Cromwell's breach had blasted, and where Henry's troops had sacked; through the deep heraldic blazonries upon the panes, where the arms of the Strathmores with their fierce motto, "*Slay, and spare not!*" were stained; the summer sun shone into one of the chambers at White Ladies. In olden days, and turn, by turn as time went on and fortunes changed, the chamber had been the audience-place of the Lord Abbot, where he had received high nobles who sought the sanctuary because the price of blood was on their heads, or thriftless kings of Plantagenet who came to pray the aid of Mother Church for largesse to their troops ere they set sail for Palestine. It had been the bower-room of a captive queen, where Mary had sat over her tapestry thinking of the days so long gone by, when on her soft childish brow, fair with the beauty of Stuart and Guise, the astrologer had seen the taint of foreshadowed woe and the presage of death under the soft golden curls. It had been the favourite haunt of Court beauties where they had read the last paper of Spec, and pondered over new pulvillios, and rejoiced that the peace had been made at Utrecht, to bring them the French mode and Paris chocolate, and thought in their secretly-disaffected hearts of the rising that was fomenting among the gallant gentlemen of the North, and of the cypher letter lying under the lace in their bosoms from one brave to rashness, and thrice well-beloved because in danger for the Cause, who was travelling secretly and swiftly to St. Germain. Now the Plantagenets had died out, root and branch, and the tapestry woven by Mary was faded and moth-eaten, and the Court beauties were laid in the chapel vault, and oriel-chamber was scented with Manillas, Burgundies, and liqueurs, while three or four men sat at breakfast with a group of retrievers on the hearth. The sun falling through the casements, shone on the brass andirons, the oak carving, the purple silk of the hangings on the walls, and on the game and fruits, the steaming coffee and the golden Rhenish, that were crowded in profusion on the table, at which the host and the guests of White Ladies lounged, smoking and looking over the contents of the letter-bag, peeling an apricot, or cutting into a haunch à la Marinade, silent, lazy, and inert, for there was nothing to tempt them out but the rabbits, and the morning was warm, and the shaded room pleasant. At the head of his table the host sat in the deep shadow, where the light of the outer day did not reach, but left the dark purple hangings of the wall with the

dead gold of their embroideries in gloom behind him, at the back of his fauteuil. He was a man then of nine-and-twenty or thirty, but who looked something older than he was; he was tall and slightly made, and wore a black velvet morning coat. His face was singularly striking and impressive, more by expression than by feature—it was such a countenance as you see in old Italian portraits, and in some Vandykes, bearing in them power strangely blended with passion, and repose with recklessness; his hair, moustache, and beard were of a dark chestnut hue; his mouth was very beautifully formed, with the smile generous, but rare; the eyebrows were dark, straight, and finely pencilled; the eyes gray. And it was in these, as they lightened to steel-like brilliance or darkened black as night with instantaneous and pitiless anger, that an acute physiognomist would have inferred danger and evil to himself and to others, that would arise from a spring as yet, perhaps, unknown and unsealed; and that an artist studying his face, in which his art would have found no flaw, would have said that this man would be relentless, and might have predicted of him, as the Southern sculptor prophesied of Charles Stuart, "Something evil will befall him. He carries misfortune on his face."

He lay back in his chair, turning over his letters, looking idly one by one at them, not opening some, and not reading wholly through any; many of them had feminine superscriptions, and scarlet or azure chiffres at the seal, as delicately scented as though they had been brought by some court page, rather than by the rough route of the mail-bag. They afforded him a certain amusement that summer's morning, and Strathmore of White Ladies—this man with the eyes of a Catiline, and the face of a Strafford—had no care greater on his mind for either the present or the future just then than that his keepers had told him the broods were very scanty, and the young birds had died off shockingly in the early parts of the spring; that he was summoned to go on a diplomatic mission to Bulgaria to confer with a crabbed Prince Michel, before he cared to leave England; and that one of his fair correspondents, Nina Montolieu, a Free Companion, whose motto blazoned on her pretty fluttering pennon, was a very rapacious "*tout prendre!*" might be a little more troublesome and exigeante than was agreeable, and give him a taste of the tenacious griffes now that he had tired of playing with the *pattes de velours*. He had nothing graver or darker to trouble him, as he leant back in his fauteuil in the shadow where the sunlight did not come, glancing out now and then to the masses of forest, and the grey cloisters, ivy-hung and crumbling to ruins, that were given to view through the opened casement of the arched windows of his chamber. His face was the face of a State-conspirator of Velasquez, of a doomed Noble of Vandyke; but his life was the easy, nonchalant, untroubled, unchequered life of an English gentleman of our days; and his thoughts were the thoughts that are natural to, and that run in couple with, such a life. "Born to calamity" would have been as little applicable to Strathmore as it seemed to Charles of England, when he and Villiers looked into the long eyes of the Spanish donnas and drank to the loveliness of Henriette de Bourbon. But in those joyous, brilliant days of Madrid and Paris, the shadow of the future had not fallen across the

threshold of Whitehall,—neither as yet had it fallen here across the threshold of White Ladies.

He looked up and turned a little in his chair as the door opened, and the smile that was the more brilliant and the more attractive because extremely rare, lighted his face.

"You incorrigible fellow! the coffee is cold, and the claret is corked, and the omelettes are overdone, but it's no more than you deserve. Won't you ever be punctual? We were going down to Hurst Warrant at nine, and it's now eleven. You are the most idle dog, Errol, under heaven!"

"You were only down yourself six minutes and a half ago (I asked Craven), so don't you talk, my good fellow. You have been reading the first volume of the '*Amours d'une Femme*,' and sending the rabbits to the deuce; and I've been reading the second, and consigning them to the devil, so nous sommes quittes. A summer morning's made for a French novel in bed, with the window open and the birds singing outside; pastorals and pruriencies go uncommonly nicely together, rather like lemon and rum, you know. Contrasts are always *chic*."

With which enunciation of doctrine the new comer sat down, rolled his chair up to the table, and began an inspection of some lobster *cailles à la Maréchale*, taking a cup of creamy chocolate from the servant behind him, while Strathmore looked at him with a smile still on his lips, and a cordial look in his eyes, as if the mere sound of the other's voice were pleasant to him. The belated guest was a man of his own age, or some few years older; in frame and sinew he was superb; in style he was rather like a dashing Free Lance, a gallant *debonnair* captain of Bonaparte's Reiters, with his magnificent muscle and reckless brilliance, though he was as gentle as a woman and as lazy as a Circassian girl. He called himself the handsomest man in the Service, and had the palm given him undisputingly; for the frank, clear, azure eyes that grew so soft in love, so trustful in friendship, the long fair hair sweeping off a forehead white as the most delicate blonde's, the handsome features with their sunny candour and their gay sensuous smile, made his face almost as attractive to men as to women. As for the latter, indeed, they strewn his path with the conqueror's myrtle-leaves. His loves were as innumerable as the stars, and by no means so eternal; and if now and then the beau sexe had the best of the warfare, it was only because they are never compassionate on those who surrender to them at once, and whom they can bind and lead captive at their will, which the least experienced could do at one stroke with Bertie Errol, as he freely and lamentingly confessed. The Beau Sabreur (as he had been nicknamed, *à la Mure*, from his cornethood, partly from some back-handed strokes of his in *Calreland*, partly from the personal beauty which he inherited from a race whose beauty was all their patrimony) terrifically, as his valets could tell when he put the gloves on, and daring, as the chronicles of the Cape decreed him to be in the saddle and the skirmish, was soft as silk in the hands of a beauty, and impressionable and plastic as wax when fairy fingers were at work. He had never in his life resisted a woman, and avowed himself utterly unable to do so. Have you ever known the muscle that brought Laomedon to grief of any avail against the Lydian Queen?

and 'Letters! Why will they write them?' he said, as he glanced at the small heap of feminine correspondence piled beside his plate. 'It's such a pity that it only makes us feel heavier, colder, and miserably ungrateful; wastes an hour to get through them negligibly, or hangs as a millstone of unperformed duty and unexpiated debt about our necks for the line-long day, till post-time comes round again and makes bad worse.' 'Why will they write them?' he asked. Strathmore, giving a contemptuous push of his elbow to Nina Montolieu's envelope, a souvenir of the past season, with which he could very well have dispensed. 'Our Brinvilliers poison us with patchouli paper, and stab us with a crown-quill. One might like to bide of a rose in aromatic paint, but I would rather eat distill of a billet of three scented sheets crossed by Correspondence. It's cruel with women. If you don't answer them, you feel sinful and discourteous; if you do answer them, you only supply them with ammunition to fire on to you afresh with fifty more rounds of grape and canister. They love to spend their whole mornings slithering over a thousand lines and winding up with *Toujours à votre service*. They do not write honey to you with one pen and gush about you with another; they love to address their dearest friends on a rose-tinted sheet, and blot it to damn them on a cream-coloured one. Writing is women's *indignité*, but it is deucedly hard that they will inflict the results upon us.' 'It's an odd psychological fact that women will write on for a twelvemonth unanswered as religiously as they wipe their pens, don't their dates, and believe in the acceleration of postal speed by and immediately on the envelope,' put in Phil Danvers from the bottom of the table, helping himself to some Strasbourg pâté. 'Some of them write delightfully, though—Tricksey Bellenois does. Her notes are the most delicious olla podrida of news, mists, historiettes, and little tit-bits of confidence imaginable; she always tells you too, mischievous things of the people you don't like, instead of scandalising people you do, after the ordinary fashion. Her letters are not bad fun at all when you're smoking and want something to look at for ten minutes.' 'I'll tell her how you rate them! She's going to Charlemont next week. See if you get any more letters, Phil!' cried Erroll. 'My dear fellow, if we turned king's evidence on one another, I don't think we should get any more feminine favours at all!' laughed Strathmore. 'Very few of them would relish the chit-chat about them, if they'd correct reports from the club windows and short-hand notes from the smoking-rooms. Would you be let in again to the violet boudoir in Bruton-street if Lady Fitz knew you'd told me last night that she had the very devil's own temper? and would Con be called 'ami choisi de mon cœur,' if Madame la Baronne knew that when he gets her notes he says, 'Deuce take the woman!—how she bothers,' audibly in White's? Try that grilse, Langston—it was in the river yesterday.' 'And is prime. It would have been worth Georgie's troling.' 'Georgie lost all her rings last week in the Dee—five thousand pounds' worth in diamonds and sapphires—serve her perfectly right! What business has she with March browns and dun governors?' said the host of White Ladies, drawing a plate of peaches to him. 'I cannot conceive what women are about when they take up that line of thing. How can they imagine an ill-done replica of ourselves can attract us! A fast

woman is an anomaly, and all anomalies are jarring and bizarre. To kiss lips that smell of smoke—to hear one's belle amie welcome one with 'All serene!'—to see her 'bugle eyeball and her cheek of cream' only sparkle and flush for a tan gallop and a Rawcliffe yearling—to have her boudoir as horsy as the Corner, and her walk a cross between a swing and a strut! Pah! give me women as soft, and as delicate, and as velvet as my peaches!"

"Peaches?" put in Erroll. "Ominous simile! Your soft women have an uncommonly hard stone at their core, and a kernel that's poison under the velvet skin, mon cher Cis!"

"*Soit!* I only brush the bloom, and taste the sweetness!" yawned Strathmore. "A wise man never lingers long enough over the same to have time to come to the core. With peaches and women, it's only the side next the sun that's tempting; if you find acid in either, leave them for the downy blush of another! How poetic we grow! Is it the Rhenish? That rich, old, amber, mellow wine always has a flavour of Hoffmann's fancies and Jean Paul's verse about it; it smells of the Rheingau! I don't wonder Schiller took his inspirations from it. I say, Erroll, I heard from Rokeby this morning. He doesn't say a word about the Sartory betting, nor yet of the White Duchess scandal. He is only full of two things: La Pucelle's chances of the Prix de Rastatt at Baden, and of this beauty he's raving of, something superb, according to him, a Creole, I think he says—Lady Vavasour! Really one's bored to death with ecstasies about that woman! Have you heard the name? I have lots of times, but I've always missed her."

"Vavasour? Vavasour? The dance, I have—rather!" said Erroll, thrown into a beatific vision by the mere name of the lady under discussion, stroking his soft, silky moustache, while he stirred some more cream into his chocolate.

"Who is she?" asked Langton, who was only just back from a ten years' campaign in Scinde, curling a loose leaf round his Manilla.

"More than I can tell you, tres-cher. I believe it's more than anybody knows. She sprang into society like Aphrodite from the sea-foam. One may as well be graceful in metaphor, eh? You mean a Creole, Strathmore, made a tremendous row at St. Petersburg—came nobody knew precisely whence—hadn't been seen till she appeared as Lady Vavasour and Vaux tooling a six-in-hand pony-trap, with pages of honour in lapis-lazuli liveries, that created a furore in Longchamps, and made the Pré Catalan crowded to get a glimpse of her. Ever since then all Europe's been at her feet!"

"That's the woman!" broke in Danvers. "Oh, she's divine, they say! Everybody goes mad after her, and can't help himself! Scrope Waverley raved of her; he saw her at Biarritz, and swears she's quite matchless. She's the most capricious coquette, too, that ever broke hearts with a fan-handle!"

"Hearts! Faugh!" sneered Strathmore; and, when he sneered, his face was very cold—a coldness strangely at variance with the swift, dark passions that slumbered in his eyes. "My good fellow, don't give us a réchauffé of Scrope Waverley's sentimental nonsense *de grâce!* The man must be weaker than the fan-handle if he be ruled by it."

Erroll lifted his eyebrows, and sighed:

"May be! But the little ivory sticks play the deuce with us when they're well managed."

"Speak for yourself! Don't make your confessions in the plural, that their *bêtise* may sound general, pray!"

"Oh, *you*—you're a confounded cold fellow! Wear chained armour, wrap yourself in asbestos, and all that sort of thing, 'larva kisses' wouldn't melt you, and Helen wouldn't move you unless you chose!"

Strathmore laughed a little as he brushed a gnat off the velvet sleeve of his coat:

"Why should they? It is only fools who go in fetters. I can *not* comprehend that madness about a woman—to lie at her feet and come at her call, and take her caresses one minute and her neglect the next, as if you were her spaniel, with nothing better to do than to live in her bondage! It is miserably contemptible! What is weakness if *that* isn't one, eh?"

Erroll flung the envelope with the scarlet chiffre, lying on the table within reach of his hand, at his host and friend, as proof and reproof of the nullity of his doctrines.

"Most noble lord! you have the cheek to talk coldly and disdainfully like that, while you know you are in the griffes of the Montolieu, and Heaven knows how many others besides!"

Strathmore laughed as the envelope fluttered down on the ground, falling short of him where he lay back in his *fautuil*:

"Bécasse! that is a very different affair. Nina is a dashing little lawless lady, and knows how to pillage with both hands; one must pay if one dallies with the Free Companions. You don't suppose she ever held me in her bondage, or flattered herself she did for an hour, do you? No one was ever *in love* with that sort of women after twenty; one *makes* love to them, *en parenthese* as it were, of course, but that's quite another thing. It is how you lose your hearts, how you hang on a smile, how you let yourselves be marked and hit and brought down like the silliest noddie-bird that ever sat to be shot at, how you go mad after *one* woman, and that one woman with, nine times out of ten, nothing worth worshipping about her—it is that which I can't understand."

"*Tant mieux pour vous!*" said Erroll, softly, and with a profound sigh of envy. "Go about with your *noli me tangere* shield, and be piously thankful you've got it then. Only the 'haughty in their strength,' *et cætera*, you know—what's the rest of the scriptural warning?—unbelievers *do* come to grief sometimes for their hardened heterodoxy! This superb Vavasour, I want dreadfully to see her. They say she is the best thing we have had for a long time, since the Duchesse d'Ivoire was in her first prime."

"She must be the same I heard so much about in Paris last winter; she was passing the season in Rome, so I missed seeing her. She has the most wayward caprices, they say, of any living woman," said Danvers, turning over the leaves of the morning papers; "but the *caprices d'une belle femme* are always bewitching and always permissible. A great beauty has no sins; she may do what she likes, and we forgive her, even with the leopard claws in our skin. The pretty panther! it looks so handsome and so soft; its very crimes are only mischief."

"You haven't been in Scinde, Phil," said Langton, with the grim smile of a vieux sabreur who hears those who have never suffered jest at scars; while their host, rather tired of this breakfast-chat about women, turned to his unopened correspondence, till his guests, having thrown their letters away, to be answered at any distant and hazardous future, having yawned over the papers, casually remarking that that poor devil Allington's divorce case was put off till next session, or that there was an awful row in South Mexico, rose by general consent, and began to think of the rabbits.

White Ladies was one of the pleasantest places to visit at in England. A long beadroll might have been cited of houses that eclipsed it in every point—but the abbey had a charm, as it had a beauty, of its own; and those who went thither once always gave the preference to a second invitation there, over those to other places. In the deep recesses of its vast forest-lands there were droves of deer that gave more royals in one day's sport than were ever found south of the Cheviots. In the dark pools, some of them well-nigh inaccessible, where they lay between gorge-covered hills or down in wooded valleys, the wild fowl flocked by legions. The river, that ran in and out, of which you just caught glimpses from the west windows, flashing between the boughs in the distance, was famed for its salmon, and had in olden days given char and trout to the tables of the monastery, whose celebrity had reached to royal Windsor and princely Sheen, and made the Tudors covetous for the land and water that yielded such good fare. Sport was to be had in perfection among the brakes and woods at White Ladies; and within its art-stained windows, even in the very bachelor dens overlooking the grey cloisters, there was luxury and comfort; and fair women used to come down to White Ladies, lovely enough to rouse the sleeping Dominicans from their graves as they swept through the aisles of the chapel; and laughter would ring out from the smoking-room, when the men had their feet in the papooshes and their Manillas in their mouths, loud enough to wake all the echoes of the abbey, and make the dead monks lying under the sward turn in their tombs and cross themselves at the profanity of their successors and supplanters.

White Ladies was a grand old place, and Strathmore was envied by most of his friends and acquaintance for its possession. It had come to him by the distaff side, from his mother's father, who, failing heirs male in the direct line, had left it to his daughter's second son on condition that he assumed his name. By a strange chance, Strathmore bore a close resemblance to his mother's line, whose name he had taken; he had nothing either in feature or in character in common with the easy, inert, sensual, placable, Saxon Castlemeres, with their Teuton good humour and their Teuton phlegm, but he inherited in every point the features of the Strathmores, that courtly, silent, Norman race, swift and fierce in passion, dark and implacable in hate, keen to avenge, slow to forgive, imperious in love, and cold in hate; and with the features might go the character. "Others do not know, we do not know ourselves, all that lies latent in us, until the seeds of good or evil that are hidden and unknown germinate to deed and blossom into action, and make us reap for weal or woe the harvest we have sown. If with the countenance he inherited the character of those who had ruled before him at White Ladies, there

had been little in his life up to this morning, when he sat drinking his Rhenish and looking over his letters in the oriel-room at the Abbey that warm summer day, to develop the unroused nature. The darker traits might have died out with the darker times, as the mailed surcoat of steel had been replaced by a velvet morning coat, as the iron portcullis had been put away by a gold-fringed portière, as the culverin above the gateway had been removed for the soft, silken folds of a flag. Lions long kept in a tame life lose their desert instinct and their thirst for blood; so the Strathmores in long centuries of court life might have outworn and lost what had been evil and dangerous in them in the days of Plantagenet, of Lancaster, and of York. Or, if the nature were not dead, but only sleeping, there was nothing to arouse it; life went smoothly and well with Strathmore; he had birth, fortune, talents of a high order; he was courted by women, partly because he was very cold to them, chiefly, doubtless, because he was son of the Marquis of Castlemere and master of White Ladies. In a diplomatic career he had a wide field for the ambitions that attracted him—the ambition not of place, wealth, or title, but of Power, the deep, subtle state power that had in all ages fascinated the Strathmores, and been wielded by them successfully and skillfully. Life lay clear, brilliant, unruffled behind him and before him; singularly generous, caring little for money or for luxury, he was cordially liked by men, though there were some, of course, who as cordially hated him; and if there ran in his blood the old spirit of the Strathmores that had in ancient days begotten their fierce motto, “*Slay, and spare not*,” that had often worked their own doom and been their own scourge; that gleamed from their eyes in the old portraits by Antonio More, and Jameson, and Vandyke, hanging in the vaulted picture-gallery at the Abbey, and that made those who looked on them understand how those courtly, elegant, suave gentlemen had been swift to steel, and pitiless in pursuit, and imperious in ire, if this spirit still ran in his blood it was dormant, and had never been awakened to its strength. Opportunity is the forcing-house that gives birth to all things; without it, seeds will never ripen into fruit; with it, much that might otherwise have died out innocuous expands to baneful force. Man works half his own doom, and circumstance works the other half. Yet, because we have not been tempted, we therefore believe we can stand; because we have not yet been brought nigh the furnace, we therefore hold ourselves to be fire-proof. *Mes frères*, the best of us are fools. Fear! The steel is not proven till it has passed through the flames. Sooner or later—though they may lie to it long, half a lifetime; perhaps—I believe that men and women are all true to their physiognomies; that they prove, sooner or later, that the index Nature has writ (though writ in crabbed, uncertain characters that few can read altogether aright) upon their features is not a wrong, nor a false one. Men lie, but Nature does not. They dissemble, but she speaks out. They conceal, but she tells the truth. What is carved on the features, will develop, some time or other, in the nature. When Benini made the prophecy that foretold ill for the heir of England, could any prediction seem more absurd? Yet Charles Stuart wrought his own fate, and the fruit of the past, whose seed had been sown by his own hands, was bitter between his teeth when the foretold calamity fell, black and ghastly,

betwixt the People and the Throne. Strathmore's life, cold, clear, cloudless as the air of a glittering, still winter's noon, was utterly at variance with his physiognomy—the physiognomy that had the eyes of a Catiline and the face of a Strafford! Yet, as time went on, and he passed of his own will into a path into which a man stronger in one sense, and weaker in another, would have never entered, the spirit that was latent in him awoke, and wrought his own fate and wove his own scourge more darkly and more erringly, because more consciously and more resolutely, than Charles Stuart, making him eat of the fruit of his own sowing to the full as bitterly as he of England, who might never have bowed his head to the axe that chill January morning, when a king fell, amidst the silence of an assembled multitude, if the first obstinate error that had seemed sweet to him had been put aside, and the first wilful turn out of the right path been avoided; the turn—so slight!—that led on to the headsman and the scaffold!

II.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE ELMS.

THE rabbits were tame in comparison with the drives for which the forests of White Ladies were famed, and with the bouquets of pheasants that the battues afforded later on in the year; but still they were better than nothing, and were peppered *fruits de mieux* that day, though the chief thing done by the whole quartette was to lie under the trees and drink the iced champagne-cup and Badminton, brought there, with a cold luncheon, on an Exmoor pony by the under-keepers about two o'clock; which was, however, as pleasant occupation for idleness on a sultry summer's day as anything that could be suggested, while the smoke of the Manillas curled up through the leafy roofing above heads, and the dogs lay about on the moss-covered turf with their tongues out, hot, tired, and excited, and the mavises and blackbirds sang in the boughs.

"Where the deuce is the Sabreur?" said Phil Danvers, when the rabbits had been slain by the scores, and the chimes of the Abbey, ringing seven o'clock with the slow, musical chant of the "Adeste Fideles," came over the woods, and warned them that the dressing-bell must be going, and that it was time to think about dinner.

"By George! I don't know," said Strathmore, raising himself from the lichens and ferns on which he lay, and standing up, with a little yawn, to stretch himself. "I haven't seen him for the last hour. Didn't he say something about the Euston Coppice? I dare say he is gone there after the rabbits; we must have missed him somewhere."

"It's deucedly easy to lose oneself in these woods of yours, Strathmore," said Langton, striking a fresh fusee. "The timber's so tremendously thick, and there are no paths to speak of; you never have the wood out down, do you?"

"Out down! Certainly not! My good fellow, do you think the woods of White Ladies go for building purposes? The Strathmores would rise out of their graves! I wonder Bertie is gone off like that. Pritchard, have you seen Colonel Erroll?"

"I see the Colonel a going toward the coppice, my lord, about an hour

ago, when we was beating of the Near Acre—a going down that ere path, my lord,” responded Pritchard, the under-keeper.

“Queer fellow!” said Strathmore, as he gave his gun to one of the boys, and lighted a weed. “What did he go off for, I wonder? He must have missed us, somehow.”

“Perhaps he’s taken a wrong out, and will wander miserably till the soup’s cold and the fish overdone,” suggested Danvers. “Lady Millicent is coming to-night, ain’t she, with the Harewood people? He’ll hang himself if he isn’t in in time to take her in to dinner; he swears by her just now, you know. The Sabreur’s eternally in love! Who isn’t, though?”

“I’m not,” said Strathmore, with perfect veracity. It was somewhat his pride that he had never lost his head for any woman in his life.

“Because you’re panoplied with protocols, and sworn to the State! You’re a cursed cold fellow, Cis—always were!” interrupted Danvers, with a mixture of impatience and envy. “The Sabreur *has* lost himself, I bet you; it is easy enough in these woods. I was benighted once, don’t you remember?—the under-growth is so confoundedly thick, and it’s as wild here as in Brittany. If he miss Lady Millicent, he’ll hang himself, to a certainty! We must ask her for one of her rose-tendre ribbons to make the suicide effective!”

“I’ll go round by the coppice home, and look for him,” said Strathmore, putting his cigar in his mouth. “There are two hours before the people come; it’s only now striking seven. I shall be back in plenty of time, and it’s a splendid evening. Au revoir!—you and Phil want longer for your toilettes than I do, because you’ll dress for the Harewood women!”

It was a splendid evening—clear, sultry, with an amber light falling through the aisles of the trees, and long shadows deepening across the sward, while the wild fowl went to roost beside the pools, and the herons dipped their beaks into the dark cool waters that lay deep and still, with broad-leaved lilies and tangled river plants floating languidly on their surface. Strathmore left Danvers and Langton to take the shorter cut through the gardens that led direct to the side-door of the bachelors’ wing, and strolled himself along through the Hurst Wood, by the longer détour known as Euston Coppice, a wild, solitary, intricate bit of the park, that had, as Danvers said, more of the luxuriant forest-growth of parts of Lower Brittany than of the tamer, more cultivated look of English woodlands. Some volcanic convulsion long ages ago had rent and split the earth in this part into as fantastic and uneven a surface as the Black Rocks of Derbyshire, the gaps so filled up by furze, and hazel, and yellow heath, and the rugged sides so covered with mosses, violet roots, and hyacinths, that the right track might very easily be lost if you were not acquainted with every nook, and corner, and forest path, as Strathmore had been from his childhood. He walked onward, looking about him; for he thought it possible that Erroll might have missed the right path, and that he might fall in with him as he passed round through the Euston Coppice homewards. Bertie Erroll was the solitary person whom Strathmore could ever have been said to have loved. His attachment was very difficult to rouse; he cared for very few people, and, in the world, everybody, specially pretty and romantic women, called him

without any heart, perhaps without any feeling. It was true that he had never lost his head after any woman; he had had an intrigue with this one, a liaison with that, but loved them he had not; his indifference was no affectation, and his vaunted panoply no pretence; the Strathmores had always better liked state plot and subtle power than the woman whose odorous tresses had swept over their Milan corsets, and whose golden heads had been pillowed on their breasts. To Bertie Erroll, Strathmore bore, however, a much deeper attachment than women had ever won from him—the attachment of a nature that gives both love and friendship very rarely; but when it gives either gives instantly, blindly, and trustingly; the nature that had always been characteristic of the “swift, silent Strathmores,” as the alliteration of cradle chronicles and provincial legends nicknamed the race that had reigned at White Ladies since Hastings. The friendship between them was the friendship closer than brotherhood of dead Greece and old Judæa—the bright truthfulness, the soft laziness, the pandour, the dash, the verve, the hundred attractive, attachable qualities of Erroll’s character, endeared him to Strathmore, by that strange force of contrast that has so odd a spell sometimes in friendship as in love, and the bond between them was as close and firmly riven as a clasp of steel. They never spoke of their friendship hardly; it was not the way of either of them. It is only your loving women who lavish eternal vows, and press soft kisses on each other’s cheeks, and swear they cannot live apart over their pre-prandial cup of Souchong, to slander each other suavely behind their fans an hour afterwards, and sigh away their bosom-darling’s honour with a whisper. They rarely spoke of it; but they had a friendship for one another passing the love of women, and they relied on it as men rely on their own honour, as silently and as secretly. Once, when they were together in Scinde, having both gone thither on a hunting trip to the big-game districts for a change one autumn, to bring home tiger-skins and try pig-sticking, a tigress sprang out on them as they strolled alone through the jungle—sprang out to alight, with grip and fang, upon Strathmore, who neither heard nor saw her as it chanced. But before she could be upon her victim, Erroll threw himself before him, and catching the beast by her throat as she rose in the air to her leap, held her off at arm’s length, and fell with her, holding her down by main force, while she tore and gored him in the struggle—a struggle that lasted till Strathmore had time to reload his gun, and send a ball through her brain; a long time, let me tell you, though but a few short seconds in actual duration, to hold down, and to wrestle in the grip of a tigress of Scinde. “You would have done the same for me, my dear old fellow,” said Erroll, quietly and lazily, as his eyes closed and he fainted away from the loss of blood. And that was all he would ever vouchsafe to say or hear said about the matter. He had risked his life to save Strathmore’s; he knew Strathmore would have acted precisely the same for him. It was a type of the quality and of the character of their friendship.

The evening shadows were slanting across the sward, while the squirrels ran from branch to branch, and the chesnuts lying on the mass turned to gold in the western sun, as Strathmore walked along through the Hurst Wood with a couple of beagles following in his track. See Erroll he did not, and he wondered where the deuce he had

gone; if he had been absolutely after the rabbits he would have taken some of the men or the dogs at the least with him; and it was odd he had chosen that night in especial to be belated, as among the people coming to dine at White Ladies in an hour's time was Lady Millicent Clinton, a beautiful blonde, tantalising, imperious, and bewitching to the highest degree, whom Erroll had watched for at Flirtation Corner, left the coulisses for at the opera, bought guinea cups of Souehong for at bazaars, and dedicated himself to generally, throughout the past season. He walked onwards, flushing the pheasants with his step, and startling the grey herons as he passed the pools, till they rose at the bark of the dogs, and sailed majestically away in the sunny silent air. At last, as he went along the confines of the deer-park, towards the entrance of a long elm-walk, half lane, half avenue, that led round towards the Abbey, a spaniel bustled out of the brushwood near and leapt upon him; it was one of his own dogs, a water-spaniel that Erroll had whistled to him, and brought with them that morning. "Hallo, Marquis! where is he, old fellow?" said Strathmore, as he stooped and patted the dog. Marquis understood the question, shook his long ears that were dripping with water from his chase of a wild duck, looked vivaciously intelligent and specially important, and ran onwards, turning back now and then to see that he was followed. No detective from Scotland-yard could have better done his duty. As Strathmore looked to watch where the dog ran, he saw standing in the deep shadow flung by the trees, across the walk, leaning over a gate against which his gun was resting, and talking to a woman, Bertie Erroll, in quest of other game than the rabbits. He was at some distance from Strathmore, almost at the other end of the avenue, across which broad lines of yellow light fell through the trunks of the trees from the sunset, where the elm-boughs meeting above head, thick with luxuriant leaf, threw chequered shadows on the turf below. He was leaning down over the stile which led into a bridle-path that wound up to the church a mile or so beyond, and was talking earnestly to his companion, who stood on the other side, and who, even at that distance, made a charming picture, much such as one as Aline, when Boufflers toyed with her at the woodland brook under the forests of Lorraine, with the butterflies fluttering above her head, and the wild flowers hanging in her childish hands. She stood on the lower step of the stile, so that as she reached upwards one of her arms was wound about his neck, her face, soft, youthful, and fair, was lifted to his own, as his hand lingered on her brow, pushing back from it the shining waves of hair, while she nestled closely to him as a bird to the one who caresses it, as a spaniel to the master it follows. It was a scene to be interpreted at a glance, that golden sunset hour under the shadow of the elms, — and in those hours who remembers that the sun will set, leaving the dark dews of night to brood where its beams have fallen; that the foliage above us will drop off sere and withered like the "dark brown years" of Ossian, into which we must enter and dwell; that in the grasses the asp is curling, that in the west the clouds are brooding? None remember, *mes amis*! neither did these who lingered then beneath the elms before the sun went down.

"That's his game! By George! I thought it was odd if the rabbits alone made him too late for dinner! I wonder how many he has shot in the coppice. Poor Lady Millicent! she would die of mortification and

pique," thought Strathmore, as he looked up the elm-walk at its crossed light and shade, with a smile in which there was a dash of contempt. He had been loved by women who might well have claimed to haunt his memory; proud, peerless beauties, who might well have looked to rouse the swift imperious passion which, *when they loved*—that unloving race!—the love of the Strathmores had ever been; but he had cared for none of them, and this wasting of hours, this ceaseless adoration of women, this worshipping of a mistress's eyebrow, was incomprehensible and somewhat contemptible in his sight. He never was so nearly losing patience with Erroll as when he came *en evidence* with the perpetual gallantries, the never-ending, ever-changing *grandes passions*, as easily lit as cigars and as quickly thrown aside, that were the characteristic of the Sabreur, and his best beloved pursuit. Strathmore would as soon have understood consuming his time in constantly blowing soap-bubbles, like Hawthorne's hero of the Seven Gables!—and he looked now with a certain disdainful amusement at them where they stood, while Erroll stooped down so that his moustaches almost brushed the woman's brow, and she leaned forward so that her head, uncovered to the sun that played upon the auburn ripples of her hair, rested against his arm. Then unseen himself, he turned, and making the spaniel quiet with a sign, crossed the avenue, and went along beside the sunken fence of the deer-park by another route homeward, so that he should neither spy upon nor interrupt them.

Such game was Erroll's especial sport, if he found it on the lands of White Ladies he was fully welcome to the preserves undisputed. Strathmore did not covet him either the small amusement of slaying, nor the inevitable trouble of the game when slain. A quarter of an hour later on, as he crossed the lawns that lay in front of the Abbey, while the chimes of the bells were ringing the curfew with low mellow chants and carillons, he heard a step behind him, and as he turned faced Erroll, who came along smoking, with Marquis at his heels; and blandly unconscious that he had been seen in his *tête-à-tête* under the elms.

"Had good sport in the coppice, *mon cher*? What did you mean by giving us the slip like this?" said Strathmore, as he swung round and waited for him.

"Pretty good; rabbits were rather shy," answered Erroll, with the Manilla between his lips, and the most tranquil air of innocence that the human countenance ever wore.

"But *la belle wasn't!* Tant mieux! you seemed very good friends; is she an old acquaintance or a new? Is the game in the bag or only marked; hit or only just flushed? I expect the whole story in the smoking-room to-night!"

A certain dash of annoyance and discomfiture went over Erroll's face for the moment, but he laughed as he broke the ash off his cigar against the grey stone of the cloisters under which they were passing:

"Hang you! where did you see me?"

"Where you were very plainly to be seen! If you make open-air rendezvous, *tres chère*, you must be prepared for spectators. Who is she? If the game's been found on my lands, I think it is fair I should have an account of it. Is she an old love or a new?"

"Not new," laughed the Sabreur, pulling his velvet Glengarry over his forehead, to keep the sunset glare out of his eyes.

"Not new! I thought you gave no more thought to old loves than to old gloves—the gloss off both, both go to the devil! I suppose you found her up last autumn, when you were down here in my place. I was in the East, so I am not responsible for what happened. You might have told me, my dear fellow; I shouldn't have rivalled you; pretty *paysannes* never had any attraction for me; I like the *tourneure* of the world, not the odour of the dairy. Give me grace and wit, not rosy cheeks and fingers fresh from the churn and the hencoop; the perfume of frangipane, not of the farm-yard. Petrarch might adore a miller's wife—*ce n'est pas selon moi*—and I think the flour must have made Laura's *chiome d'ore* look dusty: I never took a mistress from my tenantry! Who is she, Erroll?"

Erroll took the Manilla out of his mouth, sent a puff from it into the air, and turned to Strathmore with his gay insouciant laugh, clear as a bell and sweet as a girl's, that had so much youth in it:

"I'll tell you some other time. Old story, you know, nothing new in it. We're all fools about women, and she's sweetly pretty, poor little thing! beats any of those we shall have to-night hollow, Lady Millicent and all of 'em!"

Strathmore raised his eyebrows and stroked his moustaches:

"An old love! and you're as enthusiastic as that? What must you have been in the beginning! Thank Heaven I was not here. Poor Lady Millicent! so volatile by the gallon would never restore her if she knew a young provincial, smelling of the hayfield, with a set of cherry ribbons for a Sunday, and a week-day aroma of the cowshed (if not the pigsty), was said by the difficile Sabreur to beat her hollow!—and she a Court beauty and a Lady in Waiting! So much for taste!"

"Pigsty? Cowshed? You didn't see her just now, Cecil; you couldn't!" broke in the Sabreur, disgusted.

"I saw a woman, my dear Erroll, *c'était assez*; she was your property, and I noticed no more."

"For God's sake don't suppose me such a Goth that I should fall in love with a dairymaid, Strath!" said Erroll, plaintively. "She's nothing of that sort—nothing, I give you my honour! Let me clear my character, pray. Should I love a Phillis in a hazel-bower? I hate cobwebs, dew, and earwigs; and I can't bear a coarse colour for a woman! I say, Strathmore, don't let out anything about it, though, will you? Don't tell the other fellows; there's no object, and they'd only——"

"Chaff you? Exactly!"

"No! I don't care a straw for chaff," said Erroll, meditatively, with his Manilla in his mouth, drawing his Glengarry over his eyes. "It's only boys who mind chaff, *we* don't. But they might get hunting her out, you see—would, I dare say, I should in their place—and I don't want that. I wish to keep the thing quiet. I have managed to do it hitherto; and she would cut up as rough at insult as Lady Millicent herself; you understand?"

"Not very clearly; but it doesn't matter; one doesn't look for perspicuity in love intrigues—nor for reason."

"Hang you! you know what I mean," murmured the Sabreur, lazily.

"You mean, you don't want me to tell of your tête-à-tête, and let the men on to badger you about it when the women are gone? Very well! I'm silent as the dead!" laughed Strathmore. "What a wicked dog you are, Bertie, on my word, though. Country air ought to purify your morals; one naturally sins in cities, but——"

"Inevitably sins in villages! Just so, one's nothing else to do! In town, one sins from sociability; in the country, from solitariness—a safe indication that the soft sins are the natural concomitants of one's existence everywhere, and shouldn't be resisted!" said the Sabreur, with a yawn.

"Admirable theory!—developed in practice, too, by its preacher, which can't be said of all precepts! Arcadia and the Rue Bréda have more in common than one generally fancied then; but I shouldn't have thought you'd have taken to provincial amourettes, Sabreur! However, failing hot-house fruits, I suppose you take a turn at blackberries. What an odd state of existence it must be, not to be able to live twenty-four hours without finding some woman's eyes to look into!"

"Very natural, I think!—when women's eyes are the pleasantest mirrors there are, and framed on purpose for us. You were never in love in your life, Strath."

"I was never the fool of a woman, if you mean that."

"You've brought over a prima donna, because, in a cold sort of way, you thought her a handsome Roman," went on the Sabreur, disdaining the interruption—"or you've taken up the Montolieu, because she made a dead set at you—and because one has a Montolieu as naturally as one has a cigar-case or a pair of slippers—or you've made love to some grande dame because it answered a political purpose, and advanced a finesse to be in her boudoir when everybody else was shut out of it; but as for love—you know nothing about it!"

Strathmore laughed:

"I know as much as any wise man knows. I know just as much as flatters life—any more disturbs it. I like a woman for her beauty, but I should be particularly sorry to sup in raptures off a single smile, to tie my hands with a golden hair, and to go mad after the shape of an ankle, as you do with a dozen divinities in as many months. A week or two ago you were wild about the Clinton, who is worth looking at, I grant you, and now, I dare say, you've lost your head just as completely for little Phillis yonder, with her hands in the butter! My dear Bertie, it's positively inexplicable to me; I can fancy your kissing the lips, if they're pretty ones, of all those goddesses, but I can't possibly understand your caring about the goddesses themselves!"

"Hold your tongue!—and, for Heaven's sake, don't suppose I'm in love with a human churn! Hands in the butter; what an idea!" murmured the Sabreur, disgusted.

"Well, it must be a cabbage-rose this time, conservatory ones don't grow about the home farms. Or if it isn't——"

Strathmore stopped, struck with a sudden thought, and swung round as they walked under the cloisters, his face as he turned to Errol softening with that rare smile which took from it all that was cold, dark, and dangerous in its physiognomy, and gave to it a generous and almost tender warmth—a warmth that as yet no woman had had the magic to

waken there. He laid his hand on Erroll's shoulder with the old familiar gesture of their Eton days, as they came out of the aisles of the cloisters on to the lawn that stretched smooth and sunny before an antique gray terrace, with broad flights of steps hung with ivy, looking down on to thick avenues and long glades of trees, like the terrace at Haddon, where Dorothy Vernon fled in the summer moonlight to the love of John Manners.

"Erroll, I say, it is no entanglement, no annoyance, is it, this affair of yours?"

Erroll threw his cigar away, shook his head, and laughed:

"Not in the least; except—that my conscience stings me a little for it sometimes. That's all!"

Strathmore's hand rested still on his shoulder, lying there in the safe, cordial grasp of a friendship warm as the friendship of David for Jonathan.

"Conscience! How exceptional you are! The word's out of all modern dictionaries, and *rococo* from use. But what I meant was, if you had any difficulty of any kind—if you need to shake yourself free from any embarrassments—you would keep to your promise and let me serve you in all ways? Remember, old fellow, you gave me your word?"

He meant that Erroll would let him assist him more substantially than by advice. The Sabreur was a cadet d'un cadet, a man about town, with little more to float him than a good name and a fashionable reputation, lucky Baden "coups" and dashed-off magazine articles; his debts were heavy sometimes, his embarrassments not a few, though on his gay sunny nature they never weighed long; he was, very literally, a "beggared gentleman," though his beggary was as joyous and insouciant a Bohemianism as might be; and well off himself, Strathmore, who was generous to an extreme, and absolutely indifferent to riches, as I've said, had always pressed him, and sometimes, though generally with the utmost difficulty, compelled him to accept his aid without bond or payment.

His hand lay on Erroll's shoulder where they stood at the foot of the terrace steps, and the light from the west fell full upon his face as Strathmore looked at him—it was so frank, so glad, with a smile as bright as a girl's upon it, that many years afterwards Strathmore saw it in memory fresh as though beheld but yesterday.

"Dear old fellow! I know you would! If I needed, I would ask you as freely as though you were my brother;" and Erroll's voice was rich and full as he spoke, like the voice of a woman when she speaks of or to that which she loves: then he laughed and curled a loose leaf round his Manilla. "But there's no need here; I'm not the sufferer. They are not panther griffes, like your Montolieu's or La Julia's, confound her! I play the tiger part if there be one in the duo. I say, Strathmore, what a confounded bore your going off to Servia—Bosnia, Bulgaria, where is it? Won't Prince Michel wait?"

"Prince Michel would willingly wait till doomsday rather than see me, but England won't. It is a bore; I didn't want to leave till over the 1st; however, *diplomatic oblige!* and there'll be a good deal of finesse wanted. It is an errand quite to my taste."

"Perhaps you'll see this adorable Vavasour and Vaux beauty on the Continent. Do try!"

"And report her to you, as game worth your coming over to mark or not, as the case may be? Your *paysanne* won't hold her ground long against the Peeress, if she's only a tithe of what Rokeby says. I will make note for you accurately if I see her; and I may come back through Paris in the spring. The deuce! it's getting very late. Those people will all be here before we are dressed for dinner," said Strathmore, as he crossed the terrace, entered the house, and went up to his dressing-room that was over the billiard-room, and looked out across the pleasure and the deer-park that lay beyond.

Lady Millicent came, haughty, lovely, and bewitching, with the Harwood people and several others, to dinner that night at White Ladies, in the great dining-hall that had been the refectory of the old Dominicans. Where travel-worn pilgrims and serge-clothed palmers, footsore and bronzed by Eastern suns, had sat and supped, telling of miracles of Loretto or persecutions from the Moslem to the listening brethren; pretty women with diamonds glancing in their hair, and smiles brightening in their languid, lustrous eyes, sat at the table, covered with gold plate, and Bohemian glass and delicate Sèvres, with rich fruits and brilliant exotics, and Parian figures holding up baskets odorous with summer blossom, while the wines sparkled pink and golden in their carafes, and flushed to warm, ruby tints in the silver claret-jugs. Where the white robes of the Dominicans had swept, the perfumed laces and silks of their trailing dresses as noiselessly moved; where the Latin chant of the *Sakutaris Hostia* had risen and swelled, the low laugh of their musical voices echoed; where the incense had floated in purple clouds, the bouquet of Burgundies and the perfume of Millefleurs scented the air; where the silent monks had sat and broken black bread in the monarchical gloom of their woodland Abbey, Lady Millicent and her sisters flirted and smiled, and brushed the bloom off a hothouse grape, and trifled with the wing of an ortolan, while the light flashed azure-bright in their sapphires, and the opals gleamed in their bosom. *Le Roi est mort. Vive le Roi!* So To-day succeeds to Yesterday, and the dead are supplanted and the past is forgot! Where the viaticum last night was administered to the dying, the laugh of the living echoes gaily this morning, and in its turn the laugh will die off the air, and the chant of the tomb will come round again. Such is life and such is death, and the two are ever fused together and twisted in one inseparable cord, the white line running with the black, side by side, crossed and recrossed, following each other as the night the day!

"You incorrigible fellow, what would your wood-nymph have said to you if she'd seen you making such desperate love to Lady Millicent to-night?" said Strathmore, as he and Erroll passed down the corridor to the smoking-room, as the last roll of the carriages echoed down the avenue.

"The devil!" laughed Erroll. "If they had a longman long enough to let them see any of us when we're away from them, the tames Griseldis would have little to say to us when we went back to her! Those poor women! they're shockingly cheated."

"They have their revenge, mon cher. If we're their first instructors in mischief, they take to the lesson very kindly, and improve on it fast enough!" laughed Strathmore. "If M. son Mari deceive Lucretia,

Lucretia soon turns the tables, and dupes her lord. They are quits with us, and don't want any pity. I wish your luckless wood-nymph had seen you go on with the Clinton to-night! I am curious really to know how you get up the steam fresh every time; now with a duchess, and now with a dairymaid, now with a blonde, and now with a brune!"

"*Afin de varier les couleurs!*"

quoted Erroll, appropriately, wrapping about him his seed-pearl broided and sable-lined dressing-gown, dainty and lovely enough for Lady Millicent's wear.

"Caramba!" broke in Strathmore. "I have a good mind to punish your inconstancy by betraying your incognita. Such a monopoly of the wild game and the tame birds at once isn't fair. I'll tell Danvers the whereabouts of your preserves."

"No, no! Don't! there's a good fellow," interrupted Erroll, quickly. "You see—it would only bother one—and——"

Strathmore laughed as he opened the door of the smoking-room, and the flood of warm light streamed out from within:

"We don't like poaching in neglected preserves even! I understand, my dear fellow. Bag your big game and your small, make love to your Court belle and your country girl both at once, and just as you like! I won't set the beaters after either. Have I not said I'll be silent as death? Entrez! Bah! there is Phil smoking those wretched musk-scented cigarettes again; they are only fit for Lady Georgie or Eulalie Papelloni. What taste, when there are my Havannahs and cheroots?"

LEL.

THE VIGIL OF ST. JOHN.

It was the Vigil of St. John in Prague. The stars were coming out one by one in the clear violet skies, that were still yellow in the west with the beams of a setting sun; and the dews of the evening were moist upon the thick foliage of the Lorenzherge and the vineyards of the Anlägen, encircling the city with their fresh green zone. The lights already lit upon the bridges were mirrored in the waters of the Moldau, or the Veltava, as it is called by its softer Czeschen name, that ran like a broad smooth silver band beneath their arches; and the glare from the western skies fell on the gilt crosses of the Teyn church, making them blaze and sparkle with fairy brilliance, while the mosque-like spires of a thousand towers stood out clear and delicate as fairy handiwork in the warm golden haze, as the measured chant of litanies, sung by gathered multitudes, rose and fell with slow sonorous rhythm on the hush of the coming night. For many nights and days before, the hum of collecting people and the weary tramp of tired feet had been heard throughout the city, as pilgrims and devotees of every stock and province had flocked far and near, from wild Silesian forests, from remote Bavarian mountains, from Saxon hamlets buried in their pine-woods, and charcoal-burners' chalets in Moldavian wilds, and Czeschen homesteads nestled in their cherry orchards, to the great Festival of Holy Johannes of Nepomuk, at whose most sainted martyrdom, as Legend and Church

record, five stars arose and glittered in the waters where the Saint sank, a thousand years ago, and gleamed in golden radiance, heaven-sent witnesses to innocence. At the Cathedral and in the Platz, before the stars and statue on the bridge, and around the bronze ring in St. Wenzel's Chapel, at every smaller shrine and lesser altar through the city, the dense crowd of pilgrims knelt, all their heads bowed down in prayer, as the numberless ears of wheat in a corn-field bend with one accord before the sweep of a summer breeze. There is something oddly touching, pathetic, majestic, almost sacred in the sight of a surging sea of human life! What is it that is grand and impressive in a dense silent crowd collected together, no matter whether that crowd be a mass of troops in the Champ de Mars, the gathering of the people upon Epsom Downs, or a countless assembling of peasants in Prague on a Holy day? What is it? Taken individually, the units of each are unimpressive, grotesque, common-place; a French guide, an English touter, a Slavonian glass engraver, have no sublimity about them taken singly, but in their aggregate there is that same strange, nameless, mournful solemnity which brought hot, unbidden tears to the eyes of the man who, while the Magi offered libations to the manes of the Homeric heroes, sat on the white throne at Abydos, looking down on the crowded Hellespont, and the countless thousands that were gathered by the shores of Scamander, beneath the shadow of Mount Ida, while the sunlight glittered on the golden pomegranates of the Immortal Guard, and the gorgeous robes of the Thracians fluttered in the winds. Perhaps, with him, we vaguely, unwittingly, involuntarily compassionate these vast multitudes, of which in a century there will not be one who has not been gathered to his tomb, and the depth of the sadness lends a sanctity to these crowds, whose goal is the grave, which the chill and shallow philosophies of an Artabanus cannot whisper away; for we too are wending thither in their company, we too must turn our steps from golden Abydos, and lay us down to die at Salamis!

It was the Vigil of St. John. Pyramids of gas-jets flared up to the calm violet skies, the Five Stars commemorative of the Saint of Nepomuk glittered on the parapet in the profound silence of the evening air; there was no sound but the swelling melodious cadence of the Latin litanies, chanted by a million voices in solemn and regular rhythm, filling the night with music, full, rich, mournful as the glorious harmonies that peal from cathedral choirs at a midnight mass; and an Englishman strolling through the city on foot (for no carriages are permitted in the Platz and Bridge at the Vigil and Festival of St. John), looked down on the kneeling multitudes with a smile on his lips, a smile that had perhaps a little of the sadness of the Persian as he gazed down on the Ægean, and more of natural disdain for these superstitions before him, that were but type of the bigotries of a wider world, where difference from *Aum* is your neighbour's measure of your difference from Deity, and where we are bidden to accept our creed, as in the time of the Molinistes they were bidden to accept the *Pouvoir Prechain*, by no better rule than that "*il faut prononcer le mot des lèvres de peur d'être hérétique de nom.*"

As he strolled down Wenzel's Platz, in the centre of which sprang a tree of gas, with a myriad burning luminous leaves, that threw their glare on the kneeling devotees, packed as closely as sheep in their pens, as they bowed in adoration before the holy shrines, and chanted the

litanies of St. John; a carriage that had come into the square against all rule—for the best reason, that the horses had broken away, frightened at the music, the lights, the crowds, and had taken their own way thither, beyond their driver's power to pull them in—dashed down the Platz at a headlong gallop. The crowd of pilgrims were too densely packed to have power to move to save themselves by separation or by flight, they fell *pêle-mêle* one on another, the stronger crushing the weaker, according to custom in every conflict, calling on Jesus and the Mother of God and Holy Johannes to preserve them from their fate, shrieking, praying, sobbing, swearing; while the horses, maddened by the tumult and the gas glare, tore across the square, dragging their carriage after them like a wicker toy. Nothing less than a heavenly interposition, miraculously great as the Five Stars of Holy Johannes, could save the people in their path from death and destruction; the carriage rocked and swayed, its occupant clasping her hands and crying piteously for help, the horses dashed through the kneeling multitude, knocking down aged men and sobbing children and shrieking women in their headlong course; the oaths and prayers and screams rose loud and shrill, half drowned in the rich sonorous chant of the litanies from priests and pilgrims beyond, that swelled out uninterrupted from every lighted shrine and blazing altar.

Death was imminent for many—death in the hour of prayer, death on the eve of glad festivity;—the horses, snorting, plunging, flinging the white foam from their nostrils, trampled out a merciless path through the close-packed crowd, and trod down beneath their hoofs what they could not scatter from their road. The blaze of gas, the loud swell of the chants, the glitter of the altar lights, the wild tumult and uproar about them, terrified and maddened them. Death was in their van and in their wake for all the multitude kneeling there in prayer; but as they neared the spot where the Englishman was, who had not moved a yard, but calmly waited their approach, he stood firmly planted, as though made of granite, in their path, and catching them, with a sudden spring, by their ribbons close to the curb, checked them in full flight with a force that sent them back upon their haunches. It needed what he had, an iron strength and perfect coolness; even with these to aid him it was a dangerous risk to run, for if they shook themselves free, the infuriated beasts would trample him to death. They reared and plunged wildly, flinging the foam, tinged with blood, over their chests and flanks, and into his eyes, till it blinded him with the spray; they lifted him three times up, off the ground by his wrists with a jerk sufficient to wrench his arms out of their sockets, with a strain enough to make every fibre and muscle break and snap. Still he held on; they had met their master, and had to give in at last, they were powerless to shake off his grip; and, tired out, at last with the contest, they stood quiet, panting, trembling, passive, fairly broken in, their heads drooping, their limbs quivering, blood where the curbs had sawn their mouths, mixed with the snowy foam that covered them from their loins to their pasterns. He let go his hold, his face was very pale, and perfectly calm, as though he had lunged out of a ball-room; but his eyes glittered and gleamed dark with a swift, dangerous passion—a passion that was evil. He stretched his hand up, without speaking, to the coachman for his whip; the man stooped down

and gave it to him, and, clearing the crowd wide with a sign, he lashed the horses pitilessly, fiercely—lashed them 'till the poor brutes, spiritless, powerless, and trembling, stood shaking like culprits before their judge. That merciless punishing done, his passion had spent itself; the horses were broken down to the quietness of lambs, and might have been guided by a young child; and, letting go his hold on them again, he approached the carriage window, and lifted his hat as carelessly and indifferently as though he were bowing to some acquaintance in the Ride or the Pré Catalan.

“Madame, you must be very much terrified, but I trust you have not been hurt?” he said, in German, to the single occupant of the carriage, who, leaning out, eagerly, and with grateful empressement, stretched to him two delicate, ungloved, jewelled hands.

“Monsieur! Mon Dieu! how brave you have been! You have saved my life—and at the risk of your own! What can I say to you? How can I thank you?”

As the glare from the gas-pyramid near and the lights burning on the shrine fell upon her face, he saw that it was one of rare and exceeding loveliness, and smiled slightly as her warm white hands touched his own, that were aching and throbbing with pain:

“Madame, I am thanked already—*par un regard de vous!* Is there any way in which I can have the honour to assist you?”

Before she could reply, the carriage moved. The driver, a rough, ill-mannered Czech, who wasted no words and no time, started off his trembling horses afresh; he was impatient to be out of the crowd, that, recovering from their terror, were swearing bitterly at him in a hundred guttural dialects, and screaming vociferous, indignant wrath; and he was afraid, moreover, of the arrival and the fury of police officials. Without awaiting orders, he started them off back again through the square, and the carriage rolled away down the Platz, bearing its occupant out of sight; a brodered handkerchief she had dropped, as her hand met her deliverer's, was the only relic left of her, where it lay on the stones at his feet. The pilgrims, closing over the vacant spot as the vehicle rolled away, crowded round the Englishman, who, by his nerve and muscle, had saved two-thirds of them from imminent death, with impetuous, demonstrative, enthusiastic gratitude, the vivacious Slavonians calling on the Mother of God and Holy Johannes to bless and reward him, showering down on him a thousand valedictions in harsh Saxon and vehement Czeschen; the women holding up their children to look at him, and remember his face, and pray for him for ever; the terrified peasants kissing his clothes in frantic adoration, canonising him then and there, and calling down upon his head the blessing of the whole heavenly roll of saints and angels' guardian; while through the multitude ran a breathless whisper, that their deliverer was none other than St. John of Nepomuk himself, descended on earth in human form to save and champion his faithful people, keeping watch and prayer at his Vigil in Prague!

To be canonised was very far from his taste, and the vehement gratitude lavished upon him was an infinite bore. The vociferous worship of the crowds could very well have been dispensed with, and, signing them off to leave him a clear path, he pushed them away, and breaking free from their eager clamour with some difficulty, he walked down the Platz,

striking a fusee and lighting a cigar as he he went—an act that slightly disturbed the pilgrims who had canonised him, and shook their faith as to his saintship: Holy Johannes would never have smoked! As he moved from the spot, he saw the handkerchief lying at his feet, and stooped and raised it; it was of gossamer texture, bordered with delicate lace; it was perfumed with bois-de-sandâle, and in the corner, broidered with fantastic device, was a coronet and an interlaced chiffrage, whose initials were too intricately interwoven for him to be at the pains to decipher them. It was a woman's pretty toy; some men would have kept it en souvenir of this Vigil of St. John when a face so marvellously lovely had beamed upon them; he was not one of those; it was not his way. For a moment he took it up to thrust it in the breast of his waistcoat, more without thought than from any motive in the action; but as he did so he was passing a pretty Bohemian glass-engraver, whose bright black eyes sparkled with eager longing as her pretty brunette's face looked out from her yellow hood, and she saw the dainty scented handkerchief in his hand. He threw it to her, dropping the little gossamer toy, with its broidered coronet, into her bosom. "It will please you better than me, little beauty," he said, carelessly, as he went on through the thickly-packed crowd, smoking, and not taking in return the caress she would willingly have allowed; as the pilgrims returned to their prayers, closing over the vacant spot, and the chanted orisons, broken off for a while, rose again in slow-measured harmonies, the litanies ringing out into the silent air, the lights burning on the blazing altars, and the dense crowds bowing down before the shrines throughout the city, while the golden cross of the Teyn church glittered in the light of the stars, and the hushed skies brooded in the twilight of the coming night over the towers and the palaces, the river and the vineyards, the lighted altars, and the frowning fortresses of antique and historic Prague.

IV.

A TITIAN PICTURE SEEN BY SUNSET-LIGHT.

"MOUTON qui rêve, are you thinking of Prague and of me, mon ami?" A cumbersome Czeschen boat was dropping down the Moldau, its sails idly flapping in the sultry June night, in which not a breath of wind was stirring, while the mournful music of some of the national lays broke on the air from a little band of musicians playing in the aft of the vessel, wild, sweet, and harmonious, as though they were the melodies of legendary Rubezahl and his Spirit Band. The boat was chiefly filled with peasantry going by water to a fair at Auzig, and bright-eyed glass-engravers, with yellow or scarlet kerchiefs on their black-haired heads, were laughing merrily with each other, and casting mischievous glances at the sailors as they passed them. It was such a summer night as you may see any year in Bohemia; the lazy, silent hour when the hot, toilsome, blazing day is sinking into the warm, still, tranquil night; when the peasantry leave their field-work, chanting fragments of the Niebelungenlied, or some other Slavonic song; when the engravers put aside their little graving-wheels, and lean out for a breath of air from their single window under the eaves; when the cattle wind homeward down the

hill-side paths, and in the doorways of the Gasthof, under the cherry-trees, the gossipers drink their good night draughts of Läger and Bayerisches. The orchards white with blossom bowered gaily-painted homesteads; the dark red roofs peeped out of chalets half hidden under hollyhocks; the poppy grounds glowed scarlet, catching the last gleam of the setting sun; and over the rye-fields a low western breeze was blowing from the fir-covered hills as the vessel floated down the stream, passing green wooded creeks, and pine-woods growing between the clefts of riven rocks, and golden glimpses of hazy distance from the banks through which the Moldau wound its way.

"Mouton qui rêve, are you thinking of Prague and of me, mon ami?"

The voice was low, and sweet, and rich—that most excellent thing in woman; and the speaker was worthy the voice, where she sat leaning amongst a pile of shawls and cushions with which her servant had covered the rough bench of the boat, as an Odalisque might have leaned amongst the couches of the Odâ, with as much Eastern grace and as much Eastern languor. A blonde aux yeux noirs, her eyes were long and dark and lustrous, with a dangerous droop of their thick curling lashes, but her skin was dazzlingly fair, with a delicate rose tendre bloom in her cheeks; the hair was not golden, nor auburn, nor blonde cendré, but what I have only seen once in my life, the "yellow hair" of the poets, of Edith the Swan-necked, and of Laura of Avignon; the lips were beautiful—a wife too full and too sensual feminine detractors would have objected, but Béranger would have sung of them:

pour ma lèvre qui les presse;
C'est un défaut bien attrayant!

and it was a mouth that surely smiled destruction! It was a face, brilliant, tender, marvellously lovely like a face of Titian or of Greco, as she leant there among her cushions, with a black veil over her hair, thrown there with the grace of a Spanish mantilla; and her white hands lying on the rough wooden edge of the vessel, with their rings gleaming in the sunset glare. Her eyes were dwelling on the face of a man who leant over the boat-side within a few yards of her, and who was looking down into the water, a cigar in his mouth, and his profile turned towards her;—dwelling with curiosity, admiration, satisfaction. A woman appreciated better than a man the peculiar and varied meanings of that physiognomy; women will not often see widely, but they always see microscopically; they cannot analyse, but they have invaluable rapid intuition.

"It is a face of Vandyke! so much repose, with so much passion. I like it. It tells a story, but a story whose leaves are uncut," she thought to herself, as she leant forwards, touched his arm with a branch of cherry-blossom she held, and challenged him with her laughing words, "Mouton qui rêve!" He turned; he had not seen her there before, though both had been on board some hours; and as the light blow of the cherry-blossom struck his arm, scattering their snowy petals, and her low, soft laugh fell on his ear, he recognised the face that he had seen a few days before in the gas glare of the Vigil of St. John, whose embroidered handkerchief he had dropped into the bosom of a Bohemian peasant girl, instead of treasuring it en souvenir of one so fair. Such

woman would have won courteous welcome and recognition from a Stagyrite or a nonagenarian; and he took the hand she extended to him soft, warm, and small, with sapphires and pearls gleaming on its ungloved fingers, lifting his hat to her with answering words of gratified acknowledgments. He had not been thinking of her, but Diogenes himself would not have had discourtesy enough to have told her so; and of a summer's evening, dropping down a river in a slow, tedious passage, such a rencontre to while away the time could not choose but be acceptable to any man.

"Ah, monsieur!" she said, softly, as he drew near to her, "how brave you were that night. To dare to stop those horses in full flight!—it was marvellous; it was heroic! You saved my life; how can I ever thank you well enough?—ever show you half my gratitude?"

"Hush, madame, I entreat you!" he said, with a smile, that was rather the calm conventional smile of courtesy than the warmer one she was used to see lighten at her glance. "You have thanked me abundantly; if you do more, you will make me ashamed of having served you so little. Few men would not envy me so rich a recompense as lies in having won the smallest title to your gratitude!"

La blonde aux yeux noirs looked up at him searchingly through her silky lashes, and laughed a pretty, mocking, airy laugh.

"Graceful words! but are they meant?"

"Ah, madame!" he answered, laughing, as he seated himself beside the fair stranger, into whose path accident had thrown him so agreeably. "Perhaps that is a question that it is always wisest never to ask of any words at all!"

"What an odd man!" thought the lovely Odalisque of the Moldau, letting her eyes rest on the countenance that had for her, as it had for most women, a peculiar fascination, while she laughed again. "Very true! Some women will tell you, monsieur, they do not like compliments;—never believe them; it is only that the *raisins sont verts*. I like flattery. I live on it as children live on bonbons; if it be not sincere, it is nothing to me, the blame lies on the bad taste of the flatterers. I must have my *dragées*, and, as long as they are sweet, what matter whether they are real sugar or only French chalk?"

"All offered to you must be genuine—you need have no fear!" he answered her—and he meant it. As he looked down on the dazzling incognita, whose insouciant freedom had yet all the grace and charm taught by the breeding of courts and beaux mondes, though critical and very difficult to please, he confessed to himself that he had never seen anything more lovely out of the pastelles of La Tour, or the dreams of Titian, than this young and brilliant creature found thus strangely out of place, and alone, in a Bohemian boat that was carrying a load of peasant passengers to Auxig Fain.

Who could she be?—a lady of rank, *laissez faire* and untrammelled, amusing herself with the romances and caprices of a momentary incognita; a Princess of the Tuileries, or of the Quartier Bréda; a Serene Highness of some Sesquipedalian-Strelitz, sans state and sans suite; or a Comtesse sans Châteaux (save en Espagne), with a face and a grace more fatal to her prey than her vin mosseux and her skilful écarté? As yet it was impossible to tell, and with a lovely woman so ungracious an

interrogation can never be put as the insolent question, "Who are you?"

She looked up and met his eyes bent on her, as the light of the sun setting behind the pine-woods lit up her face and form, as she leaned among her cushions, into Reuben-like richness, with a bright touch of Fra Angelo and Carlo Dolce softness about the tableau.

"How strangely we meet, monsieur, on this clumsy little Czeschen boat! I came by water, because the night was so warm; and you came from the same reason? Ah! *C'est le destin, monsieur!* We were fated to meet again."

"If fate will always serve me as kindly I will become a predestinarian to-morrow, and go in leading-strings with blind contentment!"

God help us!—how rashly we say things in this world. Long years afterwards we remember those idle, careless, unmeant words gaily uttered, and they come back to us like the distant mocking laughs of devils!—devils who tempted us, and now riot in their work.

"*C'est le destin!*" she said, smiling, her fair face, with its luminous eyes, looking the lovelier for that beaming coquettish smile, half languid, half *moqueur*. "But, monsieur, you have been my deliverer, may I not ask to know, who is it I have to thank for so daring a rescue as I owed to you in Prague?"

"Assuredly. My name is Strathmore—Cecil Strathmore."

"Strathmore!" she repeated, musingly. "It is a very pretty name, and a good one. Then you are English, monsieur? And if so, you are thinking, of course, what a strange incorrect whim of mine it is for me to be travelling alone with only my maid in a little Czeschen boat in the evening? You English are so *raides*, so prudish!"

Strathmore laughed, as he wound the shawls about her that had dropped aside.

"The English are (though I am neither of the two, believe me), but they generally verify Swift's aphorism, that 'a nice man is a man of nasty ideas;' the chill iceing is only to conceal dirty water, and they freeze to hide what lies below! But may not I claim similar confidence, and entreat to know by name one whom no name is needed, it is true, to make one remember her?"

She laughed, and shook her head in denial so charming that it was worth fifty assents.

"No, I am travelling incognita. I cannot reveal that secret. I like Romance and Caprice, monsieur, they are feminine privileges, and following them I have found far more amusement than if I had gone in one beaten track between two blank walls of Custom and Prudence. It may have made me enemies; but, bah! who goes through life without them?"

"None! and never those who awaken envy. Dulness and mediocrity may live unmolested and unattacked, but people never tire of finding spots on a sun whose brilliance blinds them."

"Never!" she answered, with a naïve and amusing personal appropriation of his words. "If I had been born plain like some poor women, I should not have had so many *siffleurs*; but then, on the other hand, my *claque* would not have been so loud nor so strong; and the cheers always drown the hisses."

"You have had *siffleurs*? They must have bandaged their eyes, then, before taking so ungracious a rôle! Surely society hissed *them* for such atrocity?" said Strathmore, noticing the dazzling fairness of her skin and the exquisite contour of her form, and thinking to himself, "The deuce! she makes me talk as absurd nonsense as the Sabreur!"

"Of course it did, but *siffleurs* hiss on through all opposition, you know, monsieur——"

"Because it pays them!"

"No doubt. But, what do a few hisses matter, more or less, as long as one enjoys oneself in one's youth—one's delicious, irrecoverable youth? I suppose if I live long enough my hair will be white and my skin yellow, but I do not spoil my present by looking into the future. If it must come, let it take care of itself. It may never come—why mourn about it? Those people are *bécasses*, who work, and toil, and wear away all their beaux jours, and live hardly and joylessly only to hoard money to buy tisane, and nurses, and crutches, when all the zest of existence is gone from them, and given to a new generation that has pushed them out of their places? Doesn't Balzac say, that whether one sweeps the streets with a broom or the Tuileries with a velvet robe, it comes to much the same thing when one is old; the salt is equally out of the soup whether it is eaten in a Maison Dieu or in a ducal château!"

"Almost thou persuadest me to be an Epicurean!" smiled Strathmore, as he thought to himself, "who the deuce can she be?" and gazed down into her soft, laughing, lustrous eyes, languid yet coquettish, like the eyes of the women of Seville. "But *I* do not hold with you there, *ma belle inconnue*; to me it seems that with years alone can be gained what is worth gaining—power. The butterfly pleasure of youth can very well be spared for the ambitions that can only be reaped with maturity. A man has only become of real value, and able to grasp real sway, when he is near his grave."

"Ah, for your sex that is all very well, your youth lasts to your tomb, but with us—*nous autres femmes*!—with our beauty flies our sceptre. How can we reign after youth, without youth? You will not care for a mistress who is wrinkled!" cried the belle blonde, impatiently, the impatience of a lovely coquette incensed to be contradicted. "So, you think power the only thing worth having? Then you do not care for love, monsieur, I presume?"

"Well!—I must confess, not much."

It was rank heresy in the presence of so fair a priestess of the soft religion, it was a fatal challenge to the one who heard it, though Strathmore spoke the cold, careless, simple truth, and did not heed whether he offended or piqued a chance acquaintance of the hour by it.

"And yet that man *will* love, fiercely, imperiously, bitterly, one day!" thought the Neriad of the Moldau, who, a stranger to him, as he to her, read his character by a woman of the world's clairvoyante perception, as he failed to read hers by a man of the world's trained penetration. "For shame!" she said, aloud, striking him a fragrant blow with her sprigs of cherry-blossom. "If you are heretical enough to feel so, *mon ami*, you should not be unchivalric enough to say so! Your bay wreaths will be very barren and withered if you don't weave some roses with them. Cæsar knew that. So you admire age because it will give you power;

and I loathe it because it will rob me of beauty—*comme c'est différent!* I wonder how we shall both meet it! But, bah! why talk of these things? The wind will be chilly, and the green leaves brown; and the ground frost-bound in six months' time; but the butterflies playing there about our heads are too wise to spoil the sunshine by remembering the snow. They are Epicureans; let us be so too!"

To such a doctrine, expounded by such lips, it was impossible to dissent. The sunset faded, the purple mists stole on down the slopes of the hills, the west wind rose, bringing a rich odour from the pine forests; the Bohemian musicians, for a few coins, sang airs sweet enough to have been played by the legendary music-demons of a land where Mozart rules; the boat dropped slowly down the stream in the evening twilight, and Strathmore leant over the vessel's side, talking on to his chance acquaintance, and looking down on to the exquisite Titian-like picture that she made, reclining on her pile of cushions, with the black mantle of lace thrown on her yellow hair, and her dark lustrous eyes gleaming softly and dreamily in the light of the summer stars. He was singularly critical of the beauty of women, and coldly careless of their wiles and charms; yet even he felt a vague dreamy pleasure in floating down the river in the sultry moonlit night thus, with the echo of this sweet alway voice in his ear, and a face on which he looked in the gloaming, soft as the music that lingered on the silent air. I don't think he would altogether have found the voyage wearisome though it had lasted till the dawn; but—*pardieu, mes frères!* one never drops long down any river, real or allegorical, with a smooth current and Arcadian landscapes, under the shade of pleasant woodlands, beneath which we would willingly linger till sunrise, but that we are safe to be soon startled by the rough grate of the keel on the sand, that breaks the spell pour toujours! It was so now; the boat ground in a shallow bit of the water where red sunken rocks made the navigation troublesome for a vessel so cumbersome, and boatmen so clumsy, as were those who now steered it down the Moldau's course. No harm was done that could be of serious account, but the boat was stuck hopelessly fast between the rocks, and could not proceed to Augie that night, at all events; while its passengers had no choice but to remain where they were till the sunrise, or to disembark at a landing-place which was luckily easily to be reached by a plank between the vessel and the shore, where, buried in the favourite cherry orchards of Bohemia, with a gaudy sign swinging under its dark red roof, half hidden in a profusion of giant hollyhocks, with linden-trees in full flower before the door, and the pine-covered hills stretching behind it, stood a little river-side Gasthof. *La blonde aux yeux noirs*, into whose society and in whose protection he was thus in a manner forced, laughed brightly, and made light of the contretemps when Strathmore explained it to her: "We must wait here?—*tant mieux!* I like the smallest soupçon of an adventure. I will dine under those limes. I suppose they can find something to give us; but I must go on to-night if there be a vehicle procurable," she said, gaily and good humouredly enough, without any feminine repining, or *pitié de soi-même*, as she gave him her hand to be assisted across the plank. Perhaps she was not altogether sorry to be able to retain as a *détenu* an English aristocrat, with a face like the Vandyke pictures; who was coldly indifferent to the soft graces of which she

was a head-priestess, and was a renegade and disbeliever in their faith. "Destiny throws us together, monsieur! We must be good friends. Dieu le veut!" she laughed, as Strathmore lifted her from the plank on to the landing-place, while the white soft hands lay in his, and the delicate fragrance of the perfumed hair floated across him, as the lace of her mantilla brushed his shoulder.

"I am the debtor of destiny, then!" he whispered, in answer, noting as she stood by him in the starlight the sweet grace and luxurious outline of her perfect form, that even the dark drapery of her travelling-dress, wrapped about in long voluminous folds, could not avail to hide.

Mes frères!—it is well for us that we are no seers! Were we cursed with prevision, could we know how, when the idle trifle of the present hour shall have been forged into a link of the past, it will stretch out and bind captive the whole future in its bonds, we should be paralysed, hopeless, powerless, old ere ever we were young! It is well for us that we are no seers. Were we cursed with second sight we should see the white shroud breast-high about the living man, the phosphor light of death gleaming on the youthful radiant face, the feathery seed lightly sown bearing in it the germ of the upas-tree, the idle careless word gaily uttered carrying in its womb the future bane of a lifetime; we should see these things till we sickened, and reeled, and grew blind with pain before the ghastly face of the Future, as men in ancient days before the loathsome visage of the Medusa!

AN ARTIST'S STUDY IN THE QUARTIER LATIN.

O DEAR, dirty, picturesque, unsavoury, charming Quartier Latin! Why hast thou so firm a hold on my heart? Is it the association of fresh youth and buoyant spirit, or is it some lasting intrinsic merit of thine own? I long to revisit thy classic haunts, where the old Romans built baths, where Abélard and Héloïse conned together Latin (and other languages); where for ages past poets and artists have lived or starved, as the case might be. Could I tread again thy consecrated dirt, should I still be so captivated with the tall, dingy houses, the hissute, smoking, rollicking, inhabitants—the greasy, narrow streets, where the odoriferous gutter usurps the centre of the thoroughfare, and the foot passenger clings to the dirty walls for dear life as the hackney-coach or omnibus dashes through the "fimpid stream," scattering abroad its perfumed waters—a perfume neutralised somewhat by those which issue from the houses, where the votaries of the Muses appear to be always frying fish or onions (perhaps, as incense to Apollo)? But why write in the present when this may be but a description of the past? Already sanitary laws may have destroyed, at one blow both the filth and its memories, the gutter and its traditions, even as the regular beauty of the Rue de Rivoli has murdered hundreds of aristocratic ghosts of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Well, we are doomed to progress, and must resign ourselves to the sad necessity. My anglicised nose would perhaps turn up in disgust at the haunts of my youth.

Ah, dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans,

sings Béranger: one can't go back to the twenty years or the garret, but one may linger on the recollections of the past—so morally bright, so physically dingy. My brother was studying painting in Paris, and inhabited a very small bedroom and a very large study in the Rue de la Harpe, and on all red-letter days (saintly, scholastic, or political) he regularly plodded across the entire length of Paris to fetch me at my school—an arrangement made by our friends at home, not at all in accordance with my governess's rigid sense of propriety. In summer we took little railway excursions to Meudon, Ville d'Avray, St. Germain, &c., when our invariable proceeding was to dip at once into the most secluded part of the wood or park and stretch ourselves full length upon the grass in the shade. Will drew from his pocket a book or two, some delicious sentimental volume forbidden to us school-girls,* and I removed the cover from my little basket of "brioches" and grapes, or cherries, and so we feasted for hours body and mind, laughing jolly peals, or weeping delightful tears over the pages, or dreamily watching the light glancing across the foliage, the hare rushing through the long ferns, or the butterfly dancing here and there on the wild flowers. So would pass our summer holiday. But in winter, or in bad weather, or when our funds were low, we only walked back to Will's lodging, which appeared to me the most charming, the most wonderful, the most unschool-like place in the world, which latter commendation it certainly deserved. On our road we invested four sous in a litre of chesnuts, then went into the porter's lodge to take the key from amongst some twenty hanging there, all belonging to different locataires, and presided over by Madame Babois, a fat old Frenchwoman, with a figure like a pillow tied round the middle, who sat continually by the fireside, with her feet on a chaufferette, paring vegetables, and tending the huge "pot au feu" hanging in the chimney. Madame Babois had a most agreeable face, enlivened by black eyes still brilliant, and surmounted by a red handkerchief, which almost concealed her silver-grey hair. And here I would remark how rare it is to find an old Frenchwoman with false fronts or wigs, or destitute of matronly covering. What we call their taste in dress is, in reality, their sense of propriety, which keeps the old venerable and the young simple, and the servant the neatest of handmaidens, never the vulgarised parody of her mistress. When I stepped in to wish madame the good day, she would exclaim:

"Ah la petite mère, vous voilà, et ce pauvre frère est-il heureux donc! tenez il est bon sujet monsieur votre frère-oui." And she would nod her head and go on saying, "Oui, il est bon sujet," whilst we were scrambling up the six flights of stairs which led to the garret, the room next the skies, consecrated naturally enough to art.

Walk in: there is nothing to wipe your shoes on, and no carpet to dirty when you are within. It is a very high room, and lit only by a

* Such as Lamartine's *Jocelyn*, or a novel of Captain Matryat's.

skylight, which at once distinguishes it from ordinary abodes. The walls, painted dull grey, are covered almost entirely with sketches and studies, in which is conspicuous that early ambition for high art which brightens the opening career of so many artists who have yet to learn it may yield dreams, but not *bread*. Across the high fireplace, where is never fire lighted, is draped a piece of antique tapestry, which some Jew gammoned Will into buying at three times its value, and a few casts—good subjects, but generally mutilated—stand up ghost-like amongst the most unpoetic and common-place of household requirements. In the middle of the room is placed a great stove, with tubes, like a giant's rusty armour, elbowing up through the roof—a most uncouth-looking object, which gives out a furnace-like heat.

Chairs are very scarce and superlatively shabby; but there is a huge—dare I call it by so elegant a name as *ottoman*? on which everybody lounges, and where I am perched up to pose for the different females of the before-mentioned sketches. An old oak chest, with only one carved corner left intact, serves as a table when we have anything to eat, but, oftener still, it groans under the kicks of Will, who sits astride upon it. The amount of dust collected was not surprising, when one was made aware that only once in the year was Madame Babois admitted armed with broom, pail, &c. And then the peculiar smell, the varnish, the paint, the seediness, the smoke, stale and fresh! And, more peculiar still, were Will's chums, who were continually dropping in, mostly in blouses, always in beards and smoking-caps, always with some length of pipe (which, however, they smoked only with my permission), always dirty in person, always polished in address. Towards evening, especially, they would assemble round the stove, the tube of which grew red-hot, and looked grimmer than ever in the twilight. They would roast chesnuts, talk excitedly, and drink Will's English tea out of glass tumblers, for there were but two cups and saucers. Oh, my poor schoolmistress! she would have fainted had she seen me (if, indeed, she could have seen me through the tobacco-smoke) listening eagerly and delightedly to the wild talk of these madcap fellows, and yet in few societies could I have learnt less harm. I doubt whether I am more edified now by the scurrilities of that pink of propriety Mrs. B., or the affectations of that finished prude Mrs. A., though the drawing-room smells of roses, and the solemn butler hands round the china teacups on a silver waiter. It is true nearly all the students made love to me with more or less ardour, but it was in the most respectful chivalrous fashion; besides, what could a body of admirers do in each other's presence beyond burning their fingers to secure me the finest chesnuts, or kissing a glove I chanced to drop, or squeezing a paper of rhapsodical verses into my hand, in which I was invariably addressed as "*charmante fille d'Albion*," and which I communicated in confidence to my bosom school friend on my return to prison at night. Many of them were foreigners, and would detail customs of their native land, but more often the conversation turned on painting, to which they were devoted, with all the earnestness of enthusiastic youth, deifying their favourite masters, secretly resolving to be masters too in a year or so, and throwing all prudential considerations to the winds. Are they any truer, I wonder, their present views of art, now that their youthful fire is extinguished, and the world has taught them the hard lessons of experience?

This much I know, that one only of that young band of art-heroes has made himself a name! A man is not born an artist, though he may be born of the right stuff to make one; and how few have the means, the patience, the industry, to work out the promise of their early years!

One Sunday that my brother had been to meet me after morning service, we found, on our arrival in the Quartier Latin, that our united purses would not furnish us with a dinner. His quarterly remittance from home was due the next day, and mine was nearly exhausted in the purchase of a birthday present. I burst out laughing as the very small tin coins rattled on the old chest, but Will looked quite grave: "Really, Nelly, it's no joke—I am hungry." "So am I," I replied, laughing still louder, "or there would be nothing funny in it. It is so absurd to be so poor. But come, have you nothing in your cupboard? Here is coffee in a tin—here is at least half a yard of bread—and what have we here?" "Confitures de cerises." Now, if there is a good thing in the world it is cherry preserve. How could you complain of hunger with such a feast provided?" "Hum!" growled Will; "it may be a feast for a school-girl, but a man requires something better than jam for his dinner, so I shall go and explore for food." He took the little yellow-white pieces and ran down stairs, singing, as he went:

Bonjour, belle Aspasia, comment vous portez-vous?

Je me porte à merveille, mais je suis sans le sou.

Left alone, I sauntered about the room, turning round the canvases and drawing-boards which showed their backs to the public, reading the various notices and addresses scratched on the wall with chalk or charcoal—the Quartier Latin style of leaving cards.

Poor Will was as innocent as possible of any aristocratic airs, but they all called him "My lor," after vain attempts to pronounce his name, or make him answer to the uncomplimentary "Vil," which was supposed to be his baptismal cognomen.

I was continuing my survey when a sharp knock, was heard at the door, and without waiting for further permission a man walked in, starting a little at sight of me. He wore a slouched hat, under whose brim shone a pair of large grey eyes, which would have appeared prominent but for the overhanging shadow of his bushy eyebrows. Large regular features terminated in a fine black beard, and his tall form was enveloped in an ample cloak, worn picturesquely yet not affectedly. I at once recognised in him the original of Will's sketch of the romantic, melancholy Master of Ravenswood, but as he doffed his beaver with grave courtesy, I was somewhat disappointed to observe that his hair was grizzled, and wrinkles were forming on his forehead. To my sixteen years' old judgment he seemed an old man; he was really in the prime of life, though much the senior of Will's other companions, and his few grey hairs disenchanted me considerably.

"The sister of my friend, I presume?" he said. "May I introduce myself to her as Rudolf Meyer, a very sincere friend of her brother?"

He spoke in English, with no foreign accent, but that extreme precision and freedom from idiom which give so much elegance to the speech of well-educated strangers. I explained that my brother was

absent only for a few minutes, and made a pretence of looking at the sketch-book, but having once ventured to raise my eyes to his face, not so penetrating a gaze fixed on mine, that I bent down again instantly in great confusion. A few satirical remarks on my brother's paintings soon aroused my interest, and made me defend him with as much animation as ignorance (doubtless) against the satire of his friend. Though I had begun by wishing earnestly for Will's return, he at length entered without my even perceiving him, as I was boldly pronouncing on the good drawing of some impossible figure in one of his designs.

"Ah, Will, good day to you. I cannot persuade your sister that you are not a genius."

"Of course not. If you could, of what value would she be as a sister?"

And Will went to deposit his purchases in the cupboard. Meyer followed him and whispered something in his ear, which made him start and look hastily round at me. His friend frowned, and put up his finger to enjoin caution. I thought that Meyer certainly had a terribly sinister expression. They whispered again, he looking still more sombre and Will more confused, till I began to feel uncomfortably sure of something going wrong. In a few moments my brother came to where I still sat turning over the sketch-book: "I am expecting a fellow on a little business, and as he is rather a rough cove, and just as likely to be drunk as sober, would you mind waiting in my bedroom for a few minutes?" Of course I could only assent, and as I sat in the little untidy room, I heard the heavy tread of some man in wooden shoes, and the voices of Will and his friend cautioning him to beware of something. "Bah!" replied a rough voice, "she can't feel, you know!" and there was a brutal laugh, unechoed by Will and Meyer. Then I heard the peculiar slam of the lid of the old chest, the wooden shoes went clattering down the stairs, and I was recalled into the painting-room. Mechanically I looked towards the chest, and as I did so the friends exchanged significant glances.

"Mademoiselle thinks there is some great mystery," said Meyer; "what a pity we cannot invent one for her benefit; as it is, I really must enlighten her, for I know feminine curiosity is a most painful disease. The fact is, I have driven a bargain for your brother, and purchased for his consumption a great sack of potatoes."

"And deposited them in here. Seeing is believing," said I, about to lift up the lid of the chest; but Will, with a scream as of terror, threw himself upon it, seriously begging me not to open it, and I heard his friend mutter, "Ah, quel enfant!" but as I turned towards him he only smiled in the same grave way as before, exclaiming, "Bravo! faith without sight, he will be believed."

"Nay," I answered, warmly, "Will has not spoken. There is no call for faith in his words. It was your assertion, not his."

"And, indeed," broke in Will, "as a general rule never believe Meyer without proof, for his talent for story-telling is his only supportable qualification. He must spin us a yarn this evening. And now for some food. I am ravenous. Don't go, Meyer."

"Thank you, I have just dined."

"So much the better for you and for us also, I assure you; but we shall not be long, and you can sip a cup of coffee with us."

As usual, I was proceeding to set the provisions on the chest, but before I had accomplished my intention Will had brought in the table from his bedroom, as being more civilised than a box, and for some reason I could not fathom, Meyer again indulged in one of his sardonic laughs. I felt half afraid of him: never was face so sombre, never was laugh so joyless beyond the precincts of a melodrama; he looked like my brother's evil spirit; the Tempter in "Faust," or Bertram in "Robert the Devil." When he took upon himself to brew the coffee, I declare he came out so weird-like, as the blue flame of the spirit-lamp flickered over his dark features, that I should not have been surprised had he suddenly vanished through the brick floor in the midst of some ghostly explosion. But he did not; he sat down, ate and drank like any other mortal in the Quartier Latin.

Will had done wonders with the tin coins; he produced a pat of fresh butter, some hard-boiled eggs—crimson and white,—and a bunch of radishes. The coffee was excellent; so were the preserved cherries; the only mistake was calling the meal dinner; and why should we be bound by such trivial conventionalities? Why might not a dinner consist as well of coffee and eggs as of soup, flesh, pastry, &c., if such suited the taste or purse of the consumers? We discussed the question merrily, and ate with better appetite than many a smart company at that moment assembled over their legitimate three courses and wines to correspond. Meyer scarcely smiled himself, but he furnished wit enough to keep us continually laughing, till at length, our meal ended, we turned our backs to the table, our feet towards the stove, and Will took down his *meer-schaum* from the mantelpiece.

"Does mademoiselle allow that?" asked Meyer, producing at the same time a similar article from his pocket. I consented, and the two chatted in that quiet way in which conversations are carried on where the words drop gently from one corner of the mouth, whilst the other emits still more gentle clouds of smoke. I did not notice much of what they said, for, in spite of myself, my thoughts would run upon the mysterious errand of the wooden-shod peasant, and I could not get rid of the idea that there was mischief in the large keen eye of the older man, the more so when I heard my brother call him "doctor." Doctor of necromancy, or some sort of black art, most surely, thought I, and my brother, with his fair Saxon face and open countenance, seemed the fit pupil or victim of the crafty black-bearded master. Suddenly I heard Meyer observe, "That reminds me of something which happened to me years ago," and I listened, perceiving that a story was coming.

"I was studying medicine at Montpellier. We had for lecturer an old doctor, who determined to work reformation in the students in every way, and began by holding his 'cours' at seven o'clock in the morning, to prevent, if possible, our holding our orgies overnight. It had the effect of prolonging them, and most of us only went to bed when the lecture was over, by which also I am afraid we profited less than the poor industrious old doctor deserved.

"On one occasion it was my turn to prepare the subject for the next

day's demonstration—a foot for exposition of the muscles. I was up very late, which is, in point of fact, identical with being up very early, and the clock struck three as I turned the key in the door of the theatre of the school of medicine. I lit the lamp, sorted the instruments, and sat myself down at one end of the long table, where the foot had been already placed by my desire, in readiness for my operations. My lamp shed a brilliant light over the few yards which surrounded me, but in the remote corners of the vast hall there was only a feeble glimmer, just sufficing to reveal the ghostly forms of skeletons and anatomical preparations. I had spent a merry evening in a warm, brilliant room, and the contrast made this place appear even more than usually cold and dismal. I tried to go on with a song or two we had been carolling in chorus, but my voice failed, and my teeth chattered. Yet the silence was oppressive after our uproarious jollity at the *Café des Etudiants*. All the horrible stories and grisly apparitions we were in the habit of laughing at returned to my mind as grave realities. I hurried on with my task, wishing it were over. Suddenly I heard a slight noise at the farther end of the table. I peered through the darkness, there was nothing there but a skull recently prepared. Nothing else, it must have been fancy; no, there it was again distinctly. I fixed my eyes upon the skull as I held my breath to listen. O horror! it advanced a step towards me! the fleshless jaws moved; it was the gnashing teeth, doubtless, which I heard. I held on to the table in agony, unable to move my eyes from the fearful spectacle. Again it advanced a step, with the same grating sound, slight, mysterious, but perfectly distinct. I tried to rise—tried to look away. I could not. I was chained to the spot. I felt condemned to await its coming. It drew nearer, nearer still along the bare table; on it came stealthily, staring at me with its eyeless orbits, and moving its teeth so fearfully exposed—on, on, within a few inches of me, and I must sit immovable, whilst the cold sweat stood on my brow, and my nails clutched into the table in my anguish of fright—on, on, till it gave a bound, as if to spring upon me. I started up with a wild shriek. It was a rat, which had in vain been endeavouring to disengage itself from the skull into which it had crept, and had in its progress scraped the table with its claws. Naturally there were many rats in that place."

I had listened "with all my ears," as the French say, till he recounted the final bound of the rat, when I likewise bounded from my chair with a smothered cry, which amused the story-teller amazingly. I wish I could impart to the reader the hollow voice, the impressive manner, the terrible expression of the doctor's face, as he told his tale in the twilight. I felt cold, I know I looked pale, though I had hardly gratified him with my little scream than I recovered my presence of mind and tried to laugh it off, but not very successfully. I know Will had been moved also, but had been more lucky in his efforts at concealment.

"So then," I said, "after all you are not an artist, and had scarcely a right to criticise Will's sketches so scientifically."

"Granted; but I had a right to excite your sisterly indignation. But for the necessity of vindicating your brother, you would not have spoken to me."

Just then came a knock at the door. "Entrez," shouted Will, and in

walked a strange-looking man, who shut the door carefully, set his back against it, and drew a paper from his breast-pocket.

"I come by order of——" But, before he could finish his sentence, Meyer seized him by the arm, and muttering something about "*cette demoiselle*," drew him outside the room, where he was joined by Will. A whispered conversation ensued. In a few minutes Will returned to me. He tried to speak quietly, but his face was very red.

"I am obliged to leave you for a few minutes, Nelly; take the key inside, and only open the door to me or Meyer."

"Oh, Will," I replied, "where are you going? What is the matter? I know something is wrong connected with that man. I can't bear his looks; I am sure he is not a true friend."

But Meyer himself interrupted me.

"Don't be anxious, my dear young lady. I promise you your brother will return to you unscathed in half an hour. There is nothing to alarm you; only a little mistake which a few words will rectify."

They both walked off with the strange man, but Will ran back to say to me:

"One thing more, Nelly: pray don't open the chest."

I suppose his friend heard him, for again the disagreeable doctor laughed his sneering laugh.

I was alone. I locked the door as directed; it was now dark, and I was full of nervous fears. I sat down quietly by the stove where I had sat before, and my present forebodings mingled unpleasantly with the remembrance of Meyer's story of the School of Medicine. I could not resign myself to remain half an hour sitting with no other light than the red glare of the stove, so I made an attempt to light the lamp. I suppose it was not properly trimmed, for when at length I succeeded, its feeble rays served only to "make darkness visible," and detach the white forms of the plaster-casts from the grey wall behind them. Just under the lamp stood the oak chest, and fancy kept playing busily about it. Why was I forbidden to look into it? Why did Will remove the eatables to an unusual place? Whatever it contained had been placed in it by the peasant who had laughingly declared "*She cannot feel.*" *She!* After all, there was nothing definite in the expression when one considered the absence of neuter gender in French; everything was *she* which was not *he*. It might be a piece of furniture, a painting of a woman, a dress; but then what was the cause of Will's evident anxiety that I should not see it? That dark, mocking, sombre Meyer! To what might not he have been tempting my dear dear innocent Will! My doubts, my fears grew more and more painful, till at last I resolved to know the worst at once, and terminate the mystery at any price. Three times I approached the chest, and three times resumed my seat. At length, as I gazed on it, some effect of the light gave the carving a peculiar appearance—it seemed to move—the lid to rise up ever so little. I could not endure it longer. Desperate with fear, I reached the chest at a bound, and flung open the lid with all the strength of excitement. I looked in; the light was full upon it. I saw nothing but a large dirty-looking sack. "Potatoes after all," I thought; "and this is a trick of that horrid Dr. Meyer's to frighten me; perhaps even now they are spying me through the keyhole." And, emboldened by the

sense of ridicule, I stooped down and turned back as much as I could of the sack. Ah me! I think I see it now, and still turn cold at the recollection. I did not scream, it was too fearful. The lid slammed heavily down, and I fell senseless upon it. What had I seen? The beautiful bare arm and hand of a woman—a dead woman! ghastly white! The man was right. She could not feel—

I know not how long I remained in my swoon. At last I heard a knock. I rose to my feet, but not without difficulty, I was still so sick and giddy.

"It is me, Nelly," I heard Will say.

I exerted myself and managed to take the key and turn it; but the room swam round, and I should have fallen again had not Will caught me in his arms with a thoroughly English "Halloa!"

"I see how it is," said Meyer; "you had better carry her into your room and lay her on the bed. I will be back in a minute. Stay, if you have any brandy that will do."

They made me swallow some, bathed my face and hands with cold water, and I soon revived, quite as much invigorated by Will's safe return as by the doctor's remedies.

"Well, Nelly, what have you been doing with yourself?"

"You need not tire her with questions," interrupted Meyer, "for I can tell you exactly what has happened. Did you never read the story of Blue Beard? Well, your sister exactly resembles that type of woman—kind, Fatima. There was one thing she was not to look into, so of course that one was the only thing which she cared to see. Fatima has opened the forbidden oak chest, and has paid the penalty."

He spoke sarcastically, as usual, yet he spared me a confession I could not have made without embarrassment. And then I, in my turn, demanded an explanation.

It appears that a subject for competition had been given at the School of Art, "Virginus with the dead body of Virginia," and, as a medical man, Meyer had procured a portion of a female corpse for Will to paint from. The porter charged with the care of it (he of the sabots) had exercised his vocation so indiscreetly that a police-agent was soon down upon Will making inquiries. The two culprits accompanied him before certain authorities personally known to the doctor, and they were freed on condition of restoring the body in two days to the School of Anatomy, from whence it had been borrowed.

I was considerably ashamed of the part I had played in this transaction, and, moreover, felt such a dread of the study, and more particularly the chest, that I pretended to have a cold on my next holiday, and it was some weeks before I again visited the Quartier Latin.

REDDING'S LITERARY AND POLITICAL RECOLLECTIONS.*

THE comparison of yesterday with to-day, the calling forth from the depths of the memory the kaleidoscopic events and feelings of the Past, and then when thus marshalled forth, to contemplate the results in the Present, is not always a very gratifying task, or one in which much pride can be taken. It is the array after the battle. The veteran who has had his share in the combat of life, may still stand erect and unscathed in honour as well as in person ; but around him he sees the ranks diminished, friends and foes alike disabled, mutilated, or dead, and he has only one certainty remaining, and that is that his lot is the same, and his destiny—*Pabulum acherontis*!

It is not surprising, then, that recollections going back to infancy—so far back, indeed, as to involve, in the opinion of Mr. Cyrus Redding, a period when the body has not yet received the immortal spirit (for, according to him, such is the condition of infancy)—should open with thoughts upon death and the future. When a man has arrived at the point—not of knowing, for we are all familiarised with the great fact from our earliest teachings—but of realising, as it were, and admitting as part of his ever-present consciousness, that all is vanity ; and of writing of “blasts from the harlot-trump of fame, the loudest note of which time will soon render inaudible,” he has attained the culminating point of human wisdom.

Mr. Cyrus Redding is not what some persons would term orthodox in all his ideas. But he argues that he is to be excused this, as he cannot help the ideas which pass through his mind—the doubts or certainties, the apprehensions or fixed principles which prevail there. “I am not,” he says, “answerable to God for these things, because, though arising in my own breast, they are the consequence of the reason which He has planted there, according to which alone, and not according to my will, I believe or reject what is presented to my mind. We can no more believe or reject at our volition than we can see in a cloudy, moonless night the objects which it requires a noonday sun to discern.”

But is there not some self-will, a touch of obstinacy, which some would define as self-love and firmness, in this dogma? Is it not, further, somewhat opposed to the doctrine of responsibility as reasonable creatures, which Mr. Redding himself professes to admit? We are, however, prepared to accede to it to a certain extent. There are, no doubt, differences in mental constitution which render it impossible for all men to agree upon the same points—especially where philosophy and religion are concerned. Upon simple questions of morals and conduct men soon learn to agree, but never in what concerns their inner nature. Mr. Redding, for example, has, by his mental constitution, no sympathy with spiritual things. A hard worker, a close reasoner, and, above all, a free and independent thinker, always endeavouring to view matters in the light which he deems conducive to the happiness and rights of the greater number,

* Yesterday and To-day. By Cyrus Redding. Being a Sequel to “Fifty Years’ Recollections, Literary and Political.” Three Vols. T. Cautley Newby.

he has avowedly no great regard for traditions, formularies, or the innovations of the "priesthood," and he extends this spirit of scepticism even to the delicate ground of a belief in spirits or in the spiritual existence of man, which he includes among those other superstitions, and even those coarse and gross impositions which he justly denounces as "the opprobrium of the time." Well, here we differ with our excellent author, but what would be the good of an argument? He would, from the very constitution of his mind, select, as he has done in the present work, all that is most absurd in connexion with what are called "ghost stories;" we should appeal to all that is most recondite from Justin Martyr's deductions regarding the immortality of the soul, from the appearance of Samuel in the spirit, to Hamlet's wondrous teaching to Horatio. But conviction would be only where the mind, like wax, is susceptible of being impressed.

Mr. Redding appeals, and with justice, to the ancients for his belief. They are, because they were heathen philosophers, as a rule, too much disregarded. What is grander in all antiquity than the saying of Seneca's, "Reason alone speaks this truth, for reason is that enunciation of the divine spirit which the Creator has been pleased to impart to man." These, Mr. Redding remarks, "were more advanced arguments than the Jews exhibited under the law of Moses, for they had no clear mention of the immortality of the soul in their sacred books." The statement is manifestly open to dispute; but the result of our own reading has been to impress us with the same idea, notwithstanding the learning and ingenuity of commentators—and their name is legion—who attest to the contrary. But although we should like to see the arguments of Pagan antiquity—more especially the thoughts of Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Epicurus, Zeno, and of a host of others—brought in a more comprehensive and more popular form than yet exists, before a Christian public, still we cannot go so far as to agree with Mr. Redding that the labours of the ancients rendered those of our own Paley superfluous.

This may be deemed, says our author, a commencement something out of the way in a partial memoir, because it is not after precedent; but it is unworthy of any man who retains his reason to be ruled by custom.

How we wish we could cast off the trammels and tyrannies of custom as easily! But here again mental constitutions vary. Some are not so troubled with what the Americans call "self-consciousness;" phrenologists, "love of approbation;" and the world, "vanity," as others. Habit with them is not a second nature. They act in utter indifference to the sheep-like opinions of the rest, and they are to be envied—only that sometimes too much independence begets an amount of eccentricity that almost lapses into insanity; and again, the world so insists upon men acting according to set rules and formularies, that we have seen only the other day an attempt made to induce the parliament of this country to legislate even for human beings after their death—at all events, in so far as to decide who are, and who are not, worthy of the prayers of the Church being read over their graves. The practices of those among whom we sojourn constitute a tyranny which is ever fighting to overrule reason; the struggle has lasted from the beginning, and will last probably for ever. No man, according to some, has a right to differ with the majority,

under pains and penalties, moral or practical, and nothing is more importunate in this world than free-thinking.

Mr. Redding entered upon life at an epoch when, as he himself says, "To doubt was in those days a sin beyond all reparation, while habit was the Eleventh Commandment;" but he was not long in emancipating himself from a thralldom under which most people are content to live and die—uninquiring.

I was early "suspected" of being "suspicious" of certain tenets, not orthodox in the neighbourhood where I resided. I cannot affirm there were no grounds for it. Yet I never committed myself by any decided betrayal of my sentiments. I never stated anything by which I could be pronounced decidedly inimical to submission to the powers that I was told "Providence"—a sad misused word—gave for our instruction, to whom passive obedience was due. I was not long of age before visiting Doubting Castle, and so far from the giant using me in the ill manner in which he did poor Christian, in Bunyan's Pilgrim, I found him a useful ally in aiding me to set about the examination of questions which had sadly puzzled me, and he aided me greatly, as he has done all through life, in clearing them up.

He had always been a thinking youth, and he resolved upon a life spent in thought—to be, in fact, a literary man. He had as a boy perpetrated poetry and prose, and in a summary of his literary labours, given at the conclusion of the present work, the latter are more particularly alluded to in connexion with the results accomplished. But as a youth, seeking his fortune, as it is called, and that as a literary man in London, his experiences may be deemed upon the whole to have been less thorny than with many another.

I felt that I was every inch a man in my own conceit. I had thought much about becoming a free man by the law of the land—but not that the exchange of parts cost so dear as I afterwards discovered they did cost. Care is the corrosive that eats out life. I had now to think and provide for myself. I do not know that I assumed any important airs upon the occasion. I was by nature tall enough, but I began to imagine I was really taller, though by measurement I had never grown after my eighteenth year.

In London, though I was well provided with letters of introduction, I had no companion that was accessible. An artist from the country was the only individual I knew, except a fellow-townsmen, and he knew no more out of the line of his profession than one of the crow family at this moment cawing over my head knows of him.

I have stated in my Recollections that I did not enter seriously into any pursuit until the last month of 1806, living out of London some part of that year. The bustle, the crowded streets, the cold indifference of people towards each other, the selfishness, the inveterate toil, all seemed ungracious, and not at all reconcilable to my feelings or habits. I do not know whether it did not generate very early something of a similar feeling on my part in the way of return. There was still something wanting. The clear air, the country freshness, and the feeling that—

"There was a time in that gay spring of life,
When every note was as the mounting lark's,
Merry and cheerful to salute the morn—
When all the day was made of melody."

So sang an old poet, and so I had felt; but how different in town! If my mind was waxing stronger and more vigorous, as I imagined it was doing, it

was at the expense of that animation. The mind seemed as elastic as before, but there was a lassitude about the bodily powers which I had not felt elsewhere; and, strange to say, I felt more *tedium vitæ* in London than in the country. It was not through idleness, and as nothing employs the mind more fully than literary composition, so my occupation rather relieved than increased that feeling.

There must be a considerable change produced on delicate youths—delicate, I mean, in bodily constitution—who leave the fresh, pure air of the country for London. It seemed then more damp and foggy than now, and hotter in summer. In town I rose and had breakfasted at eight o'clock. I then wrote from a subject required of me for publication, and in this way the year passed until near the close of November, when I became too busy to find time for any recreation. I read and wrote until four o'clock, and then, going out to dinner at five, I did not return until bedtime. I got, too, into coffee-house acquaintance, as was the mode in that day, and, if not otherwise engaged, passed the evening in company.

One of his first and agreeable reminiscences seems to be associated with Canova. Mr. Redding describes the great sculptor as "the most unassuming of great men." "I never saw," he says, "a man more modest, with perfect ease and great affability." "His conversation," he also adds, "like his works, was the speaking picture of his character as a man, the mirror of his soul. Nature took him by the hand in early life, and led him to the shrine of the goddess he worshipped. Here is the difference between a great and a mechanical artist; the one is apprenticed by nature and genius, the other by parents and vanity. The results are as might be expected; the one works the marble, or runs the model into life, leaving a great name and enduring labours behind him; the other jobs in marble and lumps of brass still, neither honouring the arts nor the country."

It is not a little singular that Rogers the poet is represented speaking of Canova and the state of art in Italy as having never felt that art flourished in that country under Church patronage, because it was devoted to religious subjects.

Godwin was a man of the stamp suited to our young literary aspirant's turn of mind. His sentiments were precisely of that fearless and independent cast to captivate one who spurned conventionalities. Yet what is the reward of independent thinking? "I would go any length," he says, "in favour of rational liberty, and have consistently, in my humble way, again and again suffered for the stern conviction of that truth, and now pay for it in the age that has brought no compensation. In religion, in politics, in the arts—science is beyond the attempt of the multitude to comprehend—the many are right or wrong by chance." The "*vox populi*" is not the "*vox Dei*" with Cyrus Redding, although used, or rather chivalrously combated for, during a long lifetime. Nor were the ruling powers much better. Mr. Redding's professional duties—for he was at that time connected with a newspaper—obliged him to watch and learn all he could in relation to public affairs. He soon found, he says, that he had formed too lofty an idea of the very mediocre country gentlemen that composed at that epoch the larger part of the British senate. Fox was then drooping; Sheridan, Canning, and Tierney still flashed forth occasionally as brilliant orators; Brougham's best period was somewhat later. Of Fox, he says, "I then thought, and think still, that he owed all that did an injury to himself to his being wrongly brought up.

Nature did everything for him, discipline nothing. 'Man is blood-raw until cooked by education and discipline.' "

The "Catholic question" and "the law of libel" were precisely the kind of questions for an ardent youth, full of popular and liberal aspirations, to tackle with, and they seem to have been among the first that occupied Mr. Redding's thoughts and pen. His father had taught him to eschew bigotry, and his own sense of right condemned the absurdity of a law now repealed, and which made the libel greater, the greater the truth. The case of the Duke of York and of Mrs. Clark, at that time before parliament, also riveted his attention. He resumes the subject even now at length to prove that the lady was not extravagant, nor of low birth, as her opponents attempted to show. But then he adds: "The interest of history makes it a duty to set things right that are accidentally or purposely distorted before the world, no matter for the when or where, or how high or low the parties concerned—truth is everything!" To this, however, it might be replied, has not every historian (and Mr. Redding admits naturally only one such—Hallam) a bias, and does he not consider that as the truth? Mr. Redding was naturally opposed to Burke. He deemed the evils of the Revolution to have been brought about by the "old abusing, oppressive, vicious, and profligate government of France," the very thing that Burke expended his eloquence in defending. He even vilifies Marie Antoinette, who no doubt had her weaknesses, but no vices, and who was far more unfortunate than criminal. Is there not a bias given even to "truth" in this estimate of character?

The great point of Mr. Redding's youthful, literary, and political career was, however, parliamentary reform. The dawn was heralded by the Horne Tookes, the Burdetts, the Bosvilles, Cliffords, Joneses, Jameses, and a host of others—names, so inveterate is prejudice, and so doughtily were they assailed as disloyal and rebellious men, that we still allude to them with an involuntary shudder. Not so with Cyrus Redding, smarting under the prosecutions for pretended seditious speeches and libels with the press, persecuted by Whigs and Tories alike. He says: "Whatever may be said by the Tories about the men who thus kept reform alive, and boldly persevered in the front of obloquy and penalties, we owe to them, by the Reform Bill, our present advanced state—a reformed government, and Lord Palmerston's wise system of non-intervention with the continental rulers to support them against their people, and uphold despotic rule." It is just possible that expediency also enters for a little into this boasted doctrine, and that "non-intervention" is at times a mere excuse for inertness, inaction, and even covert hostility.

After his return to London (his newspaper speculation in Plymouth having been brought to a conclusion by political persecutions), Mr. Redding was cheered by a trip to Aix-la-Chapelle, or, as he prefers to write it, Achen, according to the Teutons. His experiences of travelling countrymen, as given in the record before us, are very amusing, if not flattering. Mr. Redding seems, however, to be himself utterly innocent of the pluck of exploratory venture, for he places on record what he calls an odd "adventure" that befel Marryat, in his having had to find his way across country from Rouen to Dieppe. "To an ordinary man," he says, "the thing would have been given up as impossible!" Is it possible, for want of self-dependence in travel, to go further? The deficiency is the

more remarkable, as coming from a man who prides himself on his moral and intellectual independence more than on anything else. Probably the gift of a roving independence is distinct from the above mentioned more shining qualities.

We had a good deal that was interesting, in as far as personal reminiscences are concerned, in regard to the Schlegels, in the previous "Recollections," but in the present work we have a more erudite inquiry into German drama and literature, probably the result of thoughts and researches previously embodied in the pages of the *New Monthly*, being more impressed with the past than with the present. Michaelis and Gesenius are spoken of, for example, as present evidences of the acknowledged skill of German penetration into Eastern and biblical literature! Mr. Redding never could relish Goethe. He says he wanted soul. "The man was heartless, and it is difficult to imagine anything very captivating in mere sentiment—above all, German sentiment." As to Gall and Spurzheim, hating as he does so heartily anything that is without his comprehension, he utterly contemns them. They were demolished, he says, in the *Edinburgh*, and that by Francis Jeffrey—an able legist it is possible, a fluent and graceful writer it is certain; but no more qualified, as has been long ago shown, to form an opinion upon an anatomical and physiological question than Mr. Redding himself, who several times returns to the charge that the functions of the mind have remained perfect, after part of the brain has been gone—probably, he says, from the spirit of the function lingering in the hollow where the brain "did once inhabit!" In the first place, the functions are dual, and, in the second, the lungs and liver, and every other organ, has been known to perform its functions when part has been gone. If, as Mr. Redding states, the brain has been shown to be a mere inert mass, what a want of wisdom has been manifested in endowing man with it at all, giving to it such vast capacity, placing it, as it were, in the most honourable position of the body, in immediate connexion with the senses, and protecting it so carefully on all sides!

Marryat, who purchased the *Metropolitan* over the heads of Campbell and Cyrus Redding, is naturally not a favourite with the latter. He admits his distinction as a naval novelist, but he says, "He was not an amiable man. He was moody; at one time being open and apparently candid and generous, at another curt, selfish, and close." "His sourness and intolerance," he elsewhere observes, "may be traced to his early training, which all his going about the world failed to alter or to soften. So, too, with an inflexible sternness, which seldom condescended to defer to superior judgment or received opinion, and would not take a lesson from the nature or experiences of men and things. This, indeed, might be traced as much to quarter-deck discipline as to the temper of the individual."

We were upon civil terms; no one could be in close friendship with Marryat, for he had the man-of-war's man about him in anything touching his will or wish, which you naturally repelled in its own way.

His death was a melancholy one. A rugged nature sometimes, from its rigidity, gives way through the difficulty of bending to the storm. The shock of his son's death, so suddenly coming upon him, struck him down at once. He asked me twice to go down and see him at his place in the country, where

he was hospitable enough, but there was always that *je ne sais quoi* about him, that the amalgamation customarily found with friends in general seemed impossible—peace to his manes! Tom Campbell, after a glass of wine, would lecture him. “Now, Marryat, I’ve known you from a boy, none of your quarter-deck with me.” When Marryat sent me an article in favour of flogging, it may be remembered, though thirty years and more ago, the poet seeing it in print, for I had inserted it, sent him from Hastings the well-known *jeu d’esprit* about editors flogging contributors.

Marryat may have had the bluffness of the quarter-deck, like many more amiable men. Take, for example, the late Sir Francis Beaufort, than whom a better man could not exist; but that does not prove that he was either morose or selfish. He seems, on the contrary, to have been in many instances peculiarly careless of self, and a more indulgent parent could not be met with.

To Davy, also, credit is given for his great scientific acquirements, but we are told that “of literature and the *Belles Lettres* he knew little; his style was somewhat pompous, nor had he a taste for the fine arts, though he was not without the affectation of it.” This is hard upon Sir Humphry. His “*Salmonia*” attests a lively sense of literary beauties, and a perception for “*Belles Lettres*” beyond the domain of Science. But, after all, it might be asked, what is Literature that is objectless? The field of fiction is entertainment—sometimes with a moral, sometimes an historical, and sometimes even a philosophical object. To Poetry belongs many of the highest aspirations that are given to the mental faculties, but mere “literature,” which we are so perpetually told is on the wane, may, without a purport or a meaning, become also mere “twaddle.”

Mr. Redding was pleased with Sheridan, although he says he cannot pretend to assign any reason for his admiration of that extraordinary man except it was his conversation—a witchery few could resist:

I remember how I was pleased with his eloquence, and as well, perhaps, his joviality, the former Moore thought studied as well as the wit in his dramatic pieces. This was not quite correct. He was quick in his repartees. All the world in those days knew George Rose, of the Treasury. Rose was talking to an individual in the lobby of the House of Commons. Sheridan was close to him, when a friend came up, and said, “What news to-day?—anything afloat?”

“Nothing, my dear fellow; nothing, except the rumour of a great defalcation in the Treasury—mind, *sub Rosa*!” replied Sheridan, loud enough to be heard all around. Could this have been studied?”

The well-known Beau Brummel too often got the lash from him, yet the beau liked the company of the wit who played upon him.

“My brain, Sherry, is swimming with being up all night—how can I cure it? I am not myself this morning.”

“Then what are you?” said Sheridan. “But no matter. You have mistaken your complaint; there can be no swimming in a *caput mortuum*.”

The estimate of Moore is remarkable, but it was surely uncalled for to upbraid him with allowing a noble lord to indite his biography. Are the pleasant fields of literature tabooed to all but professionals?

He had passed his early years in the social circle, and out of his study he sought company rather than companionship with the wildness of Nature’s beauty or majesty. His political independence of spirit early engendered partisanship. Few men, indeed, are able to support a dominion of mind

alone. The gay circles of Dublin to which youth was accustomed to look up, as to something "great," in vulgar parlance, particularly by the class from which the poet sprung, gave him a bias through life. He clung honestly to his early political principles, but he was evidently fonder of the patrician portion of his party than of any exhibition of an independence of the world's bearing in this respect. He was not a man to stand by a friend calumniated by what is called the "respectable" portion of society, for which read fashionable. He had, with all his political independence, a shrinking deference for the "mode." He was fearful of being scandalised by alliances of small repute even among fashionable noodles, no matter whether it was calumny or truth. His moral courage could not confront rank and fashion, the flatteries of which were grateful to him. Too full of good sense to exhibit this feeling in his writings, it was seen in his actions when, perhaps, he was insensible to it himself. He crowned all by leaving his manuscripts to a noble lord for selection and editorship. This was a weakness, no doubt originating in the early deference of the poet for patrician connexion. To have it said that a noble lord, eminent as a politician, edited his biography, was a consideration that overweighed the good or ill fulfilment of the bequest. It was characteristic of the man.

So, again, of Rogers. What we have is in no small degree depreciatory—the specimen given of his punning, perhaps, the most so:

Speaking of Rogers, to whom credit was given for witty things he did and did not say, Luttrell observed that a City alderman, naming him, had just been knighted. "I fear I shall not address him by his Sir name when we meet," said Rogers; "he will never look it." "I shall wonder if you do not," observed Luttrell, "for he has been beknighted ever since he was born. He has just brains for a costermonger, and no more." "Oh! I see, you would make a barrow-knight of him," said Rogers.

Rogers now and then exhibited the feeling and caution of the trader. Did not this arise from his profession and early habits? He would not offend anybody. This was a species of that selfishness which Swift would designate when he called a nice man a nasty man. There was a fear of a recoil if the resentment of another were aroused, which might be offensive or inconvenient to sustain. The old poet would have been a bad champion in any cause if it became necessary to beard an opponent. He was ever ready for a truce if the argument got upon the ground, that in the view of the third party there was no material question at issue. "If the truth must be told," says Sancho, in *Don Quixote*, "nobody transcribed the letter because there was no letter to transcribe." Yet would Rogers hit hard at him who was not present, to whose regard he was far from indifferent. He hated Lady Holland, which his regard for Lord Holland never made him restrain from showing. "Men," he said, "sometimes committed singular mistakes in regard to what they coveted. Yes, there is Lord Holland might confirm this by the fact that his marriage was one of the most extraordinary wilful mistakes a man could commit, it was no short step in abusing matrimony."

We have a long but interesting sketch of the "Reign of Terror" from the journal of a M. St. Meard, in which Cazotte is alluded to as one of the martyrs—revolutionary, as well as crown despots, having, we are told, a similar dislike to men of literature and free thought. This Cazotte, who is spoken of as a mere enthusiast, was, in reality, an elegant and accomplished poet, a little given to mysticism, but who moved in the best society of Paris. It was at the Marchioness of Vaudreuil's that he prophesied that the noble and brilliant circle by whom he was surrounded would all fall beneath the knife of the guillotine.

Of William Henry Curran, Mr. Redding speaks in strong terms of admiration. "He was," he says, "one of the truest-hearted men I ever knew, with some of the finest qualities."

"*'Sic abit nostræ comedia vitæ.'* We do not make new acquaintance when we get into years—it would be wise to do so, but they who do never find the new fill the place of the old. When I used to walk down Regent-street, I did not fail to meet in a forenoon half a dozen individuals I knew. I pass up and down now ten times, and not a single fellow-being is recognised, but the highway appears re-peopled. Is there, since then, a generation already entombed?"

"The publications of William Henry Curran are few, the principal being the life of his celebrated father, who treated him so harshly, but of which his filial piety and good spirit forbade even the remembrance, and his collected papers in the *New Monthly*."

After Sir John Milley Doyle—most kindly spoken of, but the only interest connected with whom was his keeping up his spirits after having lost all he possessed by his reliance on Portuguese honour—we have a word or two more concerning the well-hated Croker:

A word more of Croker—how well-known names have been rapidly departing from amongst us! It is natural to us all, it may be replied, and must be felt by those who have the largest circle of acquaintance. I had often met Croker, who was one of a certain circle of which the Smiths, Withers, Hook, and Hill, were a part. I do not think Croker ever had a friend beyond the common measure of usage of that abused term. One of his first literary engagements was on the *Pic Nic* paper, in which Sir J. B. Burgess, Colonel Greville, and Cumberland wrote. Combe also was concerned as editor. Croker was introduced by Greville as a young Irishman of talent, who would edit the whole paper, prose and verse, for two guineas a week. Croker at once made a show of his powers in conversation, full of Irish ardour. When he went away—the story has been before promulgated—Greville asked Cumberland what he thought of the young man. "Thought? why he talks enough; he is a talking potato." Greville engaged the young Irishman, for he was the principal proprietor. It need scarcely be said that the paper, as the *Pic Nic* and the *Cabinet*—to which latter name it was changed—did not succeed even under the Talking Potato; it expired in 1803. Some of the articles had considerable merit. Cumberland, Bland Burgess, Peltier, J. C. Herries, James and Horace Smith, Combe, Rogers, and Croker, were all contributors. No publication will succeed in England without puffing. Formerly the *Monthly*, *Critical*, *Edinburgh*, and *Quarterly*, decided for a time in turn the fate of books; then came Colburn's system of puffing, and since that the newspaper critical paragraphs and articles.

And then brief notices of Sir Alexander Johnstone and of Sir John Malcolm, the latter of whom, he says, was neither so agreeable a man, nor did he impart information in the same way as the former. The fact is, there was no further similarity between them than that they had both travelled in the East: the one was a quiet unpretending gentleman and scholar, the other a blunt, boisterous soldier, whose manners the Persians imitate to the present day. We have next a sketch of Sir James Mackintosh:

In private life he was exceedingly amiable, and in person well-looking. His voice was not over good for a public man, being somewhat attenuated; and he had about him that peculiar character, or something which, in one form or another, always distinguishes the inhabitant of the northern part of

the island from the southern, and is never obliterated. Meeting one day—not a great while before his death—his tall person and sedate countenance, impressed with a feebleness that was evident at the first glance, it spoke that a crisis was approaching, although only in his sixty-sixth year. Soon afterwards he was no more. He latterly carried in his waistcoat-pocket a small bottle with, I presume, some kind of medicine, which he occasionally tasted. The last speech he made—where the writer was present—took place in the City, and was the first public meeting for the purpose of establishing a university in London. Sir James spoke as a strong friend to the measure; but there was nothing in his speech at all calculated to support the general idea of the abilities of the man. These were most visible in private conversation, and mingled with his dialectics, which showed, from the manner of their delivery and arrangement, that they were the produce of northern culture in a Scotch seminary; dwelling too much on logical points, in place of moving the passions. The same thing pervaded most of his public addresses—a virtue, perhaps, if an auditory would be ruled by reason, but against the intended effect, as it is because reason is, and will long be, the exception in religion and politics, let their government be of what nature it may. If we would prevail over our kind, we must use the right key for the purpose. It is as vain to regret the prevalence of social contrarieties in the world as it is to regret that of evil itself. It is, after all, no unpleasing reflection to have known Sir James, and still more, to have heard one of the most delightful conversationalists this country ever produced.

Mr. Redding's acquaintance with Lady Morgan was of a long, enduring, and intimate character; and the specimens given of her private correspondence are not only entertaining and characteristic, but they bear the stamp that at once distinguishes natural from assumed genius. Our author (will he pardon us?) is not always safe in his recollections: for example, he says of Lady Morgan, at p. 38, vol. iii., "She was an excellent story-teller;" and at p. 48, same volume, he says, "Lady Morgan, it is true, was an ill-narrator of a story, and made great mistakes." Again, in this and in a previous work, he is much given to repetition. Thus, at p. 38, vol. iii., he says, "It was the character of Colburn to pay a fashionable author, no matter what, even if he saw he should lose money, because he could not bear that another of the trade should reap in his field;" and again, at p. 79, he says, "Colburn would never suffer another trader in literature to get a fashionable writer from him if he could avoid it." Mr. Redding is uncompromising in his denunciations of the decadence of modern literature, and he is equally unsparing in his condemnation of the spirit of modern criticism; but the latter can, at all events, be charitable at times.

Writing of Colburn, there are some strange tales related of that great biblioplist: two of the most amusing of which detail the manner in which he did Lady Morgan out of her copyrights, and how he ordered and obtained from Mr. Redding a work which he never published or accounted for. As literature is becoming so degraded, perhaps the day will come when, like any other trade, it will claim payment for its "goods," if not for its "good things," according to amount delivered. What a day that will be for authors! Lady Morgan's articles on Italy, in the *New Monthly*, earned to that periodical the distinction of being prohibited from the Austrian dominions, yet when her friends and allies left the *New Monthly* for that unlucky speculation the *Metropolitan*, her ladyship could criticise the old periodical:

The great fault found with the *New Monthly* was its "frivolity" (what a charge from Lady Morgan—most friends used to think it not light enough), you should give something essential. Amusing biography, or natural or classical biography, or topography. Your lighter articles should mean something in point of fact, and be stamped with some philosophical inferences. Literary Gazettes, Court Journals, and eternal annuals, have done the business of petty nonsense. You must know that I have a *carte blanche* to write for such trash.

The *New Monthly*, in its present high character, would precisely meet the desiderata then put forth. Sir Charles Morgan, of whose intellectual calibre we do not entertain precisely the same high notions as are indulged in by his own clique, could, it appears, tell a good story at second-hand:

Talking of saints, I heard a good anecdote of Wolfe, from Lord Strangford. His servant travelled with W. as an interpreter. "How came it," said his lordship, "that he escaped with his head, if he really preached against the Turks?" "Why," replied his servant, "I always interpreted his speeches in my own way, and concluded with declaring him out of his mind; when the Turks immediately treated him with that respect which they always pay to insanity, and which he mistook for approval of his doctrine."

Leigh Hunt detested piscatorial amusements, Cyrus Redding pleads guilty to a turn that way, but he says not for the sport, but for the enjoyment of the landscape, and of peaceful meditation in the bosom of nature. He can, however, speak kindly (and who would not, with all his errors, common, the proverb tells us, to humanity) of one who loved mankind, if he did not care to catch little fish:

Leigh Hunt—just now no more—I used to visit occasionally, when I chanced to be in town. I cannot recollect where I first called upon him, having been introduced to him by his brother John, about 1812 or 1813. I think he then lived in Lisson-grove, and soon after in Cumberland-place, New-road, where, on some particular evening in the week, I used to find him encircled with a few friends. On such occasions it was not possible to meet a more pleasant man. He did not know much of the great world, but in literature, and in that relish for what is agreeable and beautiful in books or the arts, I knew no one of that time who excelled him. His acquisitions were confined to the tasteful in the *belles lettres*, and none rendered the English, Italian, or Latin poets to more advantage, or understood them better. There was a certain affectedness about him at times which exhibited itself in his writings. The latter were simple, smooth in style, and never obscure. His subjects—at least those on which he loved to expatiate—were of the simple kind, extremely pleasing, but never, that I remember, elevated. He loved to expatiate and make much of what he saw and liked within a limited circle, and that circle seemed to bound his views, and to attach him to a locality which grew upon his affection by his greater familiarity with it. The Vale of Health, at Hampstead, was his little world at one period. The Well Walk, the paths, the heath, he made as much of as if they were to others what they had been to him; scenes where they had ruminated and been busy

"In the quick forge and working house of thought."

There was in this respect a circumscription about him somewhat marked after the school of Lamb, except that Lamb's "Paradise" was bounded by the Temple, and the dirty streets in its vicinity. He cared not for the rest of the world besides. All men have their peculiar tastes, even kings for low company; and their ministers, often, as with Pitt, for any but intellectual

men in their choice. It was otherwise with Hunt, who had much more poetical feeling and a better regulated imagination than Lamb, who was a sort of housewife in literature. Hunt loved green fields, and trees, and glimpses of Nature, and most as she shows herself in the vicinity of the metropolis; and beautiful nature it is, if the works of man in tile and brick, which so mar its beauty, could be got to harmonise with its verdure and agreeableness. There was a want of usage in the modes of conduct and thinking, in certain classes of society, which Hunt never understood. This was the case in his intercourse with Byron. It is true he was above them, but that is no matter; man is called upon for some little personal sacrifice to fit into his place with all degrees and orders of his fellow-beings.

For the judge who could send such a man to a cell, Cyrus Redding has no compunction. "Ellenborough," he says; "was more ferocious than usual upon that trial. I never looked in the face of his lordship on the bench but I thought of Rhadamanthus. He was imperious and ill-tempered." The relations of Hunt with Byron and Moore are touched upon with good sense and delicacy, and our author lights up with the fire of olden eloquence when he denounces the persecutions of literary men in bygone times, and the perpetual ban they live under, of being unemployed, from the dread, he says, ever entertained by those in authority of too much knowledge and independence.

Sir William Napier, Mr. Pryce Gordon, and Washington Irving, next pass before us in this literary kaleidoscope.

Reflections upon the anomalous position in which literary men are placed with regard to the public, to those in power, and to biblioplists, are followed by some lengthy and characteristic disquisitions upon the decadence of taste in the present day; the evils of sensation story-telling; the depravity of fashion; the selection of degrading and immoral subjects; venal influences, perverted talent, and other faults and errors, all the more annoying to an old man, as they naturally did not exist in his time. Yet, were there not Radcliffes and Monk Lewises to counter-balance the pseudo-sentimental and sensation writers of the present day, with their low-life heroes and heroines?

John Galt comes next upon the tapis, and he is let off with that kind of faint praise regarding which an ill-natured saying is current; and he is followed by James Montgomery, who is admitted by our censor of men and morals to have been a man of sterling genius—a most amiable, meek-tempered man, who exhibited great consistency of principle. Apperly (Nimrod), Sir Herbert Croft, and Cobbett, about fill up the list, which is completed as the last stone in the edifice by Cyrus Redding himself.

Mr. Redding has, we see, received, since this work was published, a small pittance from her Majesty's government in recognition of his political and literary labours carried over a very long period. We sincerely rejoice in this, though it is but a poor as well as tardy recompense for so persevering a labourer in a good cause.

A "FAST" PILGRIM.*

A MORE lively, racy, rollicking "pilgrim" than Captain Clayton it has not been our good fortune to meet for a long time. One of the pilgrims to Canterbury in the olden times was "wantoun and merye;" another, albeit "his heed was ballid, and shon as eny glas," was much addicted to sports of the field, and although a monk, disdained not "a love-knotte;" a third was "Epicurius's owne sone;" and a fourth was a "jangler" and a "golyardeys," who at "wrastlynge" "wolde bere away the ram." Yet at the head of all was "a verray perfight gentil knight," who set the example of good manners, carefully avoided all unbecoming words, and who, though "worthy, still was wise." Such is the modern "Il Pellegrino:" the scenery of new lands only awakens the sentiments of the heart; the encountering of a various humanity begot no ill words; and the incidents and characters of the wayside, as also the discomforts inseparable from continental travels, are all alike hit off in a humorous off-hand manner. The gentleman is always uppermost—the scallop-shell covers, but does not obliterate the escutcheon.

It was at that season of the year, we are apprised, when people in London had retired into the backs of their houses, carefully closing all the shutters in front, so as to leave an impression on the passer-by that they were "out of town," that our pilgrim set forth upon his travels; the ladies becoming "pea-green corpses" on the passage, while some gentlemen "considered sea-sickness a shocking waste of good food." They were received at landing by the usual crowd of "magnificent and ferocious gentlemen and authorities," and then a train,

Like a wild and demon horse,
Started with screams on its angry course,

and hurried them (for they were three) to the valley of the Aar, which we are assured means "simply twelve thalers—nothing more," for nothing grew there save "the scarlet geranium—emblem of stupidity." The Rhine scenery to "fast pilgrims" of modern times was just the same as of yore—"the old identical and eternal ruins sacred to warriors, bishops, poets, rats, cats, and other animals." One page is turned over, and we are at Zurich, and then on the Rigi Kulm, which our pilgrims discover to be the *culminating* point of the mountain; where French pilgrims have been beforehand with sketches of Cockney travelling costumes; where there is always one wretched and miserable man first out of bed; and where a band of music renders the coming of the God of Day "more impressive still." Then there is Fluelen, where modern scepticism informs us that Tell never did those things for which tradition and monuments have consecrated the place, any more than the spirit of Pontius Pilate wanders round the gloomy mountain called after the unhappy governor of Judæa. A lady is next tricked out of the coveted corner of a railway carriage by a feat of acrobatics, and Berne is reached, but found to be "so full of bears and armorial bearings, that it is almost unbearable!"

* IL PELLEGRINO; or, "Wanderings and Wonderings." In Two Vols. By Captain J. W. Clayton, F.R.G.S., &c. &c. T. Cautley Newby.

A greater bear than all, however, is the British traveller, as morose, growling, and unsocial an animal as any Arctic Bruin—beg pardon, "gentleman in the fur coat," as the timid Laplander would call him, in language meant to conciliate. Well, then, in the log hut on the crest of the Faulhorn, there were a group of these amenities; "on entering the facetious-looking *salle à manger* five or six other miserable and deluded wretches were discovered sitting, stolid, silent, shivering, and stupid, round one coal, burning in a dilapidated iron stove; no one individual seemed to know the other. A most painfully, well-bred, and thorough English state of embarrassment succeeded; everybody seemed to look with suspicion out of the corners of their eyes at every one else." And so they were, in this highly improving state of mind, assembled together in the clouds to pass the remainder of the day. No wonder that the chatty, communicative, light-hearted Gaul should dread being thrown in company with "la morgue Britannique" in his travels! A similar scene at the Hôspice on the St. Bernard, where a "semicircle of apathetic loggerheads," seated round a blazing wood fire, were quite "unapproachable through the wall of stern reserve they had built up around them," was suddenly interrupted and dispelled by the appearance of the ever-smiling face of the "Hero of Mont Blanc"—the entrance of no less a personage than Albert Smith himself.

But we are anticipating. Interlachen had to be "done," and our pilgrims were blandly informed by a London footman on the door-steps of a chalet (how strangely out of place? bad as the lady's-maid at Karnak!) that that was the "Ed ouse in the ole village." Then there is a story of an old gentleman who objected to fast young pilgrims smoking in a railway carriage, and declared that he would inform. So at the next station the delinquents jumped out first and informed against the old gentleman, and having the best of numbers and linguistic gifts, he (the innocent old man) was mulcted in a fine! The char-à-banc to Chamounix was shared with a "divinely-tinted young lady," for whom our pilgrim wrote some lines, one of which runs as follows:

Those gentle eyes only for him had one expression;

smooth, the reader will observe, as the waters of the Arve after a storm. Chamounix itself was "undergoing a wonderful state of confusion and excitement, and human combustion," for the Prince of Wales was among the sight-seers. Thence it was across the Col de Balme to Martigny and up the St. Bernard that the Hôspice was reached, in a storm so trying to the pilgrim's nerves that he made a desperate bolt of it, and, arriving first, "sank helpless and chilled to the bones on the door-steps of the monastery, whilst one of the good brothers was supporting him, as with a smile of solicitude he pressed a flask of cognac to his lips." We think we have seen the scene pictorially rendered by a competent artist.

At St. Remi our pilgrims, reinforced by the cheery "Seigneur de Mont Blanc," embarked in "an opera-box drawn sideways by a donkey," and it was in this curious vehicle that they reached Aosta, "the chief dépôt of the world's off-scum, disease, and deformity." Having "discussed" old Augusta, our pilgrims made the best of their way past goitred beggars and toppling crags to Pont St. Martin, where, "athirst and hungry, there was nought placed before them but some unknown flesh, a compound of charcoal and gore, served up with dock-leaves, and

wine tasting like red ink, stirred up with an old razor." Sleep was banished by fleas, and in the morning there was half a pint of water for ablution. There was no solace save in a cigar, and we are told that "the direst enemy of the fragrant weed would, in such straits, cheerfully acknowledge its consolatory effects." The speed of the train hence to Turin appeared very insipid to a Yankee tourist. In his own country he said the milestones, going by so quickly in succession, made the road look like a graveyard—a very ominous joke! At Turin, what struck our pilgrims most seem to have been the palatial hotels; and the two hours thence to Arona were enlivened by watching their fellow-travellers, two snuffy old ladies, a fat and greasy priest, and three other human nondescripts, scratching one another like monkeys in a cage. A next feat was to clamber up the interior of Carlo Borromeo, with an arm-chair in the nose, and a magnificent view of Lago Maggiore from the nostrils. The ascent of Monterone was effected on donkeys so obtuse that when once down, a fire had to be lit underneath to get them up again. Our pilgrims passed the night—we were going to say slept—at the Orta, in "the darkest, dirtiest, dimmallest, direst of inns," refreshed by the story of the discovery of a murder lately effected there through the medium of ants, and of two robbers torn to pieces by a bear, which they had mistaken for a pig. Our doughty pilgrims were, however, in no way discomposed; for next morning they took "headers" into the translucent waters of the lake, although, as their crystal depths reflected, we are told, vividly the mountains around, the effect must have been that of throwing oneself directly against the summit of Monte Rosa.

Novara was reached after a long, hot, dusty martyrdom on the top of a diligence, the passengers, packed like figs in a drum, having, like the skunk, "the curious faculty of distributing abroad the most dreadful and noxious odours." This is the land of the beautiful in nature and art! The land which, before they had fairly got into it, the pilgrims proclaimed: "There walk hand in hand the three Graces of genius, each breathing a separate and heaven-born language—a language taught by the echoes of angel-whispers, floating down from the Falls of Heaven, and shedding fresh sweetness upon the dull prison of clay; Music, the voice of the soul; Painting, of the mind; and Statuary, of the true and perfect." But what disagreeables has the poor pilgrim to undergo ere he can reach all these perfections? It is like the ascent of Sacro Monte, at Varallo, to inspect the "Massacre of the Innocents," past bespattered figures clothed in old rags, the Redeemer covered all over with blood, dirt, and tangled masses of real red hair, and diseased and deformed persecutors belabouring their daubed victim with cudgels considerably larger than their bodies. There were charms in the land, however, and four or five pages of mingled prose and poetry in honour of the syren of Lago Maggiore recals us fittingly to a sense of what is due to the beautiful—especially oblivion of the ugly. We have not heart to turn from this sentimental picture to that of the "loving old English couple rolled up together in the same railway-wrapper like a huge palpitating German sausage;" yet such is travel—an ever-varying kaleidoscope! The ubiquitous English! The walls of the only hotel at Logano were actually, we are told, like an orange-chest, bursting and bulging out with its burden of Anglo-Saxons!

Lugano was exchanged for Como—a dream of panoramic beauty—and Como for Milan, in company with a gentle lady, but “very washed-out and insipid, as if she had been exhaled to heaven in a sunbeam and come back again in a shower.” To see the far-famed cathedral church of Milan would alone, we are told, well repay a pilgrimage from the uttermost parts of the earth. And so it is: and to stand within that cathedral, or on its terraced roof, is an episode in life. Familiarity, we are told, has an effect adverse to the beautiful, and the monks appear to be examples of the proverb, for they have cut a way right through Leonardo da Vinci’s “Last Supper” to expedite their way to an existing supper. Our pilgrims “did” all the lions of Milan, even to examining the tears shed over Lazarus, and which, “mopped up by an angel,” are preserved in a piece of crystal. At Verona there was a similar number of “architectural black doses to be got over and done with as soon as possible,” not to omit Juliet’s tomb (now a washing-tub for the lusty nymphs of Verona). The fact is, that the cicerones of Verona show just what they like, as the tomb, for reasons best known to themselves.

“Onwards we sped, past the old palace town of Vicenza, also Padua, celebrated for its university and pickpockets—on by the lovely shores of the Lago di Garda, with its horizon bounded by the snowy summits of the Tyrol, until we reached Venice—the fairy city of the waters.” Well, this is the way the modern fast pilgrim travels—no need to boil his peas—the railway carries him along and saves all trouble of locomotion, or “doing” anything. Pilgrims are, however, invariably brought up at Venice, no doubt by the sea, and are thus forced to do a little in the way of sight-seeing; but there is a pleasant way of doing even that, and our pilgrims found it out. “Softly gliding in our gondola, stretched upon its soft cushions, the scenes ever new, ever bright—of varied interest and splendour—seemed floating by, all wrapped in extraordinary silence, broken only by the gentle plash of the oar.” Wise and happy pilgrims! how much more pleasant than bustling, fuming, and grimacing through “black doses” of architecture, sculpture, and painting! But they were not satisfied even with the perfect enjoyment of the dolce far niente, they must fain invite a golden-haired and blue-eyed flower-girl into the gondola. “‘Preposterous and immoral,’ says the Elder. ‘Mummy! thou wert once young, and a man,’ say we.” The little flower-girl rewarded them with a very sentimental story, the effect of which was to procure for the fair reader two whole chapters of learned disquisition upon friendship, love, and matrimony. The reader must not think that our pilgrim, from his wayward fancies and fitful moods, is not a man of deep feelings and sympathies. He or she must read him to appreciate him fully.

The hateful critic has, however, enough to do with the facts of the case, and it concerns him to know that Mantua, with all its classic reminiscences and quadrilateral terrors, has “dull streets and odours vile.” Our pilgrims were also ciceroned here by a moving creature, “which, after a little attention having been given to the subject, some one of our party was rash enough to hazard the suggestion that it might be an old woman.” Cruel pilgrims! Had it been a young woman, she would have been offered a seat on the soft cushions of a gondola. As to Giulio Romano, he must, we are told, have lived habitually on pork, and

supped for ever on horrors. At Bologna our pilgrims fell in with a rather remarkable specimen of the genus Yankee, who told some very characteristic stories, which it was too bad to finish up with sneers at "Snobdom" and "bastard wit, born from the brain of others." Where there is so much firing there must be some flashes in the pan, and, besides, it is your bad shot that keeps the game alive.

The starting from the Newgate-like hotel, and the journey across the Apennines to Florence, is a tale of modern torture that must be read to be appreciated; it is as incapable of condensation as it is of being "digested." Deposited, however, in safety at Firenze la Bella, our pilgrims so far recovered their spirits as to astound a whole batch of travelling compatriots by ordering vino d'asti, and for which delicious beverage there was, in consequence, at once an overwhelming demand. They exerted themselves here, also, so far as to visit the Pergola, where they heard a little woman singing, with her mouth so wide "that it resembled the muzzle of a large piece of ordnance;" and their researches extended to the Villa Salviati, the residence of Il Conte di Candia (Mario), where they were shown the wash-hand basin of his eccellenza, with the soap and bubbles, just as he had left them two months before, and the fag-ends and stumps of cigars strewn about precisely as his eccellenza had left them. These are the kind of sights supposed most to interest the travelling English. Our pilgrims determined not to be so ingloriously done, and asked to see the eccellenza's housemaid; but their pardonable curiosity was not gratified.

At Pisa a model of the Leaning Tower in alabaster was purchased, but being broken on the way home, it was sent to be repaired, when the artist returned it with the tower quite straight; to accomplish which feat, had entailed much loss of time and considerable addition to the expense. Onwards a few miles, and they arrived at "busy, dirty, cheating, swearing, brawling, thriving Leghorn," whence, after exhausting their expletives, they embarked for Civita Vecchia. Eleven hours more in the "craziest of carriages" took them to the city of the Cæsars—the eternal puzzle of theologians and politicians. The next day it was "come on," from arch to pillar, and from obelisk to church; but alas! at "the stern spot where perished the sons of Brutus," the showman of Polichinello now screams hoarsely, and the quondam mistress of the world is but "a theatre for jugglers, pilferers, and marionettes," the whole superintended by the ubiquitous red legs that hold tenaciously by the two capitals in the Old and in the New World—Rome and Mexico.

We must really be excused doing Rome even with our lively pilgrim, who somehow or other get terribly in earnest in the great old city and its environs. We fear that the "sawsargees, jamm, and antchovees" of Tivoli did not agree with him; for he comes down, by anticipation, upon "the concentrated essential essence of a stew of reviewers and revilers," as if that was more digestible than "basted pigeons," and this all à propos of a vision of Beatrice Cenci, from which he happily sinks at last into the comfortable repose, not of a sofa, but of a pleasant thought that "the world knows how much easier it is to abuse than to praise, and can distinguish between those who write to amuse and those who are hired to abuse." Our pilgrim is a sad sceptic; he disbelieves in the fashionable world of London, which he somewhere designates a world of lies; he dis-

believes in love for love's sake, and he disbelieves in critics. May he live to know better!

They were packed in the diligence to Naples, not like "figs in a drum," but like "herrings in a tub," which is not so fragrant a comparison, and luckily not so frequently indulged in. At Fondi, the frontier town of Naples, the inhabitants were found, to the number of five thousand, to be all beggars, all pale eyed and ferocious, all starving because indolent; "filthy is no expression, putrid no adjective, to convey an idea of the utter squalor and degradation of this frontier town of Fondi." "Many of the houses are so rotten, that the old women in the top rooms, mistrustful of the crazy stairs, have remained there for years, drawing up their food in baskets through the windows from below." If Fondi is so bad, what is Naples, the city *par excellence* of pleasure-seekers, soldiers, monks, lazzaroni, and galley-slaves? Well, with all its faults, it was "one clear, frantic, and lovely dream." "Such vivid sensations occur but seldom in life" as "bursting into cloudless Naples," with Vesuvius, the genius of the land, gloomy, alone, and angry, hanging over it. A city favoured alike by nature and art, but cursed by misrule and moral and intellectual corruption. May it revive under a united Italy!

Embarking for Sicily with the usual "liberal supply of priests and bugs," they were accompanied by boat-loads of beggars snarling all the way at strangers like curs. There was also, as usual, a Yankee on board. He had come to Naples to establish "A Grand Nature-Controller and General Volcano Extinguisher Society," purporting to put out Vesuvius by letting the Mediterranean in—an operation which, if there is any truth in the theory of the oxidation of the metallic bases of the earths, would put an immediate extinguisher upon Naples too. There were few drawbacks to the exquisite beauties of Palermo. The monastic gentlemen, it is true, crossed themselves with one hand, and scratched themselves with the crucifix with the other, and the appearance of certain well-known objects in the catacombs were hideously ludicrous; but still Palermo is, and will long remain, one of earth's fairest cities. The spirit of enterprise and adventure, and the pluck of our pilgrims, which disregarded the enhanced discomforts attendant upon the exploration of a semi-barbarous, albeit exquisitely beautiful region, like that of the interior of Sicily, led them to visit scenes in which the zest of novelty is super-added to the usual descriptions. Monreale, with its population, minutely sketched off as presenting the beau ideal of all the wretchedness that misrule, fanaticism, and priestcraft can effect, led the way to Alcamo—a reminiscence of the Saracens. Porcelli, their guide on this pilgrimage, was also their jackal—the lion's provider—and what he did provide, we are told, would have puzzled Soyer and *Œdipus* rolled into one—sausage, we suppose, is understood. Segesta, well depicted by Bartlett, next claimed that attention, which was somewhat diverted from its legitimate objects by the precipitous watercourses, facetiously called roads in Du Pay's excellent itinerary, and which led the way to Selinunte. Thence by the birthplace of Agathocles (there is not a stone or a cactus-bush without an historic reminiscence in Sicily) to Girgenta, with its temples of old. What, however, was Concord, or Juno, or Castor, or Pollux to our pilgrims, compared with the acme of discomfort they had now

attained?—an epoch of flea, bug, and mosquito torment, and “a period of stench had arrived which would sorely have puzzled the stoical doctrines of Lycurgus and the fortitude of all the Spartans put together.” At Palma an extraordinary religious procession was on its way, with noise proportionate to the importance of the occasion, to expel a devil from an old lady. Our pilgrims pitied the demon for whom so terrible an ordeal was prepared. At Caltagerone there was war between the organist and the choristers (there is always war in these fine countries); the one persisted in playing one thing, and the other in singing another. The description given of Lentini might be stereotyped for most Sicilian out-of-the-way towns, “A collection of fetid, half-ruinous, helpless, hopeless, and miserable hovels, where human beings crowd together conjointly with swine, lean dogs, and featherless, fierce-eyed fowls.” Even the well fortified Augusta and Syracuse were “dirty, dejected, and sickly,” with “the narrowest streets and the most powerful smells.” At this epoch Neapolitan nobles were employed in gangs in scouring the filthy streets for speaking too freely of King Bombino’s paternal government. An ascent of Mount *Ætna* followed Catania, as naturally as a roast follows fish; nor was this succession of pilgrim dishes unattended by a little adventure, which had nearly charred the said roast to charcoal. Not that old *Ætna* was very cross or threatening upon that peculiar occasion, but the pilgrims actually sat down in the Casa Inglese upon a heap of sleeping Germans, whom they had mistaken for as many logs. The confusion and vexation caused by such a mistake may be easily imagined, and is well described. It must have disturbed the very ghost of Empedocles. And here, at the very summit of *Ætna*, as if impossible of reaching a higher gamut, ends this amusing record of travel. It pretends to nothing higher than a light, rattling record of a sunny ramble, with a few admittedly “ardent” impressions arising therefrom, and as such it more than fulfils its pretensions. It is indeed in every way adapted to afford a few hours’ pleasant and entertaining reading.

THE POLISH MOTHER.*

BY CYRUS REDDING.

O POLISH mother, when thy son’s dark eyes
 Kindle with ardour, when his forehead high
 Shows the proud spirit fit for bold emprise,
 His young blood warm from his great ancestry ;

* These stanzas are really from the Polish Sclavonic. They are extremely difficult to render into English verse. They were attempted verbatim to be rendered by a Pole, yet between us both I fear they are not exactly what could be desired; the sentiment, however, is preserved, and expresses clearly enough the dread of the Poles exhibiting openly their national feelings and associations.

When you behold him, from his mates apart,
List to the minstrel's song of other days,
With his young body bent, and swelling heart,
Catching brave notes in his forefathers' praise—

O Polish mother, 'tis a dangerous deed
For thy young son! Fall down at Mary's shrine!
You know the cross once made her bosom bleed—
Oh, in that mother's sorrows fear for thine!

His destiny thou seest—in other lands,
Though faiths and people flourish blest with peace,
Thy son must combat with a stranger's bands,
And die a martyr for another race.

Bid him, though young, in lone retreats to dwell,
Musing on struggles he must shortly see,
Nor breathe the air of jail, or dungeon cell,
And with vile reptiles his dank slumbers be.

And let him learn to hide his joy and hate,
His thoughts to hush as in a gulf profound,
Nurse sentiments that deep involve his fate,
But act with serpent craft on all around.

The Saviour oft is pictured smiling, mild,
Handling a cross in infancy's young bloom—
O Polish mother, see thy favourite child,
He too amused with symbols of his doom!

Picture him in early youth in Russian chains,
Wheeling the dung-cart on the public ways,
Learning with calm, and cool, unflinching veins,
To touch the axe and meet the hangman's gaze.

'Tis not for him, like knights in history old,
On Sion's hill the holy cross to free,
Nor like the sons of France in freedom bold,
Strike Prussian Brunswick down for liberty.

But perjured Russian spies his footsteps trace,
The tyrant's agent drags him to the jail,
His battle-field, the hangman's black embrace,
His glory, never seen in death to quail.

And thus he falls, his monument above
The gibbet in its own accursed demesne—
His only glories woman's tear of love,
And whispered midnight praise from honest men!

O Polish mother, 'tis a dangerous deed
For thy young son! Fall down at Mary's shrine!
You know the cross once made her bosom bleed—
Oh, in that mother's sorrows fear for thine!

THE MODERN BABYLON.

It is not surprising that M. Eugène Pelletan, in publishing a new volume on the much-vexed question of modern life and manners in Paris,* should forget the old, but very meaning adage, that "it is an ill bird that befouls its own nest." M. Pelletan, be it remembered, like most men, has a pet grievance of his own. While editor of the *Journal de Dimanche*, he was so weak-minded as to institute comparisons (which are always odious in France, especially in print) between the freedom of the press existing in Austria and in his Fatherland. For this heinous offence he straightway found his way to Sainte Pélagie, and the volume we have now under notice appears to have been the result of his incarceration. When we add to these facts that M. Pelletan is a virulent Protestant, who would make his fortune on the Exeter Hall platform, we have said enough to explain why it is that he has an overflow of gall in the ink which he employs to pen his diatribes against imperial Paris.

M. Pelletan, for the sake of greater freedom of expression, and possibly in order to produce a more marked contrast, places his diatribes in the mouth of a country lawyer, who, having sold his business, resolves on a trip to the capital, which he had not seen since his salad days. His reminiscences, however, were of a valuable nature for the purpose of comparison, if we may judge from the following extract, in which the ex-notary describes what he saw in Paris during his hot youth :

Thirty years ago I was a law-student at Paris, and helped to draw Chateaubriand in triumph on leaving M. Ampère's lectures ; I lost a skirt of my coat at the first representation of "Lucrezia Borgia;" and, lastly, I saw one night at the Café Procope the publisher Renduel mount on a marble table, cross himself, and read, in a loud voice, "Les Paroles d'un Croyant." It was just after the July days, at the moment of that magnificent new life of literature which was called at that day the school of romanticism, and should have been called the school of inspiration, for at that time the esprit poured from the source both over the poet and the crowd, as much to create as to understand. At that time France quivered. France thought, France dreamed—dreamed as much as she thought, shall I confess it?—of her glory ; for what is dreaming except sending the mind ahead to take possession of the future ? The idea was in the air, and any one who liked could inhale it at his window. A man needed only to take up his pen in order to have talent. A new soul was given simultaneously to science and to poetry. Genius spoke, and youth listened ; the audience received enthusiasm, and gave it back to the master ; and in the midst of this current of intellectual electricity, each man, whether small or great, felt the level of his temperature raised one degree. . . . Each day had something to say for itself at the tribune. Royer Collard was exhaling the last sigh of his eloquence. Béranger was magnificently delivering the funeral oration of the past. Thiers threw into the debate his phrases prompt to reply. Guizot draped himself in his speeches with the majestic attitude of a Roman orator. Odilon Barrot was sounding, with a grave voice, the tocsin of the opposition. Dufaure laid his finger on the question, and everything was said : all that was left was to vote. The whole of Europe listened to these words, and these words, though now forgotten, if we were to search for them, would assuredly be found everywhere around us—in the quivering of Hungary, in the victorious chants of

* *La Nouvelle Babylone.* Par Eugène Pelletan. Paris : Pagnerre.

Italy, and in the groans of Poland, that sublime corpse which is ever in a state of resurrection. At the present day Poland again rises from her tomb, pale and bleeding, as in the hour of the murder; she removes the folds of the winding-sheet from her bosom, she points to the last wound in her chest, and says to the conqueror, "Strike again!"

The great advantage of the constitutional government was that men combated with talent, which compelled their adversaries to double their talent in turn, and thus the standard of polemics, and consequently of opinion, was raised on both sides. As our author epigrammatically observes, "Talent elevates, and mediocrity lowers: as the press is, so is the nation." The comparison, however, which Pelletan suggests between the Paris of 1830 and that of 1860, as regards literature, admits of no contradiction:

Each day supplied its masterpiece: Lamartine was bidding a magnificent farewell to poetry in his "*Jocelyn*," and placing his foot on the first round of the ladder. Victor Hugo had passed from the militant to the triumphant epoch: he reigned over youth, and gazed at the horizon with a forehead already illumined by a prophetic ray. Had he foreseen exile? Auguste Barbier was branding with a searing-iron the worship of the sabre and the traffic in consciences. Musset was pursuing his muse through the flowering lilacs bare-headed, like a Bacchante. Béranger was humming a last ballad to the little hat, and placing his popularity in the savings bank. Lastly, at the very bottom or at the very top, Chateaubriand, standing on his rock, was casting his great shadow over the plain in the setting sunlight, and sadly watching it melt away in space. A young woman arrived from the heart of Berri, who was destined to glorify the name of George Sand, and preach love in a language of fire, then drink from Medea's cup, and assume a second youth. Balzac was regarding through a microscope the infinite littleness of the human heart. Merimée, affected by a secret passion for brigandage, was dashing off some story about an assassination. Eugène Sue was speaking to nerves, while waiting till he should speak to the loftier feelings of his generation. Charles Nodier was expiring like an autumn day in a melancholy smile. Jules Janin was writing with a humour and grace which made one really believe that he had neither father nor mother, that he was born one day of an improvisation, of a puff of wind and fairy who wished to have a child on that occasion only through curiosity.

It is only natural that a man who remembered these glories, and who had not visited Paris for thirty years, should feel anxious to compare the present and the past. Such, in fact, is the fundamental idea of the volume, and no better plan could be selected by a writer who bore a malice against the existing régime, both political and social. M. Pelletan, speaking through his country notary, makes his first assault on the re-edification of Paris, which he says is justified by the government on the ground that the invention of steam has rendered Paris the hotel of Europe. In keeping up this character marvels of architecture have been performed, the smoking obelisks of trade have been erected in all the faubourgs, and Paris has drawn around it the military screen of its victories; it has inscribed in all the squares its contradiction of ideas, as if anxious ever to keep these absurdities before the French; it has raised in one place a column displaying the power of an individual standing upon a spiral of victories; and in another square a column to serve as the perch for the genius of liberty, who ever seems to be taking his flight into space, but always remains tied by the leg. But to let our author have his spiteful say:

France loves palaces even in profusion, and builds so many that it does not know to what use to turn them. A palace has been built at the Louvre, and antiques are lodged in it; another in the Rue de Bourgogne, and the legislative corps is lodged in it; another at the Bourse, and time-bargainers are lodged in it; another at the Tuileries, and a court is lodged in it; another at the Hôtel de Ville, and M. Haussmann is lodged in it; another at the Luxembourg, and the senate is lodged in it. In addition to all these palaces, Paris also raises to the sky its countless cupolas: a dome at the Pantheon, to shelter the demand of dust for immortality; a dome at the Sorbonne, to cover words; another at the Invalides, to cover wounds; another at the Val de Grace, to cover diseases; and another at the Institute, to cover compliments. . . . It seems as if, from all time, destiny has wished to make of Paris a city of pleasure and expense. When a man has the spleen, no matter in what language, he signs his peace with existence here; when he wishes to dine agreeably, he enjoys his repast at the Palais Royal. Hence the trains have poured into Paris such a mass of foreigners, that it was wise to form a breach right through the town, in order to facilitate circulation.

Our author has, then, no objection to offer to the prolongation of the Rue de Rivoli and the Boulevard de Strasbourg; nor has he any fault to find with the cleansing of the Carrousel and the completion of the Louvre. Less than thirty years ago we can remember the latter place as a fair-ground, under the very windows of royalty, covered with booths, slates, planks, wooden shoes, old iron, engravings, bird-cages, parrots, dogs and cats, and guinea-pigs and squirrels, incessantly twirling round in their cage. When we were in Paris last, we found in the place of this menagerie an enormous palace, and in front of that palace a Zouave on duty, in his short knickerbockers, with his elbow resting on the muzzle of his rifle. Unfortunately, our author objects, the example of the Boulevard de Strasbourg and the completion of the Louvre have led to the idea of having boulevards and Louvres everywhere. The result is, that the worthy inhabitants are living in a sort of camp. In a room of the Hôtel de Ville a man sits studying the map of Paris, and every now and then thrusts in a black pin, like a general who is meditating a strategical operation. A new boulevard has just occurred to the fertile imagination of M. le Préfet, and the next morning, on awaking, you receive a printed note, politely requesting you to pack up and be off. If you have not a registered lease, no compensation is made you for improvements you have introduced in your apartments; and though through an act of pure munificence three months' rent is granted you, it is only enough for moving and the injury done to your furniture:

The hapless man then finds himself in the street in search of a domicile. But the movement of urban strategy which has turned him out has, at the same time, turned out a whole quarter. He must outstrip a tribe expatriated like himself, wandering about like him, with their heads in the air, with their eyes seeking bills of lodgings to let. If the fairy of his cradle has placed a million under his pillow, he can still retain a hope of settling his family in some corner of Paris, for apartments at seven or eight thousand francs a year are yet to be found with a little good will. But if the humility of his budget compel him to set aside a thousand francs at the most for his rent, he can reckon on an Odyssey in a perpendicular line, from the first to the fourth floor, far more terrible than Ulysses's tour round Ithaca. He will beat up all the districts of Paris, ascend every staircase, visit all the fifth floors, ransack all the sixth floors, interrogate all the garrets, and from all these ascents into the clouds he will bring back the painful conviction that the unhappy man who is so disinherited by Heaven and

his fellows as to have only seven or eight thousand francs income or salary, has lost the right of living in Paris, and must pitch his tent in the suburbs. But in that case he must add the omnibus charges to the rent, and after due reflection, he prefers to pay a higher rent, and save the deficit out of his food, in order that he may at any rate have the consolation of remaining in the vicinity of his occupation and his acquaintances.

The result of the alterations, according to our author's showing, is that, while the income derived from the houses of Paris amounted, in 1840, to one hundred million francs, it now exceeds two hundred millions. It is, in reality, a tax of one hundred millions which the lodging population pays annually for the metamorphoses. We are afraid that we must agree with our author in thinking this rather too high a price to pay for English squares and hothouse plants that pine in the lukewarm sun of Paris. But if this be bad, worse remains behind, and the new style of living, says M. Pelletan, has led to a frantic luxury, and a realisation of the reign of Sardanapalus. He is ready to allow that luxury, to a certain extent, has a right of citizenship, owing to the circulation of capital which it produces, but he does not consider that a reason for deifying it. At the time when Louis Philippe reigned, there were in the capital of the civilised world fine houses, fine carriages, grand liveries, and pretty women arranged for show in the Opera balcony. But if luxury then had its place in France, it only had its place, while at the present time nothing else is seen, and luxury reigns everywhere, like the first personage of the state and the hero of the conversation. In former times, at any rate, people deigned to recognise the superiority of intellect, but now they only care to enjoy and dazzle: the man of the world may have gone to school in his youth, but it was only because he made too much noise in the paternal mansion. After he has taken his bachelor's degree, however, he considers it derogatory to continue his mental development. A little old man at twenty, very dry and staid, with wrinkled morals, a thorough sceptic as regards all the belief of the age, buttoned up against any aspiration, and well guarded against any audacity of the head, he considers that the son of a rich father has amply paid his debts to God and man when he has chosen a first-rate tailor, is able to ride, breakfasts at the Café Bignon, dines at the Café Anglais, sups the Lord knows where, and studies Gavarni in nature in the Breda Quartier. He may accept a diplomatic appointment, because it permits him to travel at the expense of the state, and, after a while, gives him the right of wearing all the colours of the rainbow in his button-hole. After spending a portion of his patrimony, he marries the first hairan he comes across to re-establish the balance, caring little whether she be maid or widow, known or unknown. From this moment he will study Gavarni as in the past, but he will accompany his wife to church, and gallantly carry her missal for her. Such is the picture M. Pelletan draws of the French gentleman of 1861, but he is not a whit more merciful to the fairer sex, as the following extract will show:

As for the woman of the world, once she is married, the best proof she thinks she can give of a brilliant education is, to affect the same indifference as the shepherdess who knits stockings while watching her flock. After all, what are poetry, truth, morality, good or evil, peace or war, the progress or decadence of humanity? a matter for yawning or a headache: a fashionable lady has no time to lose over the page of a book or in intellectual conversation. In winter she is obliged to visit and be visited, receive and be received, and divide herself,

evening after evening, in the four corners of Paris: at the most, she reads in bed a chapter of a realistic romance to soothe her nerves, which have been excited by music or gone to the help of slow-arriving sleep. Then, at the first song of the nightingale, she must go into the country, travel in Switzerland, emigrate to Italy, return to Aix, Plombières, Cauterets, Biarritz, Royan, or Trouville, and, in that summer carnival which is called sea-bathing, majestically display on the beach some new thing in costume, such as the flaming hood of the valley of Ossau, or Garibaldi's red shirt. When a woman gives up thinking, she digs an abyss, which she at once seeks to fill up with dresses; and all those exquisite spider-webs which are produced by the bobbins of St. Etienne or Lyons. Thus she displays on her person and round her person those dreams, or rather nightmares, of fashion, which are like the eruptions or efflorescence of a diseased imagination upon the surface of the epidermis.

M. Pelletan has a theory that the spirit of a nation may be judged by its style of dress. Thus, during the Fronde—"a glorious epoch entirely confiscated to the profit of Louis XIV., by an historic robbery which has remained unpunished"—people dressed soberly and in dark colours, but so soon as Louis XIV. had installed at Versailles "a policy of oppression and bombast, hypocrisy and arrogance," dress became deceitful: men heightened themselves at top and bottom by means of perukes and red heels, while the ladies wore masks and paint. "A full-blooded Poitevine, of the name of Montespan, invented the large-skirted dress to extend her divinity in space and to conceal her condition." The Regency improved on Madame de Montespan by inventing baskets; and, with history in hand, M. Pelletan declares that "the more an age loses the life of thought, the larger becomes the domain of the petticoat." We can guess from this his opinion of the fashion of the day. But he confines himself to a complaint that modern rooms are not adapted to serve as coach-houses for these enormous female circumferences. But there is a worse side of the question than this: our austere censor affirms, that when a woman grows fond of display, she seeks to please, and from coquettishness to gallantry there is only the distance of the opportunity. "However firm a woman's foot may be, it will slip one day or the other, and it has already slipped mentally; it is not the intention that is lacking, but the boldness." Luxury, by making a display of woman, soon strips her of every feeling of modesty. The facile duchesses of the Regency ended by choosing their lady's-maids among their lacqueys: footmen fastened their stays and tied their handkerchiefs. In the nineteenth century M. Pelletan asserts that there are milliners who wear a beard—men, real men, men like Zouaves—who, with their solid hands, take the exact dimensions of the most fashionable ladies in Paris, dress them, undress them, and make them turn round before them like the wax dolls in the hairdressers' windows:

There is in the Rue de la Paix an Englishman who enjoys a popularity among the world of flowers far higher than that of any Lenten preacher. It must be confessed that this Englishman has created a new art—that of pinching in a lady's waist with a precision hitherto unknown. . . . A perfect gentleman, always clean shaved, always curled, with a black coat and white tie, and cuffs fastened with gold links, he officiates with all the gravity of a diplomatist who bears the fate of the world shut up in a drawer of his brain. When he tries a dress on a living doll of the Chaussée D'Antin, he feels, measures, and marks with chalk the defective folds in the dress with the deepest contemplation. . . . At times he plants a flower here, or tries a bow of ribbon, in order to judge the

general harmony of the toilette. During this operation the new Eve in course of formation, motionless and resigned, silently lets the creator complete his creation.

The elegant dames of Paris, amazed by the grand manner of these milliners in trousers, have ended by believing that the man who could make a dress so well was the right one to put it on. Hence, on the night of any grand ball, there is a regular row of carriages drawn up before his door, and the ladies are admitted one by one to the professor to hear his verdict. We are bound to add that he is polite enough to offer his fair customers refreshments; and while they are waiting for an audience, the ethereal petites maîtresses of the Parisian salons lay in a stock of strength for the polka by eating any amount of *pâté de foie gras*, and washing it down with *Malvoisie*. Still, this son of Albion, like all great artists, has his caprices. He certainly dresses all ladies, but he prefers abundant females, previously padded by nature. He finds that they do more honour to his talent, and bring him more in evidence; hence he reserves for them all the attentions and ingenious flatteries of his profession. As for the light-baggage beauties, reduced to the volume rigorously indispensable not to be a pure spirit, he consents to dress them, it is true, but feels no heart in it, and only does it as a conscientious duty.

Heaven guard me from trying to throw any discredit on the talent of the English artist, and still less on his person. He has a profession, and exercises it honourably; he keeps a commercial establishment, and seeks to attract customers. That is his right, his duty, for it is a question with him of prosperity or ruin. But what are we to think of his clientèle, the aristocracy of the Stock Exchange—virtuous, I will allow, and perhaps steeped in devotion, but, after all, so forgetful of themselves and their husbands, as to go at night to settle, tête-à-tête with a man-milliner, the perilous problem of the gaping of a corsage, and abandon to this vintager the power of arbitrarily deeming to what degree the leaf shall cover the cluster of grapes. And after that, people say that the Englishman shall never reign in France! why, he reigns over the *fine fleur* of France, and does so at the base of the Vendôme column.

After all, though, there would be no great harm in the wealthy classes squandering their money in finery, if they did not afford such a pernicious example to the middle classes. Now-a-days, the twenty-thousand-francs-a-year man must ape his betters by giving a set dinner. No longer, as in olden times, does he invite his equals to a neat dinner of soup, an entrée, a joint, salad, a pudding, cheese, and dessert; he must have a bouquet of Cape heaths blended with gardenias; half a dozen glasses of all sizes, arranged by height, like organ pipes, for all the wines, more or less apocryphal of Christendom. The bill of fare is religiously deposited on each napkin, so that the guest, duly warned beforehand of the culinary contingent, may save his energies for his favourite dish. As a rule the dinner must be composed of fish, game, Russian caviare, York ham, Pithiviers *pâté*, truffled pheasant, &c. But the dish of dishes is a guest who has an order, a celebrated name, or eminent functionary, in order to excite the envy of the other guests. After all, though, this failing is common to all human nature, and Mr. Thackeray has shown it up, perhaps *usque ad nauseam*, when describing the feasts given in Russell and Bloomsbury squares. Then, again, M. Pelletan complains that the old-fashioned *soirée* has been knocked on the head; once on a time people used to meet for a general gossip round the fire,

but now the bourgeois would consider himself disgraced if he had not a body of opera-singers to deafen his guests. The result of all this is a sheaf of writs, and a sale by order of the sheriff. It seems to us that Paris has only just reached that stage of ostentation and living beyond one's means which has been the curse of England during the last thirty years, and has now attained unexampled proportions.

When the broker is put in, the victim has two resources to fly to: he either seeks a government appointment, or else turns his attention to time-bargains on the Stock Exchange. M. Pelletan is ashamed to say it of his country, that a portion of France regards the state as a universal uncle from America, whom destiny holds in reserve, to set on his legs every man who has devoured his patrimony:

The solicitor for a place is neither a will nor a person, but a defaced coin, withdrawn from circulation; he is the man of another man—the man of a protector and a protector's wife; he takes madame's letter to the post; he looks after her sick dog. Madame has passed her sixtieth year, but to him she is only twenty, like the sexagenarian duchess of the Regency. He accepts the fiction, and has neither opinion, nor human respect, nor any sort of prejudice. A valet condemned to crawl before another valet, who has one aiguillette more; he receives a rebuff and smiles; he is answered no, and he smiles; he is kicked out of the ante-room, and still smiles; he has, in short, a smile stereotyped on his face. When he begins to be doubtful of himself, he orders his wife to take his place, and she, still young and pretty, tries to soften by her suppliant tender glance the bronze forehead of bureaucracy. The Arab has an admirable proverb: "If a man, of whom you want anything, is mounted on a donkey, say to him, 'What a fine horse you have there, monseigneur!'" This proverb, from the first to the last word, contains the whole art of making one's way. In the world of protection, you must always take the ass for a horse; you must always scent the wind of the moment; go to confession under the Restoration; enter the National Guard under the July monarchy; be president of a club during the Republic; and always have a flexible back, and walk with your body forming a hoop.

We certainly recommend that admirable interpreter of *Sir Pertinax MacSycophant*, Mr. Phelps, to migrate to Paris, and give lectures in the art of boeing, for we have not the slightest doubt but that he would make a rapid fortune.

If we turn to the literature of the Second Empire, we find our writer shaking his head worse than ever. He allows, it is true, that the French are not fond of reading, but adds, in their excuse, that everything has been done to discourage them from reading. As he says, "Take the four or five hundred laws relating to printing, publishing, and book-hawking, and you will see that a sanitary cordon has been carefully established, so as to prevent intellect communicating with intellect without the permission of the state." Still, the French are very backward, and the upper classes are quite as bad as the lower. M. Pelletan describes an enormously rich marquis living in the country, whose entire library consisted of one dog-eared volume of the Waverley novels, which he kept for those visitors accustomed to take a portion of reading before going to sleep. Not that he despised intellect, but he could not believe that a book was an article of consumption, any more than the river that passed under his windows, or the wind that whistled through his trees. Even in the heart of Parisian aristocracy, the woman most anxious to pass as witty has no

library; if she wants to read, she will have a book from a circulating library. Here is a case in point:

You know, by reputation at least, that little duchess, that pretty, wearied face, that wife of a duke, in a word? Hers was a vaporous, ethereal nature, lost in a cloud of muslin. She lived between heaven and earth, walked hardly an hour a day, and did so with a languishing undulation of the body and the graceful awkwardness of a swan upon land. The rest of the time she reclined in an Asiatic attitude, with her head on her elbow, and read and dreamed, and what she dreamed at night the star repeated to the rose. Well, this elegant patrician, who with her ermine delicacy and sensitive epidermis would have shuddered at the thought of receiving a letter otherwise than on a silver waiter and from the gloved hand of her major-domo, busily turned over with her sylph-like fingers the pages of a hired romance, still impregnated with all the perfumes of the masked ball, and annotated by drunken hands in the style of the guard-room. And she did not do so through meanness, for she thought nothing of spending a bank-note on a new dress.

From such considerations M. Pelletan is led to declare that the present age resembles the Roman who had the following epitaph inscribed on his tomb: "Staberius rests here; he was born in poverty; he left three hundred million sesterces; he never consented to listen to a philosopher; keep your health and imitate him." The present French generation has only one remark on its lips: "Let us amuse ourselves and laugh at ourselves: *cras enim moriemur*;" which means, being interpreted, "After us, the deluge."

The present form of literature has produced, in the first place, the romance of Bohemia. Of this style M. Pelletan declares that it drags youth into the sewer, describes an irregular life, and poetises vice for the sake of vice, first simple vice and then experienced vice; it lives at the cook-shop, sleeps on a street bench, dies in the hospital, and receives on the road the cross of honour. And yet, our author adds, "Peace to its memory, for it was perhaps worth more than its destiny." Next we have the cavalier romance, which cocks its hat on one ear and goes straight to the point. What does it care for invention, conception, poetry, truth, or analysis of character? Its only anxiety is to show that it can produce four hundred pages of wit without breaking down. It is a number of the *Charivari* in a volume. It is read without fatigue, it is laid down without regret, it is begun again at any page with equal pleasure, for at every page you find the same whipped cream and the same way of humbugging the reader. Lastly, we have the realistic romance, that is to say, the romance has been vulgarised under the pretext of realism. Still, if art has a reason for being realistic, it is to say, perhaps, something that differs from the reality. In that case, what is the use of writing or reading it? You need only put yourself in the care of a detective and take a turn down Whitechapel way. Here is a bit in which M. Pelletan speaks the truth, careless whom he may offend:

A school in the likeness of the age seeks talent in scandal. A disgusting romance has reached its fourteenth edition in less than a year, and are you aware through what inspiration of genius? Through a night-scene shown the reader by the aid of a keyhole. If my wife (N.B. the notary is speaking) had dared to read this romance during my absence from home, I should demand, on my return, the re-establishment of divorce. The romance of the alcove no longer even satisfies the excited imagination of our generation. Progressing from

debauch to debauch in literature, the idle classes have come to consume a little fermented literature, printed on fine paper and delicately bound in pink: the history of love, the history of the Montespan, the Pompadour, and the Dubarry: the courtesan on the throne, the royalty of the courtesan. Madame Mogador employs the leisure hours of marriage to describe to us her public life, while Madame Rigolboche surrenders her person to us with a photograph in support, as a justificative document. What can we say after this of the personal romance, that literary monster, half chimera, half reality, called "Elle et lui," or "Lui et elle," or "Elle," quite short. "I had a friend," a physician used to say; "he died, and I dissected him." A woman has loved a man: the man dies, she dissects the dead man's heart under the pretext of a romance, and casts it as food to the public. Next comes a second woman, who asserts that she triumphantly drove out with the same man in a fiacre on the Place de Carrousel, without even taking the trouble to let down the blinds. By what name can we call such a literature, which is a sort of pleading for a judicial separation between two lovers?

Painting fares no better than literature at the hands of M. Pelletan, and the misfortune is that what he says is incontrovertible. According to him, the artist no longer tries to display idealism, what he cares for above all is the "coup de brosse," called in the slang of the studio the "ragoût." The painter, now-a-days, only invokes the muse of inspiration in order to produce exaggerated details—the infinitely little—such as a grain of dust, a coat-button, a table-leg, a shoe-buckle, or a flash of sunshine falling through the vine of an arbour on the forehead of a toper. As for the subject he cares little, provided that it serves as an excuse for all this: it may be a man smoking, or drinking, or gambling, or looking, or telling a story. Now, as men of course did all these things more picturesquely in the eighteenth century than at present, the subject invariably wears a peruke, a frill, knee-buckles, and powder on his coat-collar. Sometimes, however, the artist wishes to prove that he has imagination, and will paint, for instance, a picture called "Une Confiance." On this head our author is extra satirical:

The dessert is on the table, the servant has left the room, the door is shut, the bottle is empty, and the last peach is forgotten in the Japanese plate. It is the hour of the bottom of the glass, of jollity, of the unbuttoned waistcoat, of the secret on the lips, and the heart on the sleeve. A young man fair as youth, dressed in pink, the pink of thought, the pink of hope, is reading to his bottle companion a love-letter, and in the candour of his happiness he bends his body over the table, and stretches his neck across the table, as if to dart the sacred fluid into his friend's ear. But the other, impassive, cold, with a forehead of bronze, his hand under his chin, and a finger on his eyelid, listens to the perusal of the burning page with the accumulated phlegm of experience. He seems to be saying to himself: "I, too, have received a prodigious quantity of these protestations and these oaths on musked paper. The marchioness wrote so; and the duchess wrote even better, for she had a great lady's incorrigible hatred of orthography. I, alas! believed in the marchioness in my salad days, and then I pretended to believe the duchess; and, lastly, the flower-girl at the corner, but the flower-girl alone kept her word; it is true that she died of that act of heroism. Now, I only believe in all the thrusts I have given or received on account of these fickle fidelities."

Even more severe is M. Pelletan on the Ledas, in the abbreviated attire of the swimming-school. Unfortunately, his outspokenness forbids any quotation, but we quite agree in his strictures upon Alcibiades in the house of Aspasia or Phryne in the presence of the Areopagus.

Alluding to the latter picture, he remarks : " After the orgies of youth we have the debauchery of old age : what will painting leave us henceforth to respect ? " But photography is even worse than painting in Paris, where, it appears, that Lord Campbell's act is invalid ; but M. Pelletan warns you, as a friend, never to look into any stereoscope you come across, for you can never tell into what improper society you may drift.

What we have quoted is tolerably strong, but is nothing as compared with M. Pelletan's onslaught on the "*caboulot*." This mysterious word signifies an establishment in which are sold plums preserved in brandy, and lemons in a state of foetus kept in spirits of wine, the whole crowned by an almost-dressed female, beautiful with the diabolical beauty of Astarte. " She likes to laugh, she likes to drink like a song of Béranger ; she has a plump arm and a well-turned leg, still like a song of Béranger " (whom, by the way, our author holds in special disgust) ; " and she laughs and she sings, and she serves and she clinks glasses ; and the *caboulot* has multiplied like Abraham's race, so that the prefect of police has been good enough to remark that it depraves youth."

Another horror of M. Pelletan's is tobacco, and he denounces it with even greater virulence than did James I. If Michelet says that " tobacco has killed the kiss," M. Pelletan is careful to add that it has closed the salon. Formerly, the guests, male and female, used to sit round the table, after dinner was over, and have a witty conversation ; but now-a-days the gentlemen are anxious to rival the herring or Hamburg smoked beef. No sooner is dinner over than the guest grows melancholy, for he is longing for a smoke. The consequence is, that, as no respectable lady can convert her drawing-room into an estaminet, the young men soon make an excuse for leaving, and find their way to more indulgent society. The result, according to M. Pelletan, is, that " the *jeunesse dorée* take, every night, in some equivocal apartments, a practical lesson in cynicism, and, with a trabuco between their lips, learn contempt of self and disgust for women." Here is our author's concluding passage, which we especially recommend to the notice of the Anti-Smoking and Snuffing Society, or what be the name of the movement which boasts Dean Close at its head, whenever they require an agreeable variation in their stock arguments :

It is not only physically that tobacco affects a man, but also morally : it destroys thought and paralyses action. Germany smokes and dreams ; Spain smokes and sleeps ; Turkey has been smoking for the last three hundred years, and has no longer the strength to stand upright : it remains the whole day lying on a divan. Now, Toussenel says somewhere, " A vertical people will always conquer a horizontal people." Youths, take care of yourselves : if you do not throw away your cigars, France may disappear in smoke.

We must glide discreetly over the chapter which our author devotes to the Lorettes : he certainly gives some fabulous reports of their luxury and ostentation, but he has only obtained them at second-hand, and we are inclined to doubt their authenticity. He describes Pompeian villas, which cast that of Prince Napoleon into the shade. As a rule, we accept these stories always with a pinch of salt, for we believe that they are merely spread abroad to heighten the value of the article. Here is an anecdote, however, which we may quote without offence :

One of these women was asked how she managed to reconcile the claims of all her admirers. "I follow the plan," she replied, "of a certain captain of a slaver whom I know. He was a light-haired, curly-headed man, with a woman's face, and blue eyes, as gentle as a tomtit, and with a stereotyped smile on his face. I asked him, one day, how he had managed to gain the four hundred thousand francs we were spending together, without falling into the hands of the cruisers." "In a very simple way," he replied. "When I had embarked a cargo on the coast of Senegambia, I divided it into three parcels: in the first I put the pick of the merchandise; in the second, the next quality; and in the third, the refuse. After that I heated three irons, and branded the fellows on the shoulder with the number one, two, and three, according to their quality. Of course, every now and then some scoundrel protested against this numbering system, but I always managed to maintain authority by the cowhide. Whenever an English frigate chased my brig, I began by throwing overboard No. 3 to lighten the ship; and if the frigate stuck to me, No. 2 followed them into the sharks' throats." "I behave," the lorette continued, "like the negro captain, who is now a boarder at Clichy. I number these gentlemen, and classify them by order of merit: of course, you understand, according to their solvency. The banker before the marquis, the marquis before the officer, the officer before or after the dramatic author, and whenever I see any danger on the horizon, I lighten the ship by throwing over No. 3, and then No. 2, and when I have succeeded in appeasing my Samuel Bernard by this holocaust, I again spread my kindnesses over the whole world."

And here we are compelled to stop: not through lack of matter, so much as of space. In conclusion, we may state that our analysis of M. Pelletan's work is mild rather than otherwise, for we have been unable to do more than hint at many of the charges which he brings against the society of the New Babylon. We are of opinion, however, from our personal knowledge of Paris, that his statements are to some extent exaggerated; that is to say, while we allow that everything he urges as regards immorality in every branch of French society, literature, and art, is perfectly correct, M. Pelletan makes the mistake of supposing that he has discovered something hitherto unknown, and, therefore, paints everything in the darkest colours. After all, every capital is to a certain extent a sink of vice, and we do not believe that Paris is any worse or better than London. The only distinction is that we obstinately shut our eyes to the truth, and when unpleasant rumours ooze out about the doings in the Haymarket, we hypocritically point to Exeter Hall as a moral compensation. Still, it is a curiosity, at a time when all the English papers are alluding to the gagging of the press in France, to find such a book as the "*Nouvelle Babylone*" allowed to circulate, and we have given it this notice, in order to prove that, in spite of the abuse lavished on M. de Persigny, he is not quite so bad as he seems, but permits a book to be published which, if the French nation were really discontented, as we are taught to believe, might produce most dangerous consequences.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

THE discovery of the two head-lake reservoirs, if not of the actual sources of the Nile themselves, stands unquestionably as the most interesting and remarkable achievement (in a geographical point of view) of modern times. Captain Speke is a twofold discoverer. He first saw Lake Victoria on his previous journey, and he has now, in company with his gallant and intrepid companion, Captain Grant, determined the existence of a westerly lake—Little Lake Luta Nzige; also of affluents into both lakes from Ptolemy's Mountains of the Moon; and, further, that both lakes pour their waters into the White Nile, against the opinion of many travellers and practical geographers—Messrs. M'Queen and Galton, for example, among the latest.

This is an age of disparagement and detraction, and so remarkable a discovery—an achievement effected amidst prolonged perils from difficulties of the road, pernicious climate, and suspicious and hostile natives—has been heralded by the usual cuckoo cry of "Cai bono?" by the utilitarians. The answer to a query so unworthy of a generous and noble-minded nation is very simple. Every addition to knowledge is in itself praiseworthy, and although we may not at the moment see in what direction, still such additions are always ultimately conducive to the benefit of mankind. It is so in all branches of science. A new metal or earthy basis—thallium—is discovered. Its uses are at first indeterminate; but who can tell to what important and beneficial purposes its compounds may yet be applied in medicine or the arts, or what new fields of inquiry the discovery of a new basis may lead to in the domain of science itself? So it is in geography. The spirit and enterprise of Speke and Grant, besides enabling them to solve the great problem of ages, has laid open new and ancient kingdoms, inhabited by races of mankind having peculiar characters as well as customs and manners. As far as we know at the present moment, neither gold nor silver, or other rare and precious metals and stones; no new plant, destined like wheat, tea, or coffee, to effect a revolution in taste; no luscious fruits to adorn the table of the sensual; no beast or bird calculated by its easy propagation and natural qualities to supersede oxen, sheep, or domestic fowls, have rewarded the toil of the explorers; but a country capable of many things has been opened to the knowledge of the rest of the world, large populations, benighted and cursed by the saddest pagan superstitions and practices, have been brought into connexion with civilised and Christian communities, and, above all, the mysterious enigma of past ages has been satisfactorily solved.

And here a question of a different character has presented itself to some minds. The father of history—Herodotus—admitted that he could

learn nothing concerning the sources of the Nile. "No man," he says, "of all the Egyptians, Libyans, or Grecians with whom I have conversed, ever pretended to know anything, except the registrar of Minerva's treasury at Sais, in Egypt. He, indeed, seemed to be trifling with me when he said he knew perfectly well; yet his account was as follows: 'That there are two mountains rising into a sharp peak, situated between the city of Syene, in Thebais and Elephantine; the names of these mountains are, the one Crophî, the other Mophî; that the sources of the Nile are bottomless (that is, from a lake?), flow from between these mountains; and that half of the water flows over Egypt, and to the north, the other half over Ethiopia and the south.' That the fountains of the Nile are bottomless, flow from between these mountains, he said, Psammitichus, King of Egypt, proved by experiment; for having caused a line to be twisted many thousand fathoms in length, he let it down, but could not find a bottom." Two explanations may be given of the information thus obtained; one is, that the informant had in view the Atbara, or Black River, as the sources of the Nile, and which may formerly have been permanently connected with the Red Sea by the Khor-el-Gush, as it is now during the rainy season, the lake from which the separation takes place being looked upon as the sources of the Nile; another is, that he had in view Lake Baringu, which Speke unites to Lake Victoria, and which Krapf was informed by Rumu wa Kikandi flowed to the White Nile on the one side, and by the Dana to the Indian Ocean on the other. The allusion by Herodotus to Meroë, a region comprised between the Black and Blue Niles, in the continuation of his details (*Euterpe*, II. 28), would favour the first view of the subject; but again his description of his own ascent of the Nile, with its island, above which dwell the Ethiopians; of a vast lake (*Bahr-al-Ghazal*), on the borders of which Ethiopian nomades dwell, and into which the Nile flowed; and then of a forty days' journey by the side of the river, rocks impeding the navigation,—all correspond to what we know of the White Nile. Then again, with regard to the Ethiopians, Krapf stated in 1854, in his "*Wakuafi Vocabulary*" (p. 128), and in his preface to Erhardt's "*Vocabulary of the Masai Language*" (p. 4), that "there can be no question but that the opinion of the ancients, who believed the *Caput Nili* to be in Æthiopia, is truly correct; for the Wakuafi, whose language is of Æthiopico-Semetic origin, are in possession of the countries which give rise to that river. The real sources of the Nile appear to me to be traceable partly to the woody and marshy land of the Waman people, about two and a half or three degrees south of the equator, of whom Rumu wa Kikandi told me in Ukambani, in 1851." (Krapf, *Trav.*, &c., *Append.*, p. 548.) Speke, it appears, also favours the view of some of the people whom he met with on the shores of Lake Victoria, notoriously the remarkable people called the Karagwé, were also of Ethiopico-Semetic origin; and what is more curious in connexion with the information obtained by Herodotus is, that Speke found hilly regions called Chopi, Koshi, and Madi, or Modi, actually obstructing the course of the Upper Nile, the first at the so-called Karuma Falls.

It is to be remarked here, that Lake Victoria having several outlets is a fact we believe almost unprecedented in hydrography, and has hence been the subject of much discussion, some even expressing doubts as to the reality of the thing. The fact is, however, that such a state of things must

be owing to peculiar circumstances in the main outlet which cannot be expected to last, for the erosion to which one outlet is subjected prevents the tendency to more outlets. In this case, the peculiar circumstances are that this is a point at which the present Lake Victoria has arrived after the exceeding diminution of extent alluded to by Captain Speke; for it is obvious that if it has several outlets at present, when erosion shall have produced its inevitable results of levelling the barrier at Ripon Falls, or even before that time, the Mworango and Luageré rivers will have been left dry, and the Napoleon Channel alone remain. It is probable, then, that in Herodotus's time the basin of the lake extended to the Kuruma Falls in Chopi.* Seneca, also, in his "*Questiones Naturales*," lib. vi., described Nero as sending two centurions in search of the sources of the Nile in the country of the Ethiopians, and they came to immense marshes that forbade further exploration, but out of which the Nile issued forth between huge rocks. "*Vidimus duas petras, ex quibus ingens vis flumines excedebat.*" It would seem as if the centurions ascended to the Karuma Falls.

The next information obtained by antiquity regarding the sources of the Nile was that procured by Claudius Ptolemy, who lived in the latter part of the first and the earlier portion of the second centuries after Christ, and being an Alexandrian, had peculiar opportunities for obtaining correct information. According to the Alexandrian geographer, then, the Nile had its origin from two lakes, an eastern and a western one, and which were fed by the "*Mountains of the Moon.*" This precisely corresponds to what has been found to be the case by Captains Speke and Grant. We have before us a map in Cellarius's "*Notitiæ Orbis Antiqui*," in which the Nile is delineated as having its origin from an easterly and a westerly lake, only placed in totally different relations to one another to what they appear in Captain Speke's map, and in several degrees of latitude too far south. It would appear from the veteran geographer's own words that this was at that epoch (1732) the accepted version of the sources of the Nile. "*Flumina duo ex duobus lacubus decurrere in unum Nilum, tabulæ nostrorum geographorum docent.*"

Acting upon this, there have not been wanting those who proclaim the

* We do not wish to pass over without notice Canon Stanley's ingenious theory that to the inhabitants of Egypt, a convulsion, like that of the first cataract, in the face of their calm and majestic river, must have seemed the very commencement of its existence, the struggling into life of what afterwards becomes so mild and beneficent; and that if they heard of a River Nile further south, it was but natural for them to think it could not be their own river. The granite range of Syene formed their Alps—the water parting of their world. If a stream existed on the opposite side, they imagined that it flowed in a contrary direction into the ocean of the south. (Sinai and Palestine, p. 43.) It is true that Herodotus's informant spoke of the two mountains as being situated between the city of Syene in Thebais and Elephantine, probably because he knew no better; but Herodotus himself explored the river as far as Elephantine, and obtained further information, embracing some four months' voyage and land journey, "in addition to the part of the stream that is in Egypt," and to which he adds those well-known theories of a Libyan origin, which were afterwards repeated by Pliny and Strabo. It would appear, however, that although communicated to Herodotus in an incorrect shape, the registrar of Minerva's treasury had primarily obtained correct information as to the sources of the Nile, but the nature of which he had corrupted and obscured by his own imperfect geographical knowledge.

result of the recent explorations to be no discovery at all, and at the best a mere re-discovery of what was previously known and accepted. But there is abundant evidence that neither ancients, mediævals, nor moderns, placed any reliance upon the data hitherto obtained. No better summary of the history of early Nilotic discovery can, it has been often observed, perhaps be given, than that placed by the poet Lucan in the mouth of the priest Achoreus when questioned by the Roman conqueror of Egypt :

Cæsar's desire to know our Nilus' spring
 Possessed the Egyptian, Persian, Grecian king,
 No age but strived to future time to teach
 This skill: none yet his hidden nature reach.
 Philip's great son, Memphis' most honoured king,
 Sent to earth's utmost bounds, to find Nile's spring,
 Choice Ethiops: they trod the sun-burnt ground
 Of the hot zone, and there was no Nilus found.
 The farthest west our great Sesostris saw,
 Whilst captive kings did his proud chariot draw;
 Yet there your Rhodanus and Padus spied,
 Before our Nile's hid fountain he descried.
 The mad Cambyzes to the eastern lands
 And long-lived people came: his famished bands,
 Quite spent, and with each other's slaughter fed,
 Returned; thou, Nile, yet undiscovered.

It is true that Lucan lived before Ptolemy, but subsequently to the journey of the centurions recorded by his uncle Seneca; and so deeply was antiquity imbued with the difficulty of solving the problem of the sources of the Nile, that "*Nili quærere caput*" became a current proverb, as denoting the futility of any undertaking or enterprise.

Viewed, then, simply in reference to antiquity, Speke's discovery remains such in every accepted sense of the word. There were few or no data to go upon, and what there were, were not believed in till re-established. An obscure report of the existence of the great lakes of North America reached the ears of Cartier, and after him we find a "*mare dulcium aquarum*" figure in all the maps of the New World, the outlines of which, however, were sketched in a very vague manner; but this does not prevent Kohl, in his work on the "*Discovery of America*," giving credit to Champlain for having first visited Lake Ontario, or to Father Bréboeuf for having first described the Falls of Niagara. Ptolemy had written about the lakes at the head of the Nile, and the Mountains of the Moon; but neither he nor any one else that we know of had seen them previous to Speke—always excepting natives and wandering Arabs, or others not belonging to civilised races. Not merely lakes, mountains, and districts, but actual sites, inhabited places, monuments, temples, and towns, that were not only known but flourishing in the time of Ptolemy, have been lost to the moderns, and when found the geographer or archaeologist has claimed an undisputed credit for the so-called discovery. It is a "re-discovery" as far as the thing itself is concerned, but it is a "discovery" in as far as the present state of knowledge stood. We could exhaust instances in proof of this position.

But if anything was wanting to establish a claim to the recent discovery of the sources of the Nile, it would be the very diversity of

opinions entertained by the mediævals and the moderns upon the actual point—now said to have been long ago determined. In the fourth century of the Christian era, the Axumites and the Egyptian Greeks knew the Astaboras, Atbara, Bahr-al-Aswad, or Black River, as the Nile. That river was the Nile of the Arabian geographer Al Mazin or Elmazin, as well as of Cantacuzene and Albuquerque, and it continued to be known as such until the end of the eleventh century. When, however, the country between the Black River and the Blue River came to be occupied by the Muhammadans, the latter was then regarded as the upper course of the Nile. It was so described by De Barros, a Portuguese writer in the early portion of the sixteenth century, and that the Abai (the upper course of the Blue River) was the Nile, met with almost a general acceptance during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The error has even been handed down to our own times, and advocated by various geographers, among others by Murray, the editor of Bruce, who asserted that all the inhabitants of the valley of the Blue River, from Fah-Zokl to its junction with the White Nile, know the river of Habesh or of Abyssinia by the name of Bahr-el-Azrek, or Blue River; and as the latter river is regarded as the Nile in preference to the larger stream with which it unites, so must the Abai, as the upper course of the Bahr-el-Azrek, be regarded as the Nile. Mr. Cooley has contended for the same identification still more recently in his "*Inner Africa Laid Open*." Thus it was that in the lapse of ages the Black River and the Blue River, each in its turn, came to be regarded as the upper course of the Nile of Egypt; the Takkazyé by the Axumites, in common with the early Christians of Egypt; the Abai by the Amharans, jointly with the Portuguese Jesuits.

D'Anville appears to have been one of the first among moderns to identify the White Nile with the Nile of Ptolemy, but its course above the junction with the Blue River was first explored by M. Linant in 1827, and that traveller ascended the stream as far as Al Ais, in 13 deg. 43 min. north latitude. This was followed by the well-known expeditions sent up the same river by Muhammad Ali, the second of which reached 3 deg. 42 min. north latitude, discovering on its way the Sobat, Lake No, and the Bahr-el-Ghazal. Unfortunately, this discovery of the Sobat led to much erroneous speculation. M. Antoine d'Abbadie, considering the Go-jub, or God-jeb, or the Uma, of Inarya and Kaffa to be head-waters of the Sobat, proclaimed the discovery of the sources of the Nile in 7 deg. 25 min. north latitude, and in 34 deg. 18 min. 6 sec. east longitude of Paris. He described its source as a small spring issuing from the foot of a large tree, and as being held sacred by the natives, who yearly offer up at it a solemn sacrifice. To the right and left of the source were two high hills, wooded to the summit, and called Boshi and Doshi, representing, it was supposed, the Crophî and Mophî of Herodotus. Subsequently, M. d'Abbadie placed the sources at Mount Bora, in Inarya, in 7 deg. 50 min. 8 sec. north latitude, and 34 deg. 39 min. 5 sec. east longitude of Paris. Finally, it was announced in "*Cosmos*" for November 16, 1860, that M. d'Abbadie "had planted the tricolor flag of France on the Bora Rock, situated in a forest on the confines of the country of Inarya, and at the summit of which is found the mysterious source of the river Uma, which is considered to be the principal tributary

of the White River, or true Nile. This rock (Bora), which projects as a promontory towards the north, rises 8830 feet above the sea level: it is in latitude 7 deg. 51 min. north, and 34 deg. 39 min. east longitude of Paris."

Dr. Beke claims having sent home from Shoa, in 1841, information collected there by Dr. Krapf and himself respecting the river Go-jub, which they both correctly believed to flow southward, and to discharge its waters into the Indian Ocean. Major Harris also adopted the same view; but Dr. Beke subsequently changed his opinion, and advocated in opposition to Krapf, Harris, Macqueen, Humboldt, Ritter, Zimmermann, Keith Johnson, and most geographers, that the God-jeb, as he spells it, was one of the head-streams of the Sobat, and he adds, in his work on the "Sources of the Nile," p. 127, "After the publication, in 1847, of my paper 'On the Nile and its Tributaries,' in which it is demonstrated that the God-jeb can only be one of the head-streams of the Sobat, there were few persons competent to form a judgment on the subject who did not concur in that opinion."

That the said opinion was, however, erroneous has been completely settled by the testimony since published by the French missionaries resident in Kaffa, who describe the Uma and Go-jub as flowing into the Indian Ocean, and being navigated to within a short distance of the metropolis of Kaffa by Arab boats; as also by the exploration of the Sobat by M. Debono, and in a recent paper published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, No. 506, February, 1863, we have shown, upon the authority of Brun-Rollet (Bull. de la Soc. de Geo., t. iv. p. 410, 1852), of M. Trémaux (Bull., t. iii. p. 146, 1862), and of the French missionaries, that the Himadu, or "Snow Mountains," written "Imadon" by the above authorities, constitute the lofty dividing ridge between the tributaries to the White Nile and the waters flowing by the Uma, Go-jub or Gub, to the Indian Ocean. These Snow Mountains constitute a portion of the Eastern African mountains, and yet they are not Dr. Beke's "Mountains of the Moon," which in the same parallel he places far away to the east, on an imaginary littoral prolongation.

Dr. Beke, however, having identified the southern portion of the Eastern African mountains, including the snow mountains Kenia and Kilimanjaro, and others discovered by Krapf and Rebmann, and their imaginary north-easterly prolongation with Ptolemy's "Mountains of the Moon," he claims to have first enunciated the hypothesis that the Nile had its sources in these mountains. This is in 1847. The doctor further developed his views at Swansea in 1848, at Ipswich in 1851, and in the *Edin. Phil. Journ.* for Oct., 1861, as also in other papers and memoirs, and that in face of the testimony quoted by himself, as also by Mr. Cooley, from Fernandez de Enciso, a Portuguese writer in the sixteenth century, and who in his "Suma de Geographia" (1530), fol. 54, says: "West of this port (Mombas) stands the Mount Olympus of Ethiopia, which is exceedingly high (evidently Kilimanjaro); and beyond it are the Mountains of the Moon, in which are the sources of the Nile." That is to say, that Ptolemy's Mountains of the Moon, viewed from Mombas, were beyond, or to the west of, Mount Olympus or Kilimanjaro, as now corroborated by Speke and Grant's researches. The doctor at the same time identified the Sobat and Tubiri with Ptolemy's two arms of the Nile,

and in his work on the sources of that river, published in 1860, he adds : “ With our present increased knowledge, and subject to the modifications caused thereby, I am inclined to retain my opinion of former years”—*i.e.* that the God-jeb flows into the Sobat, with a great spiral (a repetition of that of God-jam), and the Sobat is one of the head-sources of the Nile; nor do we see anything in the same writer’s pamphlet of 1861 to militate against this view of the subject. Among the modifications caused by increased knowledge, we must, we suppose, notice lakes Tanganyika and Victoria, identified at p. 134 with Ptolemy’s eastern and western lakes. “ For at the point at which, nearly eighteen hundred years previously, the exploration of the Nile had been abandoned by Nero’s centurions, it was resumed by those of Muhammad Ali, who penetrated so far to the south as to establish the almost literal accuracy of the description of the Upper Nile given by the great geographer of Alexandria; which has now been corroborated by the discovery of the lakes Nyanza and Tanganyika, whence Ptolemy derived his two arms of the Nile.” (How much more is that literal accuracy established by the discovery of the Little and Great Luta Nzigé lakes?) And at page 139 he says : “ From what has preceded, it is manifest that Ptolemy was fully warranted in making the two newly-discovered lakes to be the heads of his two arms of the Nile; Nyanza being so in fact, and Tanganyika, if not in fact, at least according to native African notions and phraseology.”

It is but doing justice to Dr. Beke to say that he, at the same time, expresses doubts as to the waters of Lake Tanganyika flowing into the Nile (p. 135); he admits that other westerly lakes may yet be discovered (p. 135 and p. 143), and he also expresses his doubts if Lake Victoria empties its waters into the Nile by the Tubiri, but rather, he deems, by the basins of the Sobat or Shol (p. 141).

Yet, in the face of these complicated deductions, often at variance with one another (for if Lake Tanganyika or another (then) undiscovered lake were Ptolemy’s western lake and branch of the Nile, and Lake Victoria the eastern, the Sobat could not be the easterly source, unless as the head-waters of the Tubiri, which Dr. Beke does not distinctly announce), proceeding upon the assumption of his having first announced, in 1848, that the sources of the Nile had their origin in the southern portion of the Eastern African mountains (Dr. Beke’s “ Mountains of the Moon”), the doctor has, since the return of Captains Speke and Grant, published a pamphlet, being copies of letters to Sir R. I. Murchison and to Lord Ashburton, under the title, “ Who Discovered the Sources of the Nile ?” and in which he puts in his claim to that high distinction on purely theoretical grounds.

Such a claim cannot, however, be admitted. The information recently acquired by explorations on the White Nile, as also by Krapf and Rebmaun, and by Burton and Speke, in Eastern Africa, had reduced the question to so narrow a compass that no practical geographer but could have placed his finger on a map upon what must be the proximate sources of the Nile. But to claim the discovery of those sources upon a series of conflicting opinions and ideas now almost entirely set aside, is not occupying a tenable position, however exalted it may be for the time being. If America had been discovered while Columbus was soliciting aid in vain from Genoa, Portugal, and England, could the Genoese navigator have

claimed the discovery of the New World upon theoretical grounds? The very story of the broken egg is illustrative of the fallacy of such a claim. Yet such is the position of Dr. Beke; while his emissary, Dr. Bialloblotzky, failed to carry out the journey from Zanzibar to the White Nile, in 1848, Speke, after discovering Lake Victoria, reached the White Nile from Zanzibar, discovering on his way the Kitangulé, Ptolemy's Mountains of the Moon, and a westerly lake, and with him and his companion in toil remain all the honour of successful discovery.

It is, in fact, the imperfect credence given by antiquity to Ptolemy's views, and the extraordinary diversity of opinions entertained in the middle ages, in modern times, and by the most recent travellers, regarding the sources of the Nile, that establishes more than anything else the magnitude and importance of Captain Speke's discoveries. The well-known and able German geographer, Petermann, remarked upon the first discovery of Lake Victoria: "In spite of the glorious discoveries of Captain Speke, we have not yet reached the grand centre of all the geographical researches of Equatorial Africa—the decision regarding the site of the sources of the Nile; for it is not yet ascertained whether the Nile really has its rise from the lake discovered by Captain Speke. We readily believe that Captain Speke's view is founded on various and careful researches, but the ultimate solution of the question can only be expected by further researches made on the spot. This shows that the solution of the old problem of the Nile's sources will yet require a good deal of labour; but in consequence of the travels and researches made by Captain Speke and the Protestant missionaries in the south, and by the Egyptians and the Roman Catholic missionaries, the region yet unsurveyed, and in which the sources of the Nile must be situated, is so much circumscribed, that probably a single journey of a scientific traveller, proceeding from Zanzibar to Gondokoro, or *vice versâ*, would suffice to solve definitively this famous geographical problem; and that such a journey will soon be accomplished is evidenced by the projects of Dr. Roscher, Frith's, and especially by the Anglo-Indian expedition under Lieutenant J. D. Kenelly, at the recommendation of Lord Elphinstone, and which will proceed towards the scene of Major Burton and Captain Speke's discoveries, in order to circumnavigate and survey the whole of Lake Victoria."

Whilst these proposed expeditions were in abeyance, or abortive, Captains Speke and Grant have carried out the very projects here proposed. It is true they have not explored the easterly side of the lake, that they have not determined what affluents, or whether any affluents join the lake from Mount Kenia and the neighbouring mountains, and that they have not solved the puzzle of Lake Baringu, but they have discovered Ptolemy's "Mountains of the Moon;" they have discovered the affluent from those mountains, and, to all appearance, the Alexandrian geographer's easterly and westerly lakes, and they have shown that both contribute their waters to the Upper Nile. Can any theoretical surmises be for a moment placed upon a par with such practical discoveries? And what will the world think of the good taste that steps in to despoil two gallant, enterprising, and enduring explorers—two wayworn, sick, and weary champions of research, of their hard-won honours, at the very moment when they are welcomed home by the open arms of their sympathising countrymen?

Captains Speke and Grant, starting from Zanzibar, first reached Kazehe, in Unyamwezi, "the Land of the Moon," whence, on the previous journey, leaving Major Burton to recover from the sickness and fatigue induced by the arduous exploration of Lake Tanganyika, Captain Speke started on his own account, and effected the important discovery of the southern extremity of Lake Victoria. Our travellers appear to have been detained some time at this spot by the difficulties of obtaining porters, and other obstacles, and to have even had to return to it, after a start northwards had been effected. The country between Zanzibar and Kazehe is described by Captain Grant as presenting three separate districts. The first or littoral district—Uzaramo—is on a gentle slope, and consists principally of park-like glades, one third being under cultivation. The finest portion is on the Kingani River, the course of which is often overarched by luxuriant creepers. The second district is that of Usagara, and consists of hills and elevated valleys. The East African mountains, called the Rubeho, at this point, are crossed when half way through, and the green valleys are intersected by rivulets, on whose banks numerous herds of cattle feed luxuriously. Ugogo, the third district, is an elevated plateau about three thousand feet above the sea level. The continual rains produce rich crops and picturesque verdure. The Mcunda, or Mkhali, a more or less desert region, separates Ugogo from the extensive region of Unyamwezi, of which Kazehe is the commercial centre, and which is described by Captain Grant as a rolling country, with sharp bursts of rock here and there between broad valleys, containing numerous herds of plump cattle. The party found here plenty of water, and supplies of every kind.

From Kazehe, or Unyanyembi, as it is also called, Captain Speke struck upon a different route to that which he had pursued on his first visit to the lake in 1861, and which he was given to understand by the Arab ivory-merchants would lead him to a creek on the western side of Lake Victoria, situated on the southern boundary of the kingdom of Karagwé. Our travellers' route thus lay across Uzinza—a country which had never before been visited by the white man—and which commenced with tracts of undulating forest, which were again succeeded by picturesque valleys, whose western slopes were boldly scarped. The people were described by Captain Grant, in a communication made to the Ethnological Society, as the best farmers seen in the whole course of the journey. Instead, however, of the creek of Lake Victoria, which they were in search of, they found a new lake, called Uzige, which appeared to have contained once a considerable amount of water, but was then fast drying up. The head of this lake, according to Captain Speke, in a communication made to the Royal Geographical Society, lies in Urundi, and circling round the south and east flanks of Karagwé, in the form of a mountain valley, it is subsequently drained by the Kitangulé River into Lake Victoria, but not in sufficient quantity to make any sensible impression on the perennial contents of the Victoria basin. This kingdom of Urundi, here noticed, is described by Major Burton as having a frontage on Lake Tanganyika of about fifty miles, a low strip of exceeding fertility, backed at short distances by a band of high green hills. This region, rising from Lake Tanganyika in a north-easterly direction, culminates into the equatorial mass of highlands, which, under the name of Karagwah (Karagwé of

Speke), forms the western spinal prolongation of the Lunar Mountains. The residence of the Mwami, or chief sultan, Mwezi (moon?), is near the head-stream of the Kitangurú (Kitangulé), or river of Karagwah, which rises at a place distant six days' march (sixty miles), and bearing north-east from Tanganyika. The settlement of this sultan of the moon is, according to the Arabs, of considerable extent; the huts are built of rattan, and lions abound in the vicinity. (Burton, vol. ii. p. 144). Burton also tells us (vol. i. p. 409) that the Malagarazi, the great tributary to Lake Tanganyika, according to all travellers in these regions, arises in the mountains of Urundi, at no great distance from the Kitangurú, or river of Karagwah; but while the latter, springing from the upper counter-slope, feeds the Nyanza (Victoria), or Northern Lake, the Malagarazi, rising in the lower slope of the equatorial range, trends to the south-east, till it becomes entangled in the decline of the Great Central African Depression—the hydrographical basin first indicated in his address of 1852, by Sir R. I. Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society. North of Lake Tanganyika, and in the same decline, beyond the country of the Uzige, is Lake Rusisi, or Lusiza, from which a river flows southwards to Tanganyika. This lake is described by Burton as the main drain of the countries north of Lake Tanganyika. Speke has in his map, published by Stanford, a lofty mountain, called Mfumbira, estimated to attain an elevation of ten thousand feet, and apparently the culminating point of the Mountains of the Moon in Ruanda, due west of this lake. This portion of the Mountains of the Moon constitutes, then, the dividing ridge between the Rusisi and Tanganyika valley and that of the Kitangulé and the Nile. It is, according to Captain Speke, to the west and south of Karagwé that Lake Victoria receives its greatest terrestrial supply of water, through the medium of the Kitangulé River, which in draining the aforesaid Luero-lo-Uzige, or Lake of Uzige, also drains off the superfluous waters of many minor lakes, as the Akenyard in Urundi, the Luckurow, which is the second of the chain with the Akenyard, the Mgerzi and Karagimé, and the little Winandermere—the Windermere of Africa—which in Karagwé lies below the capital, on its south-eastern corner. None of these lakes are large—mere puddles in comparison to the great Lake Victoria; but the Kitangulé River, after receiving all its contributions, is a noble river, low sunk like a huge canal, about eighty yards across, with the velocity of about four miles an hour, which appears equal to the Nile itself as soon as it issues from the lake by the Ripon Falls.

The question naturally suggests itself, says Captain Speke, what forms these lakes? whence originate these waters? It is simply this: the Mountains of the Moon, in which they lie, encircling the northern end and the Tanganyika Lake, are exposed to the influences of the rainy zone, where I observed, in 1862, no less than two hundred and thirty-eight days out of the year were more or less wet days.

The district of Karagwé constituted one of the most interesting portions of the journey. The climate is said by Captain Grant to be equal to England in summer during the whole of the year. There are but few trees, and the grass on the hills grows to the height of three or four feet. It was too hilly for camping in with comfort, and the expedition was obliged to look out for gardens or banana plantations wherein to camp

during the day. The country produces cattle, peas, beans, sugar-cane, bananas, tomatoes, and tobacco in abundance, and is everywhere in a high state of cultivation. The king and his people are also described as being the most civilised met with on the journey, and many peculiarities in manners and customs were observed, of which we hope to give a full account when the detailed narrative of the journey shall be published.

The next district, Uganda, is described by Captain Grant as the garden of Equatorial Africa. The king is despotic and tyrannical, but the people take great pride in their country, which is thickly inhabited. The scenery is beautiful in parts, and towards the north large herds of sleek hornless cattle are seen grazing. At Mashondé, not long after entering Uganda, a first view of Lake Victoria appears to have been obtained. The Woganda boatmen, according to Captain Speke, go hence in a southerly direction to the island of Ukerewé, which the captain saw on his first journey to Muanza, at the southern extremity of the lake, and to the eastward, beyond the escape of the Nile, to the north-eastern corner of Victoria Lake, where by a strait they gain access to another lake, in quest of salt. Captain Speke believes this lake to be the Baringu of Krapf, which he, from information obtained through the natives, called Salt Lake, most likely because there are salt islands on it, which reasoning I deduce, says the captain, from the fact that on my former expedition, when the Arabs first spoke to me of the Little Luta Nzigé, they described it as a salt lake belonging to the Great Nyanza, yet not belonging to it, when further pressed upon the subject. The waters of Lake Victoria are, it is to be observed, purely fresh and sweet.

“Dr. Krapf,” Captain Speke is made to say in the Report of the Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society (*Athenæum*, No. 1861, p. 844,) “further tells us of a river tending from the River Newey, by Mount Kenia, towards the Nile.” But there must be an error in this report; what Dr. Krapf said was, speaking of the River Dana: “Its main source was reported to have its rise from a jyāru, or lake, which was the receptacle of the waters of the snowy Kegnia (Kenia), and besides the River Dana there are more than fifteen rivers running from the west and north of the Kegnia. One of these, the Tumbiri, is very large, and flows, according to the report made to me by Ruma wa Kikandi, in a northerly direction to the great lake Baringu (not Baringo and Baringa, as given in the reports and in the map), by which, in the phrase of my informant, you may travel a hundred days along its shores and find no end. To this lake or chain of lakes, as it has been found to be, I have referred in the introduction. The great river Tumbiri is evidently identical with the River Tubiri, mentioned by Mr. Werne as being the name of the White River, Bahr-el-Abiad, at four degrees north latitude of the equator.” (Krapf’s Travels, Appendix, pp. 545-546.)

Krapf, in the introduction here alluded to (p. xlviii), identified Lake Baringu with Lake Victoria (of which it probably constitutes a portion), for he says, in allusion to Captain Speke’s first journey, “It is very remarkable that Captain Speke should have seen the great lake which Rumu wa Kikandi, a native of Uemba, near the snow-capped Kegnia, mentioned to me under the name ‘Baringu,’ the end of which cannot be found ‘even if you travel a hundred days along its shore,’ as my informant expressed himself.” Krapf’s English editor, Mr. Ravenstein,

a good geographer, did not participate in this view of the matter, for in the capital sketch-map attached to Krapf's work, he distinguishes Lake Baringu from Lake Victoria, and makes the former one of the sources of the Nile on the one hand, and of the Dana on the other.

Captain Speke, alluding to this river tending from Mount Kenia to the Nile, says: "If such is the case, it must be a feeder to the Baringu, whose waters pass off by the Asua River (not the Tumbiri, Tubiri, or Tibiri) into the Nile; for the whole country immediately on the eastern side of the Victoria Nyanza is said by the Arabs, who have traversed it for ivory, to be covered with low rolling hills, intersected only by simple streaks and nullahs from Muanza to the side streak, which is situated on the equator on the northern boundary of the Victoria."

This is, perhaps, the most important point of the whole exploration. If correct, Captains Speke and Grant will have discovered not only the head-reservoirs of the Nile—Ptolemy's east and west lakes—and the long sought-for sources of that river, putting the poet of old, who wrote—

Arcanum natura caput non prodidit ulli,
Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre—

to the blush, but actually almost its very springs, in the head-waters of the Kitangulé, descending as they do from the flanks of Mount Mfumbira, the culminating point of the Mountains of the Moon, and from its spurs or offshoots. It appears at first sight scarcely credible that groups of mountains, such as are known to exist on the eastern coast of Africa in nearly the same parallel as Lake Victoria, and of which Kenia and Kilimanjaro may be called the exponents, should not send off any streams of water of magnitude or importance to the west. But Kilimanjaro has, we believe, been shown to be without the basin of Lake Victoria; and if Kenia has a westerly flow, the waters, we are now told by Speke, flow into the Baringu, instead of that lake pouring out its waters on the one side to the Dana, and on the other to the Nile—a much more probable theory than Krapf's. The distance from Muanza, Captain Speke's farthest on the east side of Lake Victoria and Lake Baringu, as placed on the same traveller's map, is not so great as not to lend countenance to the information obtained by the gallant captain from the Arabs, and we see by the close proximity of the sources of the Kitangulé flowing to the Mediterranean, and of the Rusisi flowing to the south, and of the southern extremity of Lake Victoria itself to the head-waters of the Malagarazi, how possible it is that the territory south-west of Kenia may have for the greater part a watershed to the Indian Ocean, leaving only a few "streaks and nullahs" to flow in the opposite direction into Lake Victoria. If such is the case, then, we can bid an eternal farewell to the clamour and heart-burnings that have been so long kept alive upon the subject of the supposed easterly Mountains of the Moon, and the prolonged philological disquisitions that have been raised upon the meaning of the words Moenemoezi, the "Townland Lords" of Cooley, and U-Nyamwesi, the "Moon land" of Beke, or Mwezi, the "Moon" of Burton; save in as far as Ptolemy may have derived the name of the *Selene Oros*, or "Mountains of the Moon," from the name of the adjacent country, or the style and title of its rulers, and of which Mfumbira, and not the eastern mountains, must now be considered as the

exponent. One straw by which the drowning disputants may still cling presents itself in the bare possibility that Lake Baringu may yet be proved to be Ptolemy's eastern lake, and Lake Victoria his western, and not Lake Victoria the eastern, and Little Luta Nzigé the western*—one of the sources of the Nile being thus in the eastern mountains (Kenia), which might therefore be still upheld as part of Ptolemy's Mountains of the Moon, as well as in the Mfumbira. But it is not at all likely that the Alexandrian geographer should have noticed two lakes as the sources of the Nile, both having their tributaries in the same mountains, which he calls the "Mountains of the Moon," just as is the case with Lakes Victoria and Little Luta Nzigé, and he should at the same time have intended to convey that the sources of the Nile were to be found in one group of "Mountains of the Moon" to the west of Lake Victoria, and in another group of "Mountains of the Moon" to the east. It is therefore to be surmised that, although Kenia may yet rear its snow-white head proudly as giving origin to one of the sources of the Sacred River, Mfumbira may be still more justly exalted as giving origin to the headwaters of the two great reservoirs of the Nile, and as the central point of Ptolemy's Mountains of the Moon. The long and oft-disputed claims of the easterly chain to that designation may indeed be fairly considered as for ever disposed of, and with it the question as to "who discovered the sources of the Nile?"

Proceeding north from Mashondé along the boundary coast of Lake Victoria to the valley of Katonga, which, Captain Speke says, is, from its position on the lake, constantly in view, the land above the lake is beautiful, composed of low sandstone hills, streaked down by small streams—the effect of constant rains—grown all over by gigantic grass, except where numerous villagers have supplanted it by cultivation, or on the deltas, where mighty trees, tall and straight as the blue gums of Australia, usurp the right of vegetation. The bed of Lake Victoria has, we are told, shrunk from its original dimensions, as was also seen in the case of the Uzige Lake; and the moorlands immediately surrounding are covered with a network of large rush drains, with boggy bottoms, as many as one to every mile, and containing, if we understand the report aright, for it is rather obscure at times, at one period a much fuller stream than at the present day, and when the breadth of the lake was double that which now exists. The Mountains of the Moon, Captain Speke went on to say, are wearing down, and so is Africa. Yet this was in what is marked on the map as "the ancient kingdom of Kittara," and which appears to have comprised what are now designated as the two regions of Uganda and Unyoro—the territories comprised between the two lakes, Victoria and Little Luta Nzigé. The latter district, according to Captain Grant, forms a striking contrast to Uganda, although both under the equator. It is of immense size, and thinly inhabited by a spiritless and ill-dressed people, who subsist on grain and sweet potatoes.

According to Captain Speke, after crossing over the equator, the con-

* It appears that Lake Victoria is called Luta Nzigé, as well as the western lake, whence the denomination of the latter by Captain Speke of Little Luta Nzigé. Luta means "dead," and Nzigé "locust," in consequence of flights of locusts falling dead from fatigue in passing over these extensive sheets of water.

formation of the land appeared much the same, but increased in beauty; the drainage system was, however, now found to run *from* the lake instead of *into* it, and a first stream was met with, of moderate dimensions, called the Mworango, and which was said to join the Nile in the kingdom of Unyoro, where its name is changed to Kari. Another stream, of similar characters, called the Luajeré, also a tributary to the Nile, but much shorter than the Mworango, was met with farther west, and between the two was an inlet of the lake, which our travellers named after Sir R. I. Murchison—"Murchison Frith." The palace of Mtesis or Mwesi—the King of Uganda—is situated on this frith.

Still farther to the west, and at nearly the centre of the north end of the lake, the parent of the Nile issues forth in a grand channel that flows over rocks of igneous character twelve feet high, and which constitute the barrier of the lake at that point. This channel was designated after the Emperor Napoleon, thus attaching the name of the present ruler of the French to the main feeder of the Nile—an appropriate tribute to our noble allies, and a graceful acknowledgment of the support ever given by France to the progress of geographical discovery. The Falls themselves were named Ripon Falls, after the President of the Geographical Society when the expedition was set on foot.

Proceeding down the Nile from the Ripon Falls, the river first bisected the continuous sandstone range of hills which extend into Usoga—the first district east of the Napoleon Channel—above the coast line of the lake, rushing north along with mountain-torrent beauty, and then having passed these hills, which are of no great width, it turned through long flats more like a lake than a river, to where it is increased in Unyero by the contribution of the Luajeré and of the Kari or Kaffu; and it continues in this navigable form to the Karuma Falls in Chopi. Our travellers saw "the river rushing along with boisterous violence" beyond this first great obstruction, which so curiously reminds us of the Crophis of Herodotus's informant; and the land began likewise to drop suddenly to the westward, but they were unluckily debarred from following the course of the river, owing to a war that appears to have been waging among the dwellers on its banks. "It was indeed a pity," says Captain Speke, "for not sixty miles from where we stood, by common report, the Little Luta Nzigé" (we hope, if Mr. Baker succeeds in its exploration, he will give it some appropriate and euphonious designation), "which I had taken so much trouble in tracing down its course from the Mountains of the Moon, with its salt islands in it, is said to join the Nile."

Traversing then the district of Ukidi, to the east of the Nile, our travellers reached the utmost limits, or the advanced post of civilisation, at the ivory depôt of Debono—the explorer of the Sobat, said to be a Maltese, and consequently a British subject—and where, notwithstanding their anti-slavery notions, they were received by the Turks with great hospitality. Hence they were enabled to push on to Gondokoro, with a heavily-armed ivory caravan, their route laying over boundless plains producing nothing but scrubby bushes. The tribes through which they passed, with the exception of the Wakuma and Arabs, seemed to be similar in language and origin.

The Nile itself was not again met with till they had passed over some extent of the Madi district, at a spot marked as Miani's Tree, or

the farthest point reached by that traveller. It is described as bearing at this point the unmistakable character of the Nile—long flats, long rapids. The southern half of the Madi was a flat, extending, the travellers believed, to the junction of the Little Luta Nzigé; the northern, a rapid extending down to the navigable Nile—that is to say, the Nile which is navigable its entire length during the period of its flooding. The Asua River—the Tumbiri of Krapf—of which our travellers had before heard, draining from the north-east corner of Lake Victoria or from Lake Baringu, as marked in the map, joined the Nile at this point. Captain Speke describes this latter river, which theory traces to Mount Kenia for its sources, as in the rainy season an important feeder, but when low fordable.

The Nile below this point, having been frequently navigated, ought to be well known, but our travellers justly remark that it is not so, as no one has taken the trouble to place Nilometers on its various tributaries, by which the perennial amount of water drained away by each every year might be determined. Our travellers inspected, or rather, we may suppose, glanced at, those tributaries in the dry season, the best time for judging their various degrees of magnitude, and they found that the White Nile carried the palm with it in all instances. The renowned Bahr-al-Ghazal was at that epoch reduced in appearance to a diminutive lake, situated at the sharp elbow of the Nile, to the left, and having no visible stream, whilst the great river wound round with considerable velocity. Yet we know from the accounts of Brun-Rollet, Petherick, and others, what a vast reservoir this lake constitutes at certain seasons of the year, and how many tributaries it receives from the west at all times, unless some of these become like so many Australian “creeks” in the dry season. The second affluent, and indeed the only one worthy of remark, we are told, at the dry season is on the right bank. This is the Geraffee River, or River of Giraffes, and it is described as swirling with considerable stream and graceful round into the parent Nile. Its magnitude and general appearance is described as being like that of a first-class canal, inferior to the Kitangulé River, and not equalling in quantity of fluid one-third of the Nile at its point of junction. It is navigable to a great distance south, but cannot, we are told, be called a mountain river, as similar substances were found floating on its surface as on the Nile, evidently showing that both the trunk and the branch are subjugated to the same effects of sluggish flats and rapids. The northern mouth of the Sobat was passed without examination, but the southern mouth of the same river was found to be full and navigable, and as its northern mouth is also navigable, it is justly observed that above the point of bifurcation it must be of far greater magnitude than the Geraffee. We know, however, from Debono’s navigation of this river, that it does not receive the waters of the Uma or Go-jub, but its most remote sources, probably in the Himadu Mountains, have not yet been determined.

If, however, Captain Speke remarks, the Geraffee River is only another outlet or mouth of the Sobat into the Nile, and the three streams are one river farther south, the comparison would have to be drawn between it as one river and the Nile above it, and would very nearly equal it; but the Nile, with these additions, had scarcely doubled its importance, con-

sidered as it was seen from above entering the Bahr-el-Ghazal—that is to say, after receiving the waters from the west, brought by the Gazelle Lake, and those brought from the east, by the Geraffee and the two mouths of the Sobat. The Blue River, Captain Speke justly observes, could only have been considered to be the Nile, because its perennial powers were never tested. It is a mountain stream, emanating in the country without the rainy zone, but subject to the influence of tropical rains and droughts; at one time full, and empty at another, and at such latter times so shallow as to be fordable. Its waters during the dry season would be absorbed long before they reached the sea. Whilst the Nile runs like a sluice in its wonted course, the Blue River, like the Geraffee and the two Sobats, describes a graceful sweep. The Astaboras, Atbara, or Black River, is described as being still smaller at the dry season.

Thus it is that Captain Speke vindicates the superiority of the White Nile over all its other tributaries; and we have only one further remark to make, which is, that we hope the name given to the so-called Nyanza, or Luta Nzigé, by its first discoverer, Captain Speke—Lake Victoria—will not be allowed to become obsolete. Nyanza, according to the captain's own showing, means lake, pond, or river. It is even indifferently applied to the Nile and to its tributaries, and is not, therefore, significant. As to its other name, Luta Nzigé, or “dead locusts,” it applies equally to the western lake, and is, therefore, objectionable. Yet we observe a marked tendency on the part of geographers to prefer the name Nyanza, or to compromise the matter by the more generally accepted name of Lake Victoria Nyanza, which is tautology. Krapf remarks upon this point: “It is further remarkable that Captain Speke very properly named it (the newly-discovered lake) Victoria, in honour of her Majesty, after the mountain in Mberre, which, as will be found by subsequent travellers, presents the nearest approach from the coast of Mombaz to that lake, had been called by me ‘Mount Albert,’ in honour of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort. Thus, the one may be said to mark the spot, the other the nearest way by which it can be reached, on which the greatest geographical problem of Africa—the discovery of the sources of the Nile—will probably be solved under the auspices of the English government.” We are not aware that government has done much towards the great and successful enterprise accomplished by the two gallant British officers, but as the achievement which the Egyptian and the Persian, the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, Roman emperors and Saracenic khalifs, alike ambitioned to effect, has at length been accomplished by the subjects, and during the reign of her present Majesty Queen Victoria, we cannot imagine anything more appropriate than that her name should be attached to the great lake at the head of the Nile. The French persist in calling the lake Oukerevé, or Ukerewé, which is the name of an island discovered by Captain Speke on his first journey at the south-east extremity of the lake; but as they have now, by a graceful concession and tribute on the part of the discoverers, got a Napoleonic Nile—the name given to the actual “Caput Nili,” laying aside for a moment the consideration of the Kitangulé River—they will probably be induced also to concede to us ultimately a LAKE VICTORIA.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE TWENTY-THIRD.

I.

THE SHUTTERS CLOSED AT PRIOR'S ASH.

You might have taken it to be Sunday in Prior's Ash—save that Sundays in ordinary do not look so gloomy. The shops were shut, a drizzling rain came down, and the heavy bell of All Souls' was booming out at solemn intervals. It was tolling for the funeral of Thomas Godolphin. Morning and night, from eight o'clock to nine, had it so tolled since his death; but on this, the last day, it did not cease with nine o'clock but tolled on, and would so toll until he should be in his last home. People had closed their shutters with one accord as the clock struck ten; some indeed had never opened them at all: if they had not paid him due respect always in life, they paid it him in death. Ah, it was only for a time, in the first brunt of the shock, that Prior's Ash mistook Thomas Godolphin. He had gone to his long home; to his last resting-place: he had gone to the merciful God to whom (it may surely be said!) he had belonged in life; and Prior's Ash mourned for him as for a brother.

You will deem this a sad story; perhaps bring a reproach upon me for recording such. That bell has tolled out all too often in its history; and this is not the first funeral you have seen at All Souls'. If I wrote only according to my own experiences of life, my stories would be always sad ones. Life wears different aspects for us, and its cares and its joys are unequally allotted out. At least, they so appear to be. One glances up heavily from the burdens heaped upon him, and sees others without care basking in the sunshine. But I often wonder whether those who seem so gay, whose path seems to be cast on the broad, sunshiny road of pleasure,—whether they have not a skeleton in *their* closet. I look, I say, and wonder, marvelling what the reality may be. Nothing but gaiety, nothing but lightness, nothing, to all appearance, but freedom from care. Is it really so? Perhaps; with some—a very few. Is it well for those few? A man to whom God gave more than earthly wisdom has said for our profit that sorrow is better than laughter; that the heart of the wise is in the house of mourning, and the living will lay it to his heart. The broad, sunshiny road of pleasure, down which so many seem to travel, is not the safest road to a longer home or the best preparation for it. Oh, if we could but see the truth when the burden upon us is heavy and long!—when we glance into the world at the light and free, and are tempted to wail out our rebellious complaint, "Lord, is it just that this should be laid upon me?—why cannot they, who seem to have only joy dealt out for their portion, help to bear their share of the burden?" Fel-

low-sufferers! if we could but read that burden aright, we should see how good it is, and bless the hand that sends it.

But we never can. We are but mortal; born with a mortal's keen susceptibility to care and pain. We preach to others, that these things are sent for their good, we complaisantly say so to ourselves when not actually suffering; but when the fiery trial is upon us, then we groan out in our sore anguish that it is greater than we can bear.

There is no doubt that, with the many, suffering predominates in life, and if we would paint life as it is, that suffering must form a comprehensive view in the picture. Reverses, sickness, death—they seem to follow some people as surely as that the shadow follows the sun at noontide. It is probable; nay, it is certain; that minds are so constituted as to receive them differently. Witness, as a case in point, the contrast in Thomas Godolphin and his brother George. Thomas, looking back, could say that nearly his whole course of life had been marked by sorrow: some of its sources have been mentioned here: not all. There was the peculiarly melancholy death of Ethel; there was the long-felt disease which marked him for its early prey; there was the dreadful crash, the disgrace, which nearly broke his heart. It is true he felt these things more than many would have felt them—but I think it is to those who feel them most that sorrows chiefly come.

And George? Look at him. Gay, light, careless, handsome George? What sorrows had marked *his* path? None. He had revelled in the world's favour, he had made a wife of the woman he loved, he had altogether floated gaily down the sunniest part of the stream of life. The worry which his folly had brought upon himself, and which ended in his own ruin and in the ruin of so many others, *he* had not felt. No, he had scarcely felt it: and once let him turn his back on England and enter upon new scenes, he will barely remember it.

Yes, this is a sad story, and some of you, my readers, may feel inclined to blame me, to say I might have made it merrier. According to your experiences, as they shall have lain on the sunny or the shady side of life, so will you judge it. How *true* it will be to some, let them tell. I could relate to you many of actual life far more sorrowful than this. But take courage; take courage, you who are well-nigh wearied out! Remember it is on earth's battle-field that heaven's crown is won.

All Souls' clock struck eleven, and the beadle came out of the church and threw wide the gates. It was very punctual, for there came the hearse in sight; punctual as he, who was borne within it, had in life always liked to be. Prior's Ash peeped out through the chinks of its shutters, behind its blinds and its curtains, to see the sight, as it came slowly winding along the street to the sound of the solemn bell. Through the mist of blinding tears which rolled down many a face, did Prior's Ash look out. They might have attended him to the grave, following unobtrusively, but that it was known to be the wish of the family that such demonstration should not be made: so they contented themselves with shutting up their houses, and observing the day as one of mourning. "Bury me in the plainest and simplest manner

possible," had been Thomas Godolphin's directions when the end was drawing near. Under the circumstances, it was only seemly to do so: but so antagonistic were pomp and show of all kinds to the tastes of Thomas Godolphin, in all things that related to himself, that it is more than probable the same orders would have been given had he died as his forefathers had died—the master of Ashlydyat, the wealthy chief of the Godolphins.

So a hearse and a mourning-coach were all that had been commanded to Ashlydyat. What means, then, this pageantry of carriages that follow? Fine carriages, gay with colours, as they file past, one by one, the strained eyes of Prior's Ash, some of them with coronets on their panels, all with closed blinds, a long line of them. Lady Godolphin's is first, taking its place next the black mourning-coach. They have come from the various parts of the county, near and distant, to show their owners' homage to that good man who had earned their deepest respect during life. Willingly, willingly would those owners have attended and mourned him in person, but for the same motive which kept away the more humble inhabitants of Prior's Ash. Slowly the procession gained the churchyard-gate, and the hearse and the mourning-coach stopped at it: the rest of the carriages filed off and turned their horses' heads to face the churchyard, and waited still and quiet while the hearse was emptied. Out of the mourning-coach stepped two mourners only: George Godolphin and the Viscount Averil.

The rector of All Souls' stood at the gate in his surplice, book in hand. He turned, reciting the commencement of the service for the burial of the dead: "I am the resurrection and the life." With measured steps, slowly following, went those who bore the coffin, their heads covered with the velvet pall. George Godolphin and Lord Averil came next, their white handkerchiefs held to their faces, and behind them, having fallen in at the gate, was Bexley, with a man named Andrew, a time-honoured servant of Ashlydyat, but attached to Lady Godolphin's household now. Thus they entered the church.

Ere the rector reappeared again, book in hand still, but not reading from it, the churchyard had grown pretty full. By ones, by twos, by threes, they had been coming in, regardless of the weather, to see the last of the master of Ashlydyat. The beadle was lenient to-day. The beadle felt rather cowed down himself; for, one of the very few personages whom that self-important functionary had allowed himself to respect, because he could not help it, was Mr. Godolphin; and when a man feels his own spirit sad, he has no spirits to lord it over others. So the churchyard had filled, and the beadle had quietly allowed the innovation, and was publicly avowing to certain friends of his, within hearing, that he couldn't ha' felt more, had it been a son of his own, nor he did for Mr. Godolphin.

The rector of All Souls' took his place at the head of the grave and read the service, as the coffin was lowered. George stood next to him; close to George, Lord Averil; and the other mourners were clustered beyond. Their faces were bent; the drizzling rain beat down upon their bare heads. Many a creditor of the bank, who had suffered severely, had stolen up to take part thus silently in the service.

Perhaps they had done it in the light of a peace-offering—a sort of something that might rest soothingly upon their conscience; an atonement for the harsh words they had once lavished on Thomas Godolphin. Mr. Snow also had come up; unable to attend earlier, he came stealing now at the last, just as George had stolen up years before at the funeral of Ethel Grame. It was a notable contrast, the simple ceremony of to-day and the grand parade which had been made the last time a Godolphin was interred—Sir George. But the men, dead, were different, and circumstances had changed.

Did the rector of All Souls', standing there with his pale severe face, his sonorous voice echoing over the graves, recal those back funerals, when he, over whom the service was now being read, had stood as chief mourner? No doubt he did. Did George recal them? The rector glanced at him once, and saw that he had a difficulty in suppressing his emotion. This was the first time he and George had met since the crash had come. How did George feel as he stood there, between the two men whom he had so wronged? Did he envy Thomas Godolphin in his coffin? *He* had escaped from the turmoil of the world's care and had gone to his rest. To his rest, if ever dead man had in this world.

"I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours."

So hushed was the silence, that every word, as it fell solemnly from the lips of the minister, might be heard to all parts of the churchyard. If ever that verse could apply to frail humanity, with its unceasing struggle after holiness and its unceasing failure *here*, it most surely applied to him over whom it was being spoken. How *did* George Godolphin feel? Surely it was an ordeal to him to stand there before those men whom he had injured, over the good brother whom he had helped to send to the grave! His head was bowed, his face hidden in his handkerchief; the drops of rain pattered down on his golden hair. He had gone to his grave so early! Bend forward, as so many of those spectators are doing, and read the inscription on the plate. There's a little earth on the coffin, but the plate is visible. "Thomas Godolphin of Ashlydyat: aged forty-five years."

Only forty-five years! A period at which some men think they are but beginning life. It seemed to be an untimely death; and it would have been, after all his pain and sorrow, but that he had entered upon a better life. Some of those, left to live on, might envy him now. Could they, in their thoughtful reflection, have wished, now that it was over, that one sorrow had been lightened for him, one pang removed? No; for God had but been fitting him for that better life; and it is only those who have drunk here of their full cup of sorrow that are eager to enter upon it.

They left him in the vaulted grave, the last Godolphin of Ashlydyat, his coffin resting near his mother's, who lay beside Sir George. Was that vault destined to be opened shortly again? In truth, it was little worth while to close it.

The spectators began to draw unobtrusively away, silently and decently. In the general crowd and bustle, for everybody seemed to

be on the move, George turned suddenly to the rector and held out his hand. "Will you shake hands with me, Mr. Hastings?"

There was a perceptible hesitation on the rector's part, not in the least sought to be disguised, ere he responded to it, and then he put his own hand into the one held out. "I cannot do otherwise over the dead body of your brother," was the answer. "But neither can I be a hypocrite, George Godolphin, and say that I forgive you, for it would not be true. The result of the injury you did me presses daily and hourly upon us in a hundred ways, and my mind as yet has refused to be brought into that charitable frame, necessary to entire forgiveness. This is not altogether the fault of my will. I wish to forgive you for your wife's sake and for my own; I pray night and morning that I may be enabled heartily to forgive you before I die. I would not be your enemy; I wish you well—and there's my hand in token of it: but to pronounce forgiveness is not yet in my power. Will you call in and see Mrs. Hastings?"

"I shall not have time to-day. I must go back to London this evening, but I shall be down again very shortly, and will see her then. It was a peaceful ending."

George was gazing down dreamily at the coffin as he spoke the last words. The rector looked at him.

"A peaceful ending! Yes. It could not be anything else with *him*."

"No, no," murmured George. "Not anything else with him."

"May God in His mercy send us all as happy a one, when our time shall come!"

As the words left the rector's lips, the loud and heavy bell boomed out again, giving notice to Prior's Ash that the last rites were over, that the world had closed for ever on Thomas Godolphin.

II.

CAUGHT BY MR. SNOW.

"OH, George! *can't* you stay with me!"

The words broke from Maria with a wail of anguish as she rose to bid her husband good-by. He was hastening away to catch the evening train. It seemed that she had not liked to prefer the request before, had put it off to the last moment. In point of fact, she had seen but little of George all day. After the funeral he had returned in the coach with Lord Averil to Ashlydyat, and only came home late in the afternoon.

Lord and Lady Averil, recalled so suddenly from their wedding tour, had reached Ashlydyat the previous night, and would not leave it again. Janet was to depart from it in a few days; Bessy would be on the morrow with Lady Godolphin. It was the last time they, the brother and the two sisters, would be together—certainly for years, perhaps for ever; and George could not in decency hasten away. There were many things to say, various little personal mementoes of Thomas to be divided. Maria had been requested to spend that last day at Ashlydyat, and had promised; but in the morning she was

attacked with faintness and sickness—as she had been two or three times lately—and was unable to leave her bed.

She grew better in the after part of the day, and was up and looking herself again when George came home at dusk. Certainly her face was unusually pale, but, if George cast a thought to that paleness, it was only to suppose it the reflexion of her new black dress and its crape trimming. “Have but one dress of deep mourning; I will pay for it,” Janet had considerably said to her. “But mourning will be the worst wear on board ship, and too hot and heavy for India.”

There were other reasons, Maria thought in her own mind, why one dress would be sufficient for her—that she should not live to require another. She did not speak of this feeling; she shrank from doing so. In the first place, she was not sure of this: the under-current of conviction of it lay so very deep in her heart that it was not always apparent to her. Now and then she had hinted it to George—that it might be. George would not by any means receive it; he partly reasoned, partly soothed her out of it; and he went privately to Mr. Snow, begged him to take all possible care of his wife, and asked whether there were really any grounds for alarm. Mr. Snow answered him much in the same terms that he had answered Margery to the like question—that he could not say for certain: she was, no doubt, very weak and poorly, but he saw no reason why she should not get out of it; and as for himself, he *was* taking of her all the care he could take. The reply satisfied George, and he became full of the projects and details of his departure, entering into them so warmly with her that Maria caught the spirit of enterprise, and was beguiled into a belief that she might yet go.

He had come home from the funeral bearing a parcel wrapped in paper for Meta. It had been found amidst Thomas Godolphin's things, directed to the child. George lifted Meta on his knee; very grave, very subdued was his face to-day; and untied it. It proved to be a Bible, and on the fly-leaf in his own hand was written, “Uncle Thomas's last and best gift to Meta,” and it was dated the day he died. Lower down were the words, “My ways are ways of pleasantness, and all my paths are peace.”

And the evening had gone on, and it grew time for George to go. It was as he bent to kiss his wife that she had burst out with that wailing cry. “Oh, George! can't you stay with me!”

“My darling, I must go. I shall soon be down again.”

“Only a little while! A little longer!”

The tone in its anguish quite distressed him. “I would stay if it were possible; but it is not. I came down for a day only, you know, Maria, and I have remained more than a week. It will not be so very long before we sail, and I shall have my hands full with the preparations for our voyage.”

“I have been so much alone,” she hysterically sobbed. “I get thinking and thinking: it does not give me a chance to get well. George, you have been always away from me since the trouble came.”

“I could not help it. Maria, I could not bear Prior's Ash; I *could* not stop in it,” he cried, with a burst of genuine truth. “But

for you and Thomas, I should never have set my foot within the place again, once I was quit of it. Now, however, I am compelled to be in London; there are fifty things to see to. Keep up your courage, my darling! a little while, and we shall be together and happy as we used to be."

"Master," said Margery, putting her head in at the door, "do you want to catch the nine train?"

"All right," answered George.

"It may be all right if you run for it, it won't be all right else," grunted Margery.

He flew off, catching up his hand-portmanteau as he went, and waving his adieu to Meta. That young damsel, accustomed to be made a vast deal of, could not understand so summary and slighting a leave-taking, and she stood quite still in her consternation, staring after her papa: or rather at the door he had gone out of. Margery was right, and George found that he must indeed hasten if he would save the train. Maria, with a storm of hysterical sobs, grievous to witness, caught Meta in her arms, sat down on the sofa, and sobbed over the child as she strained her to her bosom.

Meta was used to her mamma's grief now, and she lay quite still, her shoes and white socks peeping out beyond the black frock; nay, a considerable view of the straight little legs peeping out as well. Maria bent her head until her aching forehead rested on the fair and plump neck.

"Mamma! Mamma dear! Mamma's crying for poor Uncle Thomas!"

"No," said Maria, in the bitterness of her heart. "If we were but where Uncle Thomas is, we should be happy. I cry for us who are left, Meta."

"Hey-day! and what on earth's the meaning of this? Do you think this is the way to get strong, Mrs. George Godolphin?"

They had not heard him come in; Maria's sobs were loud. Meta, always ready for visitors, scuffled off her mamma's lap gleefully, and Mr. Snow drew a chair in front of Maria and watched her try to dry away her tears. He moved a little to the right, that the light of the lamp which was behind him might fall upon her face.

"Now just you have the goodness to tell me what it is that's the matter."

"I—I am low spirited, I think," said Maria, her voice subdued and weak now.

"Low spirited!" echoed Mr. Snow. "Then I'd get high spirited if I were you. I wish there had never been such a thing as spirits invented, for my part! A nice excuse it is for you ladies to sigh and groan half your time, instead of being rational and merry, as you ought to be. A woman of your sense ought to be above it, Mrs. George Godolphin."

"Mr. Snow," interrupted a troublesome little voice, "papa's gone back to London. He went without saying good-by to Meta!"

"Ah! Miss Meta had been naughty, I expect."

Meta shook her head very decisively in the negative, but Mr. Snow had turned to Maria.

"And so you were crying after that roving husband of yours! I guessed as much. He nearly ran over me at the gate. 'Step in and see my wife, will you, Snow?' said he. 'She wants tonics, or something.' You don't want tonics half as much as you want common sense, Mrs. George Godolphin."

"I am so weak," was her feeble excuse. "A little thing upsets me now."

"Well, and what can you expect? If I sat over my surgery fire all day stewing and fretting, a pretty fit doctor I should soon become for my patients! I wonder you——"

"Have you looked at my new black frock, Mr. Snow?"

She was a young lady that would be attended to, let who would go without attention. She had lifted up her white pinafore and stood in front of him, waiting for the frock to be admired.

"Very smart indeed!" replied Mr. Snow.

"It's not smart," spoke Meta, resentfully. "My smart frocks are put away in the drawers. It is for Uncle Thomas, Mr. Snow! Mr. Snow, Uncle Thomas is in heaven now."

"Ay, child, that he is. And it's time that Miss Meta Godolphin was in bed."

More resentment. "I sat up because papa was going. He said I was to. Mr. Snow, Uncle Thomas has sent me a nice book; a Bible. Mamma says I am never to forget to read in it night and morning; always, always; when she's gone to be with Uncle Thomas in heaven."

Mr. Snow rose, marched to the door, and took upon himself to call Margery, asking whether she deemed it conducive to the health of young damsels to keep them out of bed to that hour. Margery came in a temper: it was her master's fault; he *would* keep her up: and she supposed when he had got the child to himself over in them Botany Bay lands, and she, Margery, not at hand to see to things, he'd be for keeping her up till midnight.

"Then you don't mean to go yourself?" cried Mr. Snow.

No she didn't, Margery answered. Not unless she took leave of her senses, and went off afore they come back to her. She could see enough of thieves at home here, and of elephants too. Anybody as liked to pay sixpence to a travelling caravan could feast their eyes on one o' them beasts—and much good might it do 'em!

There was a battle with Miss Meta. She did not want to go to bed, and she resented the interference of a stranger. Margery was carrying her off, crying, shrieking, and—the truth must be told—kicking, when Maria rose. "Put her down an instant, Margery."

She stooped and gathered the child in her loving arms. A minute given to the subsiding of Miss Meta's grief, or temper, whichever you like to call it, and then Maria whispered in her ear.

"Be good for my sake, darling. I am not well; I think I am getting worse, Meta. Don't grieve mamma while she is with you. Say good night to Mr. Snow."

Loving and obedient, and with a graciousness of spirit that many, far older, might have taken a pattern from, the child ran up to Mr. Snow, her hand held out, the tears of rebellion drying on her cheeks. "I'm going for mamma. Good night, Mr. Snow."

They could hear her chattering pleasantly as she went up-stairs with Margery. Mr. Snow stayed talking with Maria: charging her to do this, not to do the other, to go on with this medicine, to leave off that; threatening her with unheard-of penalties if he caught her crying again in that violent fashion, only fit for a dramatic heroine at the play; and largely promised her to be well in no time if she'd only attend to his directions and make an effort of herself. Perhaps those promises were vague, as certain other large promises you have heard of—those made to Meta by George.

That same night Mr. Snow was called up to Mrs. George Godolphin.—Let us call her so to the end; but she is Mrs. Godolphin now. Margery was sleeping quietly, the child in a little bed by her side, when she was aroused by some one standing over her. It was her mistress in her night-dress. Up started the woman, wide awake instantly, crying out to know what was the matter.

“Margery, I shan't be in time. There's the ship waiting to sail, and none of my things are ready. I can't go without my things.”

Margery, experienced in illness of many kinds, saw what it was. That her mistress had suddenly awoke from some vivid dream, and in her weak state was unable to shake off the delusion. In fact, that species of half-consciousness, half-delirium was upon her, which is apt in the night-time to attack some patients labouring under long-continued and excessive weakness.

She had come up exactly as she got out of bed. No slippers on her feet, nothing extra put on her shoulders. As Margery threw a warm woollen shawl over those shoulders, she felt the ominous damp of the night-dress. A pair of list shoes of her own were at the bedside, and she hastily thrust them on her mistress's feet.

“Let's make haste down to your bed, ma'am, and we'll see about the things there.”

Ere the lapse of another minute Maria was in the bed, Margery covering her warmly up. Margery had flung an old cloak over herself, and she now put on the list shoes, and stood talking with and humouring her mistress until her full consciousness should come.

“There'll be no time, Margery; there'll be no time to get the things: they never could be bought and made, you know. Oh, Margery! the ship must not go without me! What will be done?”

“I'll telegraph up to that ship to-morrow morning, and get him to put off his start for a week or two,” cried Margery, nodding her head with authority. “Never you trouble yourself, ma'am; it'll be all right. You go to sleep again comfortable, and we'll see about the things with morning light.”

Some little time Margery talked; a stock of this should be got in, a stock of the other: as for linen, it could all be bought ready made—and the best way too, now calico was so cheap. Somewhat surprised that she heard no answer, no further expressed fear, Margery looked close at her mistress by the light of the night-lamp, wondering whether she had gone to sleep again. She had not gone to sleep. She was lying still, cold, white, without sense or motion; and Margery, collected Margery, very nearly gave vent to a scream.

Maria had fainted away. There was no doubt of that, but Margery did not understand it at all, or why she should have fainted when

she ought to have gone to sleep. Margery liked it as little as she understood it; and she ran up-stairs to their landlady, Mrs. James, and got her to despatch her son for Mr. Snow.

Maria had recovered consciousness when he came in, both from the fainting-fit and from the delusion. He did not seem to think much of it; not half as much as he did about the violent fit of weeping in which he had caught her in the evening: it was nothing but the effects of the exhaustion left by that, as he believed. He administered some restorative, and said he would come again betimes in the morning.

"I'll stop here the rest of the night and watch," said Margery, as he departed.

But Maria would not hear of it. "I am not ill, Margery; it has all passed. Indeed, I insist upon your going to your bed."

"Well, then, don't you get having none o' them dreams, ma'am, again!" remonstrated Margery. "I don't like 'em. You might catch your death of cold a-coming up that shivering staircase out o' your hot bed. And the child, too! if she got woke up by your coming in, there's no knowing what fright it mightn't put her into!"

But that was only the beginning. Night after night would these attacks of semi-delirium beset her. Mr. Snow came and came, and drew an ominous face and doubled the tonics and changed them, and talked and joked and scolded. But it all seemed of no avail: she certainly did not get better. Weary, weary hours! weary, weary days! as she lay there alone, struggling with her malady. And yet no malady either that Mr. Snow could discover, nothing but a weakness which he only half believed in.

III.

A BANE: AS WAS PREDICTED YEARS BEFORE.

JANET and Bessy Godolphin sat with Mrs. George. The time had come for Janet to quit Ashlydyat, and she was paying her farewell visit to Maria. Maria looked pretty well when they had come in, as she sat at the window at work; at work with her weak and fevered hands. No very poetical employment, that on which she was engaged, but one which has to be done in most families nevertheless—stocking darning. She was darning socks for Miss Meta. Miss Meta, her sleeves and white pinafore tied up with black ribbon, her golden curls somewhat in disorder, for the young lady had rebelliously broken from Margery and taken a race round the garden in the blowing wintry wind, her smooth cheeks fresh and rosy, was now roasting her face in front of the fire, her doll and a whole collection of dolls' clothes lying around her on the hearth-rug.

Maria laid down her work when the Miss Godolphins in their deep mourning entered, and rose to shake hands and drew forward chairs for them, and did altogether as anybody else does at receiving intimate friends, and seemed pretty well. In moments of excitement—and the slightest thing excited her now—she appeared to be buoyed up with artificial strength. Meta bustled here and there, and threw

her doll into a corner, and scattered its clothes anywhere, and chattered without ceasing: she began telling Bessy of the large elephant papa would keep for her to go out riding upon in India.

Bessy had come, not so much to accompany Janet as for a special purpose—that of delivering a message from Lady Godolphin. My lady, deeming possibly that her displeasure had lasted long enough, graciously charged Bessy with an invitation to Maria—to spend a week at the Folly ere her departure for Calcutta. She would have come herself and invited her in person, she bade Bessy say, but for a bad cold which confined her in-doors, and she included Miss Meta in the invitation: a notable mark of attention, since Lady Godolphin much disliked children so long as they were at their troublesome age, and had never, in all the remembrance of Prior's Ash, invited one, Meta excepted, to a sojourn at her house.

"She was not for inviting Meta now," said straightforward Bessy, "but I said I would take care that she was not troublesome, in the presence of Lady Godolphin. I hope you will come, Maria. If you will fix your own time, she said, the carriage shall be here to bring you."

Maria gave a sort of sobbing sigh. "She is very kind. Tell Lady Godolphin how kind I feel it of her, Bessy, but I am not well enough to go from home now."

"My opinion was, that Maria would have little enough of time at home for her preparations for the voyage, without going from it for a week," remarked Janet. "But about that, my dear"—turning kindly to her—"you must be the best judge."

"I could not go, Janet; I am not strong enough. Bessy will be so kind as explain that to Lady Godolphin. I cannot get up before middle day now."

Bessy looked at her. "But, Maria, if you are not strong enough to go out on a week's visit, how shall you be strong enough to undertake a three months' voyage?"

Maria paused ere she answered the question. She was gazing out straight before her, as if seeing something at a distance—something in the future. "I think of it and of its uncertainty a great deal," she presently said. "If I can only get away; if I can only keep up sufficiently to get away, I can lie down in my berth always. And if I do die before I reach India, George will be with me."

"Child!" almost sharply interrupted Janet, "what are you saying?"

She seemed scarcely to hear the interruption. She sat, gazing still, her white and trembling hands lying clasped on her black dress, and she resumed, as if pursuing the train of thought.

"My great dread is, lest I should not keep up to get to London, to be taken on board; lest George should, after all, be obliged to sail without me. It is always on my mind, Janet; it makes me dream constantly that the ship is gone and I am left behind. I wish I did not have those dreams."

"Come to Lady Godolphin's Folly, Maria," persuasively spoke Bessy. "It will be the very best thing to cheat you of these fears. They all arise from weakness."

"Yes, I say so to myself in the daytime; that those night fancies are only the result of weakness," acquiesced Maria, who appeared to rouse up from her dreamy thought at Bessy's remark. "But I am not well enough to go to the Folly, Bessy. Margery can tell you how ill I am every night, after I wake out of those fever-dreams. The first night they fetched Mr. Snow to me, for I fainted."

"My dear," said Janet, soothingly and quietly, "the change to the sea air, to the altogether different life of the voyage, may restore you to health and strength in an incredibly short time."

"At times I think it may," answered Maria. "I had a pleasant dream one night," she added, with some animation. "I thought we had arrived in safety, and I and George and Meta were sitting under a tree whose leaves were larger than an umbrella. It was so hot, but these leaves shaded us, and I seemed to be well, for we were all laughing merrily together. It *may* come true, you know, Janet."

"Yes," assented Janet. "Are you preparing much for the voyage?"

"Not yet. Things can be had so quickly now. George talked it over with me when he was down, and we decided to send a list to the outfitter's, just before we sailed, so that the things might not come down here, but be packed in London."

"And Margery?" asked Janet.

"I do not know what she means to do," answered Maria, shaking her head. "She protests ten times a day that she will not go; but I see she is carefully mending up all her cotton gowns, and one day I heard her say to Meta that she supposed nothing was bearable but cotton on a body's back out there. What I should do without Margery on the voyage, I don't like to think. George told her to consider of it, and give us her decision when he next came down. And you, Janet? When shall you be back at Prior's Ash?"

"I do not suppose I shall ever come back to it," was Janet's answer. "Its reminiscences will not be so pleasing to me that I should seek to renew my acquaintance with it. What have I left here now? Nothing, save the grave of Thomas, and of my father and mother. Cecilia has her new ties: and Bessy can come to see me in Scotland."

"Bexley attends you, I hear."

"Yes. My aunt's old servant has got beyond his work—he has been forty-two years in the family, Maria—and Bexley will replace him. I—What is it, child?"

Janet turned to Meta, who was making a great commotion. In searching in a deep basket for some doll's clothes to show to Bessy, she had come upon a charming frock elaborately braided, which was decidedly too big for the doll. Of course Meta jumped to the conclusion that it must be for herself, and she was just as fond of finery as are other women in embryo. Dragging the material from its place, she flew over to her mamma, asking whether it was not hers, and when she might put it on, utterly regardless of two long streams of braid which trailed after it.

Ah, how sick did Maria turn with the sight; with the remembrance

it brought to her! That long past day, the last of her happiness, when she had been working quickly to finish the frock, rose vividly before her mind's eye. She saw herself sitting there, in her own pleasant morning room at the bank, blithely plying her needle in her unconscious peace, knowing nothing of those ominous shutters that were being drawn over the bank windows. What with sickness of heart and of body, Maria had never had courage to bring the frock to light since, or to attempt to finish it.

"Put it up again, Meta," she said, faintly.

But Bessy had laid hold of it; industrious, practical Bessy. "Let me finish this for you, Maria. It will be a nice cool frock for the child in India. Dear me! there's not above an hour or two's work wanted at it. I'll take it home with me."

Maria murmured something about the trouble that came upon her, the illness that supervened upon it, as a lame attempt at apology. She was aware that unfinished work, lying by indefinitely, was little less than a cardinal sin in the eyes of methodical Janet. Bessy folded it up to take with her, and Janet rose.

"No, stay where you are, child," she said, bending over Maria, who was then lying back in her chair, looking grievously wan and ill, "I can say good-by to you as you lie there. Take this, my dear," she whispered. "It is for yourself."

Janet had slipped four sovereigns into her hand. Maria's face turned crimson. "You need not scruple, Maria. It is superfluous in my purse. My aunt sent me a handsome present for mourning and travelling expenses; a great deal more than I want."

"Indeed I have enough too, Janet. George left me five pounds when he was at home, and it is not half gone. You don't know what a little keeps us. I eat next to nothing, and Margery, I think, lives chiefly upon porridge: there's only Meta."

"But you ought to eat, child!"

"I can't eat," said Maria. "I have never lost that pain in my throat."

"What pain?" asked Janet.

"I do not know. It came on with that trouble. I feel—I feel always ill within me, Janet. I seem to be always shivering inwardly; and the pain in the throat is sometimes better, sometimes worse, but it never goes quite away."

Janet looked at her searchingly. She heard the meek, resigned tone, she saw the white and wan face, the attenuate hands, the chest rising with every passing emotion, the sad, mournful look in the sweet eyes, and for the first time a suspicion that another life would shortly have to go, took possession of Miss Godolphin.

"What is George at, that he is not here to see after you?" she asked, in a strangely severe accent.

"He cannot bear Prior's Ash, Janet," whispered Maria. "But for me and Thomas he never would have come back to it. And I suppose he is busy in London: there must be many arrangements to make."

Janet stooped and gravely kissed her; kissed her twice. "Take

care of yourself, my dear, and do all you can to keep your mind tranquil and to get your strength up. You shall hear from me before your departure."

Margery stood in the little hall. Miss Bessy Godolphin was in the garden, in full chase after that rebellious damsel, Meta, who had made a second escape through the opened door, passing angry Margery and the outstretched hand that would have made a prisoner of her, with a gleeful laugh of defiance. Miss Godolphin stopped to address Margery.

"Shall you go to India or not, Margery?"

"I'm just a'most tore in two about it, ma'am," was the answer, delivered confidentially. "Without me that child would never reach the tother side alive: she'd be clambering up the sides o' the ship and get drownded ten times over afore they got there. Look at her now! And who'd take care of her over there, among them native beasts—them elephants and them black people? If I thought she'd ever come to be waited on by a black animal or a woman with a yellow cover to her head and woolly hair, I should be fit to smother her afore she went out. Miss Janet, I'd like much to talk that and some other matters over with you, if you'd got half an hour to spare me afore you start."

"Very well, Margery. Perhaps you can come to Ashlydyat to-night. I am going, you know, by to-morrow's early train. Margery," she more seriously added, "your mistress appears to want the greatest care."

"She have wanted that a long while," was Margery's composed answer.

"She ought to have everything strengthening in great plenty. Wine and other necessaries requisite for the sick."

"I suppose she ought," said Margery. "But she won't take 'em, Miss Janet; she says she can't eat and drink. And for the matter of that, we have got nothing of that sort for her to take. There was more good things consumed in the bank in a day than we should see in a month now."

"Where's your master?" repeated Janet, in an accent not less sharp than the one she had used for the same question to Maria.

"He!" cried wrathful Margery, for the subject was sure to put her uncommonly out, in the strong opinion she was pleased to hold touching her master's short-comings, "I suppose he's riding about with his choice friend, Madam Pain. Folks talks of their two horses being seen abreast pretty often."

There was no opportunity for further colloquy. Bessy came in, carrying the shrieking, laughing truant; and Margery, with a tart word to the young lady, and a jerk of the little arm by way of reminder, attended the Miss Godolphins down the garden path to throw open the gate for them. In her poor way, in her solitary self, Margery strove to make up for the state they had been accustomed to, when the ladies called from Ashlydyat.

Maria, lying motionless on the sofa, where, on being left alone, she had thrown herself in weariness, heard Margery's gratuitous remark about Mrs. Pain through the unlatched door, and a contraction of pain arose to her brow. In her hand lay the four sovereigns left there

by Janet. She looked at them musingly, and then murmured, "I can afford to give her half." When Margery returned in-doors, she called her in.

"You are not very busy this afternoon are you, Margery?"

Margery grunted out her answer. Not so over-busy, perhaps; but for the matter of that there was always plenty to do.

"Can you go down as far as the Pollard Cottages?" resumed Maria. "I wish very much to see Mrs. Bond, Margery. Ask her to come up here. It will be a nice walk for you and Meta."

Margery looked dubious. The wind was in the east, and would blow sharply on her darling: and that Dame Bond, in Margery's opinion, was better in her own house than in theirs. But she made no remonstrance; crusty as she appeared to be in temper, she was a better servant than to attempt to dispute her mistress's will, and she dressed herself and Meta, and started.

But no sooner had they gone than they were back again, and Mrs. Bond with them, for they had discerned that respected lady sailing along, almost immediately after quitting the house. Very steady on her legs was Mrs. Bond to-day: her face had a pinched look, and her thin shawl and wretched old black gown were drawn tight round her to protect her, so far as might be, from the early winter's cold. Margery eyed her critically, and with a sniff which really might have been taken to express a sort of satisfaction, crossed the road, holding Meta by the hand.

"Now, Dame Bond! where be you off to?"

Dame Bond, of humble mind when not exalted by extraneous adjuncts, dropped a curtsey to Margery and another to Miss Meta. She heered the ladies at t'other end of the town was a putting down the names for the coal charity a'ready, and she was a going to see if she couldn't get hers put down among 'em; they refused her last year. Goodness know'd as she'd need of it.

"Well, Mrs. George Godolphin wants to speak to you, so you'd better come to her at once," said Margery. "And take care of your behaviour when you be in her presence," she sharply added.

There was not altogether need to give that injunction to-day. Mrs. Bond, on her meekest and civilest behaviour, stood before Maria, who rose up from her sofa, and kindly invited her to a chair. Then she put two sovereigns in her hand.

"It is the first instalment of my debt to you, Mrs. Bond. If I live, I will pay it you all, but it will be by degrees. And perhaps that is the best way that you could receive it. I wish I could have given you some before."

Mrs. Bond burst into tears. Not the crocodile's tears that she was somewhat in the habit of favouring the world with when not entirely herself, but real genuine tears of gratitude. She had given up all hope of the ten pounds, did not look to receive a penny piece of it; and the joy overcame her. Her conscience pricked her a little also, for she remembered sundry hard words she had at one time liberally regaled her neighbours' ears with, touching Mrs. George Godolphin. In her grateful repentance she could have knelt at Maria's feet: hunger and other ills of poverty had tended to subdue her spirit.

"May the good Lord bless and repay ye, ma'am'—and send ye a safe journey to the far-off place where I hear ye be a going!"

"Yes, I shall go if I am well enough," replied Maria. "It is from there that I shall send you home some money from time to time as I can. Have you been well lately?"

"As well as pretty nigh clamming 'll let me be, ma'am. Things has gone hard with me: many a day I've not had as much as a mouldy crust. But this 'll set me up again, and, ma'am, I'll never cease to pray for ye."

"Don't spend it in—in—you know, Mrs. Bond," Maria ventured timidly to advise, in a lowered voice.

Mrs. Bond shook her head and turned up her eyes by way of expressing a very powerful negative. Probably she did not feel altogether comfortable in the subject, for she hastened to quit it.

"Have ye heard the news about old Jekyl, ma'am?"

"No. What news?"

"He be dead. He went off at one o'clock this a'ternoon. He fretted continual after his money, folks says, and it wore him down to a skeleton. He couldn't abear to be living upon his sons, and Jonathan, he don't earn enough for himself now, and the old 'un felt it."

Somebody else was feeling it. Fretting continually after his money!—that money which might never have been placed in the bank but for her! Poor Maria pressed her fingers upon her aching forehead: and Mrs. Bond plunged into another item of news.

"Them Hardings be bankrupts."

"Harding the undertaker?" cried Maria, quickly.

"They be, ma'am. The shop were shut up as close as a dungeon when I come by it just now, and a man, what was standing there a staring at it, said as he heered it 'ud go hard with 'em. There ain't nothing but trouble in the world now, ma'am, for some."

No, nothing but trouble for some: Maria felt the truth to her heart of hearts. The remembrance of the interview she had held with Mrs. Harding, and what had been said at it, was very present to her.

Perhaps it was well that a divertisement occurred. Miss Meta, who had been up-stairs with Margery to have her things taken off, came in in her usual flying fashion, went straight up to the visitor, and leaned her pretty arm upon the snuffy black gown.

"When shall I come and see the parrot?"

"The parrot! Lawks bless the child! I haven't got the parrot now, I haven't had him for this many a day. I couldn't let ~~him~~ clam," she continued, turning to Maria. "I was a clamming myself, ma'am, and I sold him, cage and all, just as he stood."

"Where is he?" asked Meta, looking disappointed.

"Where he went," lucidly explained Mrs. Bond. "It were the lady up at the tother end o' the town beyond the parson's what bought him, ma'am. Leastways her daughter did: sister to her what was once to have married Mr. Godolphin. It's a white house."

"Lady Sarah Grame's," said Maria. "Did she buy the parrot?"

"Miss did; that cross-looking daughter of her'n. She see him as she was a going by my door one day, ma'am, and she stopped and

looked at him, and asked me what I'd sell him for. Well, on the spur o' the moment I said five shilling; for I'd not a halfpenny in the place to buy him food, and for days and days he had had only what the neighbours brought him—but it warn't half his worth. And miss was all wild to buy him, but her mother wasn't, she didn't want screeching birds in her house, she said, and they had a desperate quarrel in my kitchen afore they went away. Didn't she call her mother names! She's a vixen, that daughter, if ever there were one. But she got her will, for an hour or two after that, a young woman come down for the parrot with the five shillings in her hand. And there's where he is."

"I shall have twenty parrots when I go to India," struck in Meta.

"What a sight o' food they'll eat!" ejaculated Mrs. Bond. "That there one o' mine eats his fill now. I made bold one day to go up and ask after him, and the two young women in the kitchen took me to the room to see him, the ladies being out, and he had got his tin stuffed full o' seed. He knowed me again, he did, and screeched out to be heerd a mile off. The young women said that what with his screeching and the two ladies quarrelling, the house weren't a bearable sometimes."

Meta's large eyes were wide open in wondering speculation. "Why do they quarrel?" she asked.

"'Cause it's their natur," returned Mrs. Bond. "The one what had the sweet natur was took, and the two cranky ones was left. Them young women said that miss a'most druv t'other, my lady, mad with her temper, and they expected nothing less but there'd be blows some day. A fine disgraceful thing to say o' born ladies, ain't it, ma'am?"

Maria in her delicacy of feeling would not endorse the remark of Dame Bond. But the state of things at Lady Sarah Grame's was perfectly well known at Prior's Ash. Do you remember an observation made by Mr. Snow to Thomas Godolphin, when he was speaking of Lady Sarah's cruel unkindness to Ethel? "She'll be brought to her senses, unless I am mistaken: she has lost her treasure and kept her bane. A year or two more, and that's what Sarah Anne will be."

It was precisely what Sarah Anne Grame had become—her mother's bane. A miserable bane! to herself, to her mother, to all about her. And the "screeching" parrot had only added a little more noise to an already too noisy house.

Mrs. Bond curtseyed herself out. She met Margery in the passage, and stopped to whisper.

"I say! how ill she do look!"

"Who looks ill?" was the ungracious demand.

Mrs. Bond gave her head a nod sideways towards the parlour door. "The missis. Her face looks more as if it had got death writ in it, nor voyage going."

"Perhaps you'll walk on your road, Dame Bond, and keep your opinions till they're asked for," was the tart reply of Margery.

But in point of fact the ominous words had darted into the faithful servant's heart, piercing it as a poisoned arrow. It seemed such a confirmation of her own fears.

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

THE last generation of the Reading Public was, for the most part, content—comfortably and sentimentally content—to take on trust, as a trustworthy piece of portraiture, Miss Porter's patriotic presentment of Wallace Wight. A rather gushing, very Grandisonian personage he turned out, under her manipulation. A grandiloquent exemplar of all the virtues; almost too much of a good thing, and that good thing too good to be true. But people believed in him as an authentic impersonation, and not merely a band-box hero of circulating-library prowess, of Minerva Press proportions. Since then a generation has arisen, of iconoclastic tendencies, in matters at least of hero-worship and historical romance. And a public has been won to read, if not won over to implicitly believe in, the reactionary strictures on Wallace Wight of philo-Plantagenet Mr. Clifford, and of sundry his abettors in the periodical press. Mr. Clifford, in his zeal for the Greatest of All the Plantagenets, makes no scruple of bracketing Wallace with Nana Sahib. And he is backed in the main, as regards this seemingly audacious analogy, this apparently paradoxical parallel, by that outspoken and independent authority which Mr. Bright, in his displeasure, was pleased to call the *Saturday Reviler*; and Mr. Thackeray, the *Superfine Review*.

The confederate Scottish Chiefs in general, and Wallace of Ellerslie in particular, as portrayed by popular Miss Porter, may remind us of what a contemporary French critic says of Marmontel's polite perversion of Belisarius, and of Florian's mincing misrepresentation of Gonzalvo,—“Lisez le *Bélisaire* de M. de Marmontel, et le *Gonzalve* de M. de Florian; l'un, général du moyen-âge; l'autre si redoutable à ses propres troupes, qu'il punissait de mort la plus légère faute de discipline, sont devenus des héros aussi aimables que Richelieu ou Lauzun.”*

Said Sir Walter Scott to the Ettrick Shepherd one morning, soon after the first appearance of the “Scottish Chiefs,” “I am grieved about this work of Miss Porter. I cannot describe to you how much I am disappointed. I wished to think so well of it; and I do think highly of it as a work of genius. But, Lord help her! her Wallace is no more our Wallace than Lord Peter is, or King Henry's messenger to Hotspur. It is not safe meddling with the hero of a country, and, of all others, I cannot bear to see the character of Wallace frittered away to that of a fine gentleman.”†

But the Porter point of view became the popular standpoint whence to measure the inches of Wallace's stalwart stature, and to judge what manner of man he was.

Ye generous spirits that protect the brave,
And watch the seaman o'er the crested wave,
Cast round the fearless soul your glorious spell,
That fired a Hampden and inspired a Tell—

* Etudes sur l'Antiquité, par Philarète Chasles.

† Hogg's Private Life, &c., of Sir W. Scott. (1834.)

Why left ye Wallace, greatest of the free,
His hills' proud champion—heart of liberty—
Alone to cope with tyranny and hate,
To sink at last in ignominious fate?
Sad Scotia wept, and still on valour's shrine
Our glistening tears, like pearly dewdrops, shine,
To tell the world how Albyn's hero bled,
And treasure still the memory of her dread.*

Who does not perceive in this effulgence of Sad Scotia's glistening tears on valour's shrine, this decking of Albyn's hero with pearly dewdrops, the inspiration of Miss Porter's genius, and acquiescence in her portraiture as worthy of all acceptance? From another source was Thomas Campbell inspired when he wrote those justly admired stanzas on William of Ellerslie, as one who

—strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought field,
With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield,
And the sword that was fit for archangel to wield
Was light in his terrible hand.†

If one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, so one touch of kindred makes the whole Scotch nature clannish. He were no Scotsman, Scotchmen will assure you, whose pulse beat not quicker at sound of Wallace's name. Their poets, accordingly,—or there would be no poetry in them,—have ever swept the lyre with new energy when Wallace was the theme. The strain we hear is in a higher mood, whenever his memory is its burden. Not to lose ourselves darkling in the backward abysm of time with Blind Harry, mark how Thomson turns a poor parenthesis even into a glowing panegyric, when describing “a manly race, of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave;

Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!”)‡

Or how Burns, in perhaps the most spirited stanza of one of his most spirited pieces, exclaims, all aglow with fervid conviction,

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious dy'd.§

And is not the closing stanza of Burns's purest, best-reputed, most sacred poem, an apostrophe to Heaven that

* The Tower of London, A Poem. By Thos. Roscoe. Part I.

† The Dirge of Wallace (only to be found, unless recently, in foreign editions of Campbell's poems—the poet refusing it a place in the London editions, as a too juvenile and rhapsodical affair to range with his maturer and well-pruned works).

‡ The Seasons, Autumn.

§ Lines to W. S——, Ochiltree, 1785.

—pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart ;
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part !*

Nor are Southron bards deficient in powers of Wallace-worship. Words worth glowingly records

How Wallace fought for Scotland ; left the name
Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
All over his dear country ; left the deeds
Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,
To people the steep rocks and river-banks,
Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
Of independence and stern liberty.†

Gratingly and freezingly, after such homage from the South, must come to every Northern ear and heart the style of a fellow-countryman so un-genuine, so ungenial, so ungenerous, comparatively if not absolutely speaking, as David Hume. *He* talks, with even pulse and in coldly critical tones, of "one William Wallace"—of "this man, whose valorous exploits are the object of just admiration, but have been much exaggerated by the traditions of his countrymen." He pictures him as a fugitive homicide, betaking himself to the woods, and offering himself as a leader to all those whom their crimes, or bad fortunes, or avowed hatred of the English, had reduced to a like necessity. At the same time, David pays tribute to the physical endowments and metaphysical distinctions of this man of men—duly taking cognisance of not only his "gigantic force of body," but of his "heroic courage of mind," his "disinterested magnanimity"—"with incredible patience, and ability, to bear hunger, fatigue, and all the severities of the seasons;" whence the facility and speed with which he acquired, "among those desperate fugitives, that authority to which his virtues so justly entitled him." But this is not the Wallace Wight of antique tradition and of latter-day romance. It is not the chevalier‡ *sans reproche* as well as *sans peur*, of the story-books old and new. It is not Miss Porter's ante-dated Grandison. Nor is it Mr. Savage Landor's sententious hero,§—of whom, debating in imaginary conversation with the first Edward, Mr. Wilson Croker sceptically remarked, that we almost imagine ourselves in the company of some venerable stoic, or some Christian martyr, so patient is he, so forgiving. "Few have a right to punish, all to pardon." A cast of thought like this who would expect, asks Mr. Croker, "from the rude, ruthless, and baffled champion of the independence of a dark and barbarous country? It is still less likely to have proceeded from the Scotch Guerilla chieftain than from the haughty Plantagenet, to whom such sentiments are so foreign, that he cannot even understand the language of his philosophical contemporary."||

* The Cottar's Saturday Night.

† The Prelude.

‡ As to Wallace's knighthood, we are informed by Thomas of Walsingham that he was knighted by a Scotch earl, on being elected leader of the insurrection against Edward I. *Scotis vero cito sibi [Wilhelmo Waleys] consentientibus et ipsorum eorum ducem constituentibus, militiæ donatus est cingulo a quodam comite regionis illius.* (Hist. Angl., p. 90.)—See Mr. Francis M. Nichols's "Inquiry" on Feudal and Obligatory Knighthood, p. 24.

§ Imaginary Conversations, "William Wallace and King Edward I."

|| Quarterly Rev., vol. lviii.

Guerilla chieftain is also the style applied to Wallace by his biographer in the English Cyclopædia—who observes that how far “the guerilla warfare maintained by Wallace and his associates” contributed to excite and spread the spirit of resistance to the English government, we have scarcely the means of judging; though it seems probable that it aided materially in producing the general insurrection which broke out in the spring of 1297,* but which “appears to have been but an ill-cemented confederacy.” It was on the 11th of September in that year that the battle of Stirling Bridge was fought, resulting in the exclusion of the English from all Scotland, *plus* the always debatable town of Berwick on the Tweed. “Availing himself of this panic, and of the exhilaration of his countrymen, Wallace pursued the fugitives across the border; and putting himself at the head of a numerous force, he entered England on the 18th of October, and remaining till the 11th of November, wasted the country with fire and sword from sea to sea, and as far south as to the walls of Newcastle.” It was after his triumphal return from this “great sensation” movement, that Wallace assumed the title of Guardian of the Kingdom in the name of King John—Baliol, to wit, now living as Edward Plantagenet’s half-ward, half-prisoner, or as some express (if not explain) it, “in a sort of free custody,” in the Tower of London. Earlier than this, was Wallace a recognised knight. As in 1298 he styled himself, in an extant charter, “Willelmus Walays miles, Custos Regni Scotiæ, et ductor exercituum ejusdem,”—so in the treaty of Irvine, a year before, he is entitled “Sir Willaume”—the honour of knighthood having been probably conferred upon him, according to wont, by some other knight, one of his fellow-men-at-arms, after he emerged from the dubious distinction of a leader of outlaws† into the blaze and fame of Guardian of the Realm, and Commander-in-Chief of its armies.

The summer of '98 saw the Scots defeated at Falkirk with prodigious slaughter. A universal rout ensued, which did not, however, put an end to the war, though it was taken advantage of by the native nobility to degrade Sir William from his office as *Custos Regni Scotiæ*. Hume relates the “factions, jealousies, and animosities,” that divided the nobles, and distracted all their councils. “The elevation of Wallace, though purchased by so great merit and such eminent services, was the object of envy to the nobility, who repined to see a private gentleman raised above them by his rank, and still more by his glory and reputation.”‡ So either

* “The history of Wallace down to the year 1297 [he was probably born about 1270] is entirely legendary, and only to be found in the rhymes of Harry the Minstrel; though many of the facts which Harry relates still live as popular traditions in the localities where the scenes of them are laid, whether handed down in that way from the time when they happened, or only derived from his poem, which long continued to be the chief literary favourite of the Scottish peasantry.”—*Engl. Cyclop.*, VI. 486.

Harry the Minstrel, or Blind Harry, is supposed to have lived a matter of two centuries later than his hero. His metrical historico-biography of Wallace is professedly a translation of the Latin narrative by John Blair, Sir William’s fast friend and private chaplain.

The English annalists Trivet and Hemingford were contemporaries of Wallace, and contribute a few facts as *ana pour servir* to his would-be biographers.

† Who outlaw’d dwelt by greenwood tree
With the fierce Knight of Ellerslie.

SCOTT: *Lord of the Isles*, c. i. st. 27.

‡ Hume, *Hist. of Engl.*, sub Edw. I.

he resigned, or they deprived him of office, and he “retained only the command over that body of his followers, who being accustomed to victory under his standard, refused to follow into the field any other leader.” Michelet designates him “the heroic chief of the clans”^{*}—the idea of Scotland and that of clanship, as Michelet’s English (or rather, perhaps, British, North British) translator observes, being apparently “so identified in the minds of Englishmen, let alone foreigners, that it is not surprising to find M. Michelet falling into this error with regard to Wallace.”[†] Professor Masson pronounces no nation in the world to be more “factitious” than the Scotch—more composite as regards the materials out of which it has been constructed; but he claims for it, notwithstanding, by reason of its very smallness, for one thing, a more intense consciousness of its nationality, and a greater liability to be acted upon throughout its whole substance by a common thought or common feeling, than England. Even as late as the year 1707, he remarks, the entire population of Scotland did not exceed one million; and if, going farther back, we fancy this small nation placed on the frontier of one so much larger, and obliged continually to defend itself against the attacks of so powerful a neighbour, we can have no difficulty in conceiving how, in the smaller nation, the feeling of a central life would be sooner developed and kept more continuously active. “The sentiment of nationality is essentially negative; it is the sentiment of a people which has been taught to recognise its own individuality by incessantly marking the line of exclusion between itself and others.” Almost all the great movements of Scotland, as a nation, have accordingly, as the Professor points out, been of a negative character—that is, movements of self-defence—the War of National Independence against the Edwards being the first of his examples in proof.[‡] And no doubt so good a Scotsman would have in the leader of that War a very “parfit gentil knight,” embodying the poet’s picture of another patriot:

God gave him reverence of laws
Yet stirring blood in Freedom’s cause—
A spirit to his rocks akin,
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein.[§]

Mr. Selby Watson,^{||} it has been remarked, would no doubt be dreadfully shocked at Mr. Clifford’s[¶] memorable comparison of his hero to Nana Sahib. Yet is the Saturday Reviewer of both these party-historians disposed in some sort to accept, and to some extent to justify the comparison. The English of Edward’s time, he argues, looked on William Wallace much as the English of our time looked on Nana Sahib; while there are, doubtless, multitudes in India who look on Nana Sahib much as Scotchmen still look upon William Wallace. In both cases, the traitor and murderer of one side is the patriot and martyr of the other. A perfectly impartial judge might perhaps say that Hindoos and Scots

^{*} Histoire de France, t. iii. c. 2.

[†] G. H. Smith.

[‡] See “Scottish Influence in British Literature,” in David Masson’s collected Essays, 1856.

[§] S. T. Coleridge.

^{||} Sir William Wallace, the Scottish Hero. A Narrative of his Life and Actions. By the Rev. J. S. Watson, M.A., F.R.S.L. 1861.

[¶] The Greatest of all the Plantagenets. By Edmund Clifford. 1860.

were both naturally justified in revolting, but that the English government, in both cases, was no less justified in putting down the revolt. He would probably add that, whatever inherent righteousness there was in the cause either of William Wallace or of Nana Sahib, was unavoidably put out of sight by the monstrous form which the revolt took in both cases. "We fear," continues the reviewer, "that he would have to add that the revolt of our own days was suppressed with much more of heedless cruelty than the revolt of the thirteenth century. There is no evidence that the young officers of King Edward's army had any amusements analogous to the modern diversion of 'potting pandies.'"

"We are in no way anxious to depreciate any merits which William Wallace may really have possessed. He lived in a rude country and in a rude age. At the same time, we are inclined to doubt whether the thirteenth century was not, on the whole, less cruel than some of those which followed it, and still more whether Scotland at least was not a less rude country then than in some later times. At any rate, William Wallace belonged to that class of irregular warriors who often rise in the noblest of causes, but who, to say the least, can seldom keep their followers from disgracing their cause by cruel and treacherous deeds. If Nana Sahib is too bitter a pill to swallow, we shall at least not be far wrong in comparing William Wallace to some of the less reputable of the Spanish guerilla chiefs, and some of the less reputable of the Greek leaders in the War of Independence. It is certainly not a harsh judgment if we say that he was probably not unlike such a man as Theodore Kolokotrônês—a cross between robber and patriot, in which each character prevails in turn. We fancy that the Barabbas of the Gospel was something of the same order, and that he is unfairly wronged by those readers who take him for a mere vulgar burglar or highwayman. We can have no doubt that plenty of specimens of the type may be found at this moment [December, 1861], both in a good cause and in a bad, among the insurgents of Herzegovina and among the Bourbonist chiefs of Naples. Anyhow, it is absurd to compare William Wallace, as we have seen him compared, with Kosciuszko, with Washington, and with William the Silent. One might as well bracket Kolokotrônês with Mavrokordatos, or Barabbas with Judas Maccabæus. And in any case, what Wallace was is matter for the 'severe historical inquirer,' not for writers who wilfully and avowedly play with truth. And, above all, the honour of England and of England's greatest king must not be sacrificed to the 'ideas'* which William Wallace's 'countrymen may have ever loved to cherish.'"[†]

It is freely conceded by this same rather "severe historical inquirer," for whom Mr. Watson no more thought of writing than did Miss Porter when she concocted "The Scottish Chiefs," that a defence of Edward the First against Scottish calumnies in no way implies any condemnation of the Scots for revolting against him—there being many cases in which it is alike impossible to blame subjects for revolting, and to blame rulers for suppressing their revolt. No doubt the Scots had wrongs—he says; and

* Mr. Watson explicitly professes, or confesses, that his "history" (founded on Blind Harry) is "not written for the severe historical inquirer," and that he, the writer, "will be content if the story convey to the reader that idea of Wallace which his countrymen have ever loved to cherish."—Preface to *Sir Wm. Wallace, the Scottish Hero*.

† *Saturday Review*, No. 319.

no doubt they were justified in revolting : that is, the Scottish nation was justified : whether an English subject, like Robert Bruce, who had sworn faith to Edward over and over again, was justified in heading them, is quite another matter—the case for William Wallace's revolt being far clearer than the case for the revolt of Robert Bruce. The only doubt propounded by the reviewer is, whether a man who was guilty of some of the most ferocious brutalities recorded in history is to be extolled as a perfect hero, and whether the reputation of such a Prince as Edward the First is to be sacrificed to his.*

All this is a sad departure from the old standpoint which saw in Wallace a spotless patriot and perfect chevalier—a chieftain whose heart, and brain, and strong hand, and all-subduing voice, enabled him to unite a distracted people against the common foe, and effectually employ

All meaner angers to augment one rage
August against the alien rule which blasts
The land he glorifies. Let all delights
Of home, which sense of loyal faith made sweeter,
Lend their selectest symbols to oppose
The power which bids them wither at its grasp,
Or sparing makes them slavish,—and invest
His soul as with a breastplate. So he's armed.†

The author of an Historical Parallel between Wallace and Aristomenes, while he owns that lack of historical materials prevents the possibility of accurately depicting Sir William's character, or of drawing the line minutely between truth and fiction—so that although we see a form of commanding and colossal proportions, we yet see it but dimly, and the features must be filled up from our own imaginations—can nevertheless trace “indomitable courage, constancy, and patriotism” in the Knight of Ellerslie; and pleads that if these lofty qualities were “sometimes sullied by ferocity,” yet, “in justification of the sympathy and interest which his career excites,” may be urged not only the character of the age, and the sufferings endured by Scotland under the English yoke, but also the “exacerbation of temper which must necessarily arise from a life of con-

* “Mr. Watson seems to share Lord Palmerston's difficulty in understanding the difference between sovereignty and suzerainty. Edward no more claimed to be King of Scots in 1291 than the Sultan claims to be Prince of Wallachia. He only claimed, as his father had done before him, to be the external overlord. All Scotland recognised that superiority in him. His whole conduct in the dispute for the Scottish Crown was what might have been expected from one whom all Christendom looked to as her most righteous prince. He submitted all matters to a fairly chosen mixed commission. He held the Scottish castles in pledge till the matter was settled, and then honestly gave them back to the new king. . . Undoubtedly, the Scots soon found that the suzerainty in the hands of Edward was something more practical than it had been in the hands of his wretched father and grandfather. So was the royal power felt to be in England itself. It was not till the resignation of John of Balliol, in 1296, that Edward professed to enter on the sovereignty of Scotland as a forfeited fief. The Scots swore allegiance over and over again, and over and over again they broke it. As long as Edward lived, every revolt was followed by a reconquest, and most assuredly no conqueror of those days, hardly any conqueror of any days, ever shed so little blood off the field of battle. If, as is so often said, William Wallace had never sworn allegiance to Edward, that doubtless makes a difference in William's own personal position, but it is a difference of which the king could hardly be expected to take any notice.”—*Saturday Review*, No. 319, p. 590.

† Talfourd, *The Castilian*.

stant hardship and danger. Hunted continually from morass to forest, denied the enjoyment of domestic happiness, dependent upon his own right hand for the security which was to be found only in the death of his pursuers, it is rather matter for regret, than for stern censure, if in the hour of victory the call of mercy was unheeded.* And in further extenuation, the same apologist submits, that to control the excesses of his followers does not seem always to have been in the power even when (or even if) it was in the wish of their chief; and that it is reasonable and consistent with the bitter spirit of national enmity which long prevailed, to conjecture that the blind minstrel, who is his principal biographer, consulted the passions and prejudices of his hearers no less by exaggerating the deeds of vengeance acted by his hero, than his hair-breadth escapes, and almost superhuman might. Any way, Blind Harry was sure of his public. For, especially on Scottish soil,

—has a Champion risen in arms to try
His country's virtue, fought, and breathes no more;
Him in their hearts the people canonise;
And far above the mine's most precious ore
The least small pittance of bare mould they prize
Scooped from the sacred earth where his dear relics lie.†

Let centuries roll on, and the relics will advance in value at a rate of geometric progression. Infinite even, in such a case, are the ramifications of relic-worship, with its affinities however shadowy and distant. "Your cup, my dear madam," writes Burns to a lady who claimed descent from Sir William, *douce* Mrs. Dunlop, "arrived safe. I had two worthy fellows dining with me the other day, when I, with great formality, produced my whigmeleerie cup, and told them that it had been a family piece among the descendants of Sir William Wallace. This roused such an enthusiasm that they insisted on bumpering the punch round in it; and by-and-by, never did your great ancestor lay a *Suthron* more completely to rest than for a time did your cup my two friends."‡ Indeed, Burns himself was unbounded in Wallace-worship, and loved to have it so. One of the two first books he ever read in private, as he relates in his autobiographical letter to Dr. Moore, was "The History of Sir William Wallace," which, he more freely than gracefully avows, "poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest."§ "In those boyish days," we read in another letter of his, "I remember in particular being struck with that part of Wallace's story where these lines occur—

Synne to the Leglen wood, when it was late,
To make a silent and a safe retreat.

I chose a fine summer Sunday, the only day my line of life allowed, and walked half a dozen of miles to pay my respects to the Leglen wood, with as much devout enthusiasm as ever pilgrim did to Loretto; and, as I explored every den and dell where I could suppose my heroic countryman to have lodged, I recollect (for even then I was a rhymers) that my heart glowed with a wish to be able to make a song on him in some measure

* J. H. Malkin, *Historical Parallels*, vol. ii.

† Wordsworth, *Eccles. Sonnets*, 33.

‡ Rob. Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, Jan. 5, 1792.

§ Burns to Dr. Moore (Zeluco), Aug. 2, 1787.

equal to his merits."* A wish still cherished by the mature and renowned bard; for in a subsequent epistle he declares, "My heart glows with a wish to be able to do justice to the merits of the *saviour of his country*, which, sooner or later, I shall at least attempt."†

The saviour of his country—is that too high-flown or fanciful a designation for modern Scot to assign to the mediæval chieftain? Mr. Carlyle would say, not. At least Mr. Carlyle does say, in amplifying the text that the true fighter's death is no victory over him, and that his work lives, very truly lives—"A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England: but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just real union as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse."‡

David Hume is good Scot enough to exult over the failure of King Edward's endeavours, "by too precipitate steps," to abolish entirely the Scottish name, and to sink it finally in the English. He describes that sovereign as uneasy with regard to his favourite conquest, so long as Wallace was alive, and says that, prompted both by revenge and policy, Edward employed every art to discover Wallace's retreat, and become master of his person. Hume repeats the stock story of the betrayal by "Sir John Menteith, his friend, whom he had made acquainted with the place of his concealment"—though the actual mode of Sir William's capture is confessedly unknown—Sir John Menteith appearing to have really done nothing more than forward him to England after he was brought a prisoner to Dumbarton Castle, of which Menteith was governor under a commission from Edward.§ So little reason is there for handing down the name of Sir John Menteith from generation to generation with a damning brand upon it—the stigma of foul treachery and kiss-giving Iscariotism; so little reason for classing him with the betrayers almost pitied, because never to be pardoned by Imogen when she says,

Though those that are betrayed
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.||

Without being demonstrably a traitor at all, Sir John's case of woe it unfortunately is to be had in hateful remembrance of all men in broad Scotland, as the false Menteith.

From Dumbarton to London; from the "greate hall at Westminster," where Wallace was "placed upon the south bench, crowned with laurel, for that he had said in times past, that he ought to bear a crowne in that Hall (as it was commonly reported)," and where he was "appeached for a traytor by Sir Peter Mallorie, the king's justice, and answered, that he

* Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, 1786.

† Idem, Jan. 15, 1787.

‡ Carlyle, *Past and Present*, book i. ch. ii.

§ Mr. Carrick, who has attempted to refute what is said upon this matter by Lord Hailes, has taken no notice of the further vindication of Sir John Menteith in Mr. Mark Napier's "*Memoirs of John Napier of Merchiston*," 4to, Edinburgh, 1834, pp. 527, &c., and in "*Tracts, Legal and Historical*," by J. Riddell, Esq., 8vo, Edinburgh, 1835, pp. 145-149.—See "*Life of Sir William Wallace*, by John D. Carrick," 8vo, London, 1840.—*Engl. Cycl.*, VI. 488.

|| *Cymbeline*, Act III. Sc. 4.

never was traytor to the King of England, but for other things whereof he was accused, he confessed them;”* from this “greate hall” of judgment to the elms in West Smithfield, dragged at the tails of horses, the passage is rapid and tragical enough.

A ghastly interlude it formed, among the gaities of London’s great Fair, when all the concourse of that year’s St. Bartholomew stood under the elms in Smithfield, as William Wallace was dragged thither in chains, as the Fair’s historiographer relates, “bruised, bleeding, and polluted with the filth of London.” For the day had not yet come, Mr. Morley reminds us, when the first part of the barbarous sentence on high treason was softened by the placing of a hurdle between the condemned man and the mud and flint over which he was dragged. “Trade in the fair was forgotten while the patriot was hanged, but not to death; cut down yet breathing, and disembowelled. Mummers and merchants saw the bowels burnt before the dying hero’s face, then saw the executioner strike off his head, quarter his body, and despatch from the ground five basket loads of quivering flesh, destined for London, Berwick, Newcastle, Aberdeen, and Perth. Then, all being over, the stilt-walkers strode back across the field; the woman again balanced herself, head downwards, on the points of swords; there was mirth again round the guitar, and tambourine; the clothiers went back into the churchyard; and the priest, perhaps, went through a last rehearsal with the man who was to be miraculously healed in church on the succeeding day.”† It is strictly *en règle* that the Tragedy should be followed by a Farce.

The head of Wallace was set up on London Bridge—his quarters, as we have seen, were distributed among Newcastle, Berwick, Perth, and Aberdeen. And this, says Hume, “was the unworthy fate of a hero, who, through a course of many years, had, with signal conduct, intrepidity, and perseverance, defended, against a public and oppressive enemy, the liberties of his native country.”‡ But the “barbarous policy of Edward,” this historian goes on with satisfaction to say, failed of the purpose to which it was directed: the Scots, already disgusted at the great innovations introduced by the sword of a conqueror into their laws and government, were further enraged at the “injustice and cruelty exercised upon Wallace;” insomuch that all the envy which, during his lifetime, is said to have attended that gallant chief, being now buried in his grave, he was universally regarded as the champion of Scotland, and the patron of her expiring independency. The hour was come for men to speak out in the style, and with the “generous ire” of Scott’s Lord Ronald—

Enough of noble blood, he said,
By English Edward had been shed,
Since matchless Wallace first had been
In mock’ry crown’d with wreaths of green,
And done to death by felon hand,
For guarding well his fathers’ land.§

The Hour and the Man for Scotland’s great deliverance might seem to have passed away with Falkirk and Wallace. But another Hour was soon to strike, and the Man for the Hour would not be wanting: both were at hand in Bannockburn and Robert Bruce.

* Stow, Edw. I.

† Hume, Edw. I.

‡ Morley, *Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair*. 1859.

§ Lord of the Isles, c. ii. st. 26.

AN ARTIST'S STUDY IN THE QUARTIER LATIN.

PART II.

ON the first of March I received the following note from Will:

"DEAR NELL,—To-morrow being the Mi-Carême, you will of course have a holiday, and I want you to pose for my Haidee, a friend having lent me a Greek costume. There is also a parcel from home waiting for you to discuss its contents. I shall be at the gates of the convent as early as I think the Lady Abbess will let out a novice."

Naughty Will, I never could cure him of calling her Juno, Lady Abbess, or some nickname, though I repeatedly told him she saw all my letters.

I went with him, and, that we might lose no time, indulged in the unwonted luxury of a cab.

The streets were full of people, standing shivering in the biting wind, watching others shivering in open carriages, attired in fancy costume, and trying to make the most of that one day's break by which their Church kindly helps them to endure Lent. There were the usual puppet-shows and roundabouts, and other babyish diversions, attended by full-grown men and women, who endeavoured to keep out the cold by feasting on squares of hot *galette*, or cornets of fried potatoes. Happy people, so easily contented, so childish in their mirth, it is difficult to conceive they require the hard driving and tight rein our politicians affirm to be good for them.

When we had climbed up into Will's garret, I was quite surprised at the change in the aspect of the study. First (and I heaved a sigh of relief), the old chest had disappeared, and there, in its stead, was an old-fashioned, but comfortable-looking, mahogany table.

"Ah!" said Will, "that is an exchange I made with Meyer, who vowed you would faint every time you saw that chest, for which he had a hankering, so he has taken it and given me this."

I felt quite an affection for the doctor from that moment.

"But the old stove?"

Will began to laugh. "Poor thing, it is disabled. Some fellows grew very merry here the other night; there was a sham fight—some wounded knight fell against the tube, and the whole affair came rattling down. You never saw such dust, and soot, and smoke! It is not all gone yet. The doctor, who has always his wits about him, suggested that, the season being so far advanced, the open fireplace would give sufficient heat, and I really think it has quite a drawing-room effect."

"Charming! and the parcel from home?"

Will lugged forwards a great hamper, and, lifting up the lid, displayed with tender appreciation a Yorkshire ham, sundry mince-pies, a Stilton cheese, some smaller goodies for me, and a letter, which I devoured with more eagerness than any of the other things, estimable as they were. To my brother, my mother wrote:

"Your cousin, Matilda, is visiting Paris with Lord Stiffley's family, and has promised to convey to you as large a parcel as I like to send,

these grandees carrying so much luggage, that a box or two, more or less, makes no difference. I have, therefore, packed up some English fare, which you will, I trust, enjoy whilst it is in good condition, as Matilda promised to forward it to you immediately on her arrival. She says, also, that Lord Stiffley and the Honourable Misses Steel will accompany her to visit you, which, you know, may lead to something, for she says his lordship is very generous when he takes to any one, and we know how liberal he has been to her. So, my dear boy, pray do not throw such an introduction away by any of your queer artist's ways. Mind you keep your study in nice order. Ah! how I wish I could come and tidy it for you; and if you could, love, just refrain from smoking in the daytime—ladies do dislike it so; and please don't turn all your sketches to the wall, as if nobody could understand them but yourself, for I have no doubt they mean to buy some, or give you a commission, or something, or they would not visit you at all."

I could not help smiling, as I felt the curls of smoke wreathing round my head, to think how obedient Will was. He removed his pipe from his lips, however, to remark:

"Well, now, you see, Nell, this sketch of Don Juan and Haidee is tolerably well made out, all but the costume, at which I will work to-day like fun, and I really think it is the best thing I have done."

"Beautiful! Only," I suggested, timidly, "do you think the subject likely to please? I have heard the Stiffleys were rather rigid, and I should think if you touched up that 'Milton's Reconciliation,' it would be more in their line."

But when did ever artist (at least a raw one) recognise the fitness of sublunary things, time, or place? Milton had long been laid aside, and Will was at present boiling over on the subject of Haidee, and could not understand that any one should not share his enthusiasm.

"You must know, Nell, I have not breakfasted yet, having turned out only just before fetching you."

"Lazy fellow! I have been up five hours."

"You don't say so! Dear me, how unearthly—why, it must have been the middle of the night, for I am sure I was up very early. I asked Meyer to breakfast with me, so do you slip on that costume whilst I go in search of him and of a loaf."

When the two friends returned, they started back in surprise, which soon changed to mirth. I was declared to be Haidee herself, and mounted at once to repose on the ottoman amongst Will's pillows and bolster, concealed by the old tapestry and my shawl in as Eastern a style as could be devised.

"Is not Meyer just the old pirate?" said Will. "Now, Pirate Lambro, prepare our breakfast, that we may lose no time. You will find the Cyprus wine, the dates, the grapes, the—what did those lovers eat?"

"Nothing equal to this, I can tell you," replied Meyer, diving into the hamper. "They had lamb and pistachio-nuts, or some such stuff, and here we have English ham and Stilton! real Stilton, as I am a—pirate! Go on painting, my friend, and I will spread you such a feast! Some of this ham would broil exquisitely at this clear fire. Where's your frying-pan?"

"In my bedroom, I rather think. Stay, though, it may be in the corner there, behind that torso."

It was soon found up, and with much merriment on my part, but great gravity on that of our cook, the ham was sliced, and began to emit savoury odours and musical sounds as the doctor bent over it, fork in hand, the light of the fire gleaming on his large eyes and coal-black beard. How did that man contrive always to look like a wizard?

"What fun it would be," I exclaimed, "if our expected aristocracy made its appearance at this moment!"

The words were hardly uttered, when we all started and held our breath to listen. Steps were heard at the very door, a tremendous rustling of silken skirts, a tap with some sturdy knuckles, and an English voice reading Will's name on the card, which served as door-plate. "Ici nous sum," it said, in choice French; "the ascent equals Snowdon!"

Will jumped up as if shot, and seized the frying-pan with a frantic intention of getting rid of it somehow; but the door opened, the room filled with company, and in an agony of confusion poor Will clapped the greasy hot pan just where it was most conspicuously out of place and in sight—on the centre of the table. There the ham hissed and palpitated after the manner of fried meats, till it gradually sobbed itself into quiet and coldness. And there, round the table, staring with ill-concealed astonishment, stood our Cousin Matilda, Lord Stiffley, the Honourable Charles, the Honourable Miss Steel, and the Honourable Miss Adelaide Steel! The scene was so exquisitely ridiculous that no sense of shame could have stifled the laugh that was bursting from my lips when I suddenly saw all those eyes turn from the frying-pan to me, and I remembered my own strange costume, which I had till then forgotten. I stood in mute confusion as they surveyed me from top to toe, from the crown of my tasselled cap, down my flowing hair, my embroidered vest, my striped gauze trousers, my slippers, which I could not keep on my feet, and Matilda went through the ceremony of introduction with as much suavity as she could command; but imagine how she *looked*—she who had been for twenty years a model of perfection in the schoolrooms of the nobility! Then, coming up as if to give me a cousinly salute, she whispered, angrily,

"How can you allow your brother to live in such a way? I never was so ashamed in my life! I would not have brought them had I known it was such a pigsty!"

Meyer alone retained his usual self-possession, and, advancing with a quiet smile, said,

"My lord can doubtless sympathise with an exile endeavouring to recal some of the customs of his native land?"

Lord Stiffley bowed condescendingly in reply to the refined accent and manner of the doctor, but his bewilderment evidently increased under the effort to identify English habits with the frying-pan hissing on a study-table, or a young English girl habited at noonday in Greek costume. However, Meyer removed the unfortunate kitchen utensil, I suppose, to Will's bedroom, reappeared with some extra chairs for the company, and then vanished; I fancy rather to the regret of the eldest lady, who had withdrawn her attention from me as soon as she had perceived him. There were some more feeble attempts at explanation, which, as usual with explanations, made matters appear worse; but the sketch was turned towards them as a reason why I was habited so strangely.

"Doosid pretty girl, 'pon my word!" muttered the Honourable Charles, affecting to look at the sketch, whilst he gazed at me to my increased confusion. The Honourable Charles was, I suppose, near-sighted, for most of his energy seemed spent in the endeavour to keep an eye-glass fixed in his eye, which effort caused a most fearful contortion of countenance; lips, nose, cheek, all assisting spasmodically in the work.

Will, glad to have mounted his hobby again, began holding forth on the situation of Haidee, quoting lines explanatory, when he was suddenly pulled up by Matilda exclaiming in horror,

"Why, cousin! you don't suppose these young ladies—my pupils—have ever read such a book as 'Don Juan!'"

They had probably not read "such a book," but they had read that one, for their faces betrayed them. The young ladies acted on the hint, and turned to something else, whilst Will stammered out,

"I was—I was addressing the gentlemen."

"Doosid pretty sketch!" said the Honourable Charles, still screwing up his eyes to look at me. "Egad! I should rather like being a painter myself under such circumstances!" And there seemed to himself something so ludicrous in the idea of the Honourable Charles turning painter that he grew quite merry on the occasion.

As for Lord Stiffley, after the first shock of the frying-pan, he showed himself a very condescending gentleman, though not altogether in his element in Will's anti-aristocratic study. As usual in English society, we speedily divided into two groups, the gentlemen talking together in one corner, the ladies in another. They were thorough types of English women; tall, slender, delicately fair, with blue eyes shaded by eyelashes almost black, large mouth showing too readily the long front teeth, long chin, and hair of a rich dark brown, luxuriant in quantity, but arranged without regard to the style of face. The eldest must have been for many years only nominally Matilda's pupil, for she could not have been less than twenty-six or twenty-seven, and at least ten years older than the other sister. The hopeful heir came between the two, and had doubtless been thoroughly worshipped and spoiled by them. Suddenly Miss Steel fixed her eyes on the sketch of the Master of Ravenswood, and I saw a blush suffuse her whole face. She bent down to examine it, and perhaps to conceal her emotion. It was a minute or two before she turned her countenance (calm and pale as before) towards me, and asked "if that was a portrait of any living person?"

"Yes, of the gentleman you saw here."

"Ah, by the way," said her father, "I fancied his face was familiar to me, and yet it is most improbable. Is he a brother-artist?"

"No, a doctor, and a man of no small ability."

"Remarkably good English he speaks."

"In his youth he spent some years in England, and his acquaintance with English literature far exceeds that of most Englishmen. He has been a kind friend to me, coming here a foreigner, and altogether a greenhorn."

As Will spoke warmly in praise of his friend, I again detected on the face of the eldest daughter signs of deep emotion, which she struggled in vain to suppress, and meeting my eyes fixed upon her in compassionate sympathy, her own filled with tears. There must be some sad connexion

between her and some person who greatly resembled the doctor; my young imagination jumped at conclusions which I despaired of ever verifying. Who could have lived for years with starched cousin Matilda and made her any tender confidence? Miss Steel alone looked conscious, and I believed her sorrow, whatever its cause, was secret.

Well, they thawed all of them; the ladies promised to visit me at my school, and, what was pleasanter to me for dear old Will's sake, the young fellow applied his eye-glass so successfully to the little sketch of Haidee, that he begged my brother to finish it up and name his price for the "doosid pretty thing."

Will was of course very triumphant, and as soon as they were gone we set to work again, he actively and I passively. Meyer, who lived so near that he could see the carriage drive off, reappeared, and amused us with a description of the delighted astonishment not only of Madame Babois but of the whole neighbourhood, who collected round the door to see the horses of "ces my lords Anglais." The honourable youth mounted the box, shouting out to the rabble, "Allez vous ong, vous petites blackguards car je vais aller sur vous, sacré."

It is curious enough that, however badly Englishmen speak French, they always pick up the rolling "sacré," whilst the most thorough Frenchman manages to rap out the "Godem," which he imagines to be a certain token of Anglicised naturalisation.

"But, do you know, doctor," said I, "one of those young ladies lost her heart then and there to the Master of Ravenswood?"

He turned pale, and a very peculiar expression passed over his face, but he only answered, "To the *picture*, of course."

"By the way," pursued Will, "Lord Stiffley fancied he had seen you before; has he had that felicity at some bright period of his existence?"

Meyer hesitated, and made a strong effort to speak with indifference. "I think he may perhaps have had that pleasure, as you say. I once formed a passing acquaintance with a family named Steel; it must have been, I suppose, before he was Lord Stiffley, for I remember nothing of any title."

"He became Lord Stiffley the year before Matilda went there," said I; "that must be about seven years ago."

"Seven years; ah! I dare say. Seven years; it seems a very long time. It was at the English lakes, where I had accompanied a young artist friend, in the hopes of getting some insight into sketching from nature. I chanced to be of some service to Miss Steel on the occasion of some trifling accident; they were more grateful than the thing required, and grew quite friendly with me, till the papa suddenly made his appearance on the scene, and was just as haughty as they were affable. We pursued our travels in different directions, and met no more."

"Oh! oh! pirate," laughed Will, "it was a young heart you stole that time. I wager you broke it—that is, you and her governor between you—the poor thing has an old, long-suppressed sorrow in her eyes. At any rate, you see she has been constant to you, she is Miss Steel still."

"And spite of his title, *Steel* will ever be the name of the father. But I must not remain here, I must attend a patient. Good-by. Work well, eat well, and enjoy yourselves."

He ran down stairs, and we saw no more of him that day, but Will and I talked him over, and recalling his gravity, his indifference to all but

science, and a certain touch of bitterness which obscured the real goodness of his heart, we made up our minds that the doctor had been crossed in that true love which never does run smooth. I was seized with a very womanish desire to bring this pair of unfortunates to bliss, and after planning mentally all sorts of meetings for them, alarmed Will for my sanity by laughing aloud at the impracticability of my schemes.

Only a few days elapsed before the ladies called on me and obtained permission of Madame to carry me off for the day. What could she or any schoolmistress refuse to the owners of such a carriage?

Cousin Matilda proposed a visit to Père-la-Chaise. On the road they told me "Papa was so poorly—had evidently a fit of the gout coming on—which made him so cross!"

"*Irritable*, not cross, my dear Adelaide; pain always has that effect on gentlemen," corrected the governess. "Unfortunately, he so thoroughly despises French doctors that he won't have any called in."

"Why," I exclaimed, "does he not send for Will's friend, Doctor Meyer, who knows English habits and constitutions so well?"

I was a little surprised at my own boldness, but Matilda, who I fancy suffered most from my lord's *irritability*, caught at the idea.

"The very thing! We must propose it to him on our return to the hotel, must we not, Miss Steel?"

No answer came, but the youngest sister exclaimed:

"Oh yes, certainly; if he can but keep off the gout he will be the dearest doctor in the world."

"Or the cheapest," I put in. Poor things! I thought, they will meet again; and I rejoiced, as if in my giddy youthfulness I could judge if such meeting would bring joy or sorrow. We *did* the cemetery completely, gathered a leaf from the tomb of the young poetess Eliza Mercœur, stroked the stone dog at the feet of Heloise and Abelard, looked into the little chapel full of child's toys, which some poor mother has set apart as consecrated relics, and sneered somewhat lightly (I think now) at the dripping white tears daubed on the poor black crosses, and which puzzled Miss Adelaide had mistaken for pears! I was lingering a little to admire the splendid panorama of Paris, visible from an eminence, when Miss Steel's voice startled me.

"Do you really think that Doctor Meyer so clever?"

"Of course, you know, *I* cannot judge, but others consider him so."

"Has he a good practice?"

"No; but Will says that is entirely his own fault, because he still devotes so much time to study, and is, besides, apparently quite indifferent on the subject. I have heard him say that he does not care for his profession as a means of getting on in the world—his whole aim is the research of truth."

"Then perhaps he may not choose to attend papa."

"O yes he will," I replied, eagerly.

She turned upon me a searching eye, before which mine fell.

"Has he?" she asked—"has he mentioned us to you?"

I briefly repeated the substance of what he had said.

"Never before that day?"

"No; never."

"He had forgotten all about us, I dare say," she proceeded, stammer-

ing and blushing ; "it is years ago. He was very good to us girls, and papa a little misunderstood him ; it was painful—that is, unpleasant."

I know not what possessed me to say anything so unwarrantable, but I could not help it. "I believe he loved you, Miss Steel ; I believe he loves you still !" She turned pale, then red ; affected to laugh at my "school-girl's romance," and then broke down in a passion of tears. "Forgive me ; don't be offended with me, pray," said I. She gave me her hand kindly, and recovered her composure, as she whispered,

"I was very young then or I should have been more discreet. I am old and steady now, and so, I suppose, is he. It must be all over. There would be no danger in meeting—no disobedience." We walked down the hill silently, but as we drew near the others she said, "Don't mention anything to *them* ; they don't know, and it is quite over, quite forgotten by—by everybody."

Arrived at the hotel, there was very little difficulty in persuading Lord Stiffley to see Doctor Meyer ; for, as he himself remarked, the dinner-hour was drawing near, and he did not know whether to feed or to starve.

"You are always better for a little starvation," suggested Miss Steel.

Papa frowned.

"I am sure it is a bad plan to lower oneself," said Matilda, who always proposed what experience had taught her was agreeable to her patron.

"I believe you are quite right," he replied, solemnly. "But to make sure, we had better allow Doctor Meyer to take the responsibility on himself. A gentlemanly man, certainly ; looks clever, too, but such a beard is sadly unprofessional. Why disguise himself so ?"

Without a moment's delay my lord's man was told to take a cab, and be sure to bring back Doctor Meyer from the Quartier Latin before dinner. No easy task ; but with the Stiffley servants to hear was to obey, and just as the jingle of plate told that the cloth was being laid in the adjoining room, in walked Doctor Meyer. He retired with his patient to his chamber ; but when dinner was announced Lord Stiffley emerged therefrom with so cheerful a smile that we all knew he was to be allowed his dinner, and we soon found that Doctor Meyer had consented to partake of it.

With some slight apology for his lack of evening dress, he took his place at Miss Steel's right hand. A feeling of delicacy prevented my daring to look at them, but I longed to see if there appeared any understanding between them. She hardly spoke, but the doctor came out in (to me) a new light—the elegant, witty gentleman of society. He certainly was quite a fascinating man there, and scarcely at all like a wizard. As I looked at the brilliant plate, the fine damask, the sumptuous repast, the demure waiters, I could scarcely restrain a laugh at the contrast with the preparations my host had witnessed at my brother's study for his morning meal ; indeed, to this day, I can never recal that frying-pan without a smile. The Honourable Charles declared that we ought to have had there "his painter," as he regally styled Will, for he believed he was a "doosid good fellow ;" but how on earth any one could live in such a street, and such a house, he for his part could not tell, seeing Paris was so full of pleasant places and handsome apartments, "and so doosid high up, too. Fancy coming home from hunting, dead beat, and having to climb that staircase !"

It was so likely a contingency that we all laughed.

"The hunting which goes on in the Quartier Latin fatigues the head rather than the limbs," replied Meyer. "When a man has been hunting ideas and riding his intellectual hobby, some eight hours at a stretch, a brisk run up and down to his garret is no bad adjunct to his evening meal. He cannot procure his dinner without a little necessary exercise. Men with occupations solely of the brain do well to live up many stairs; you gentlemen sportsmen may engage the *entresol*."

They chatted on merrily enough till we rose from table, when I whispered to cousin Matilda that I ought to return to school. The Honourable Charles proposed escorting me thither, which was, of course, decidedly negatived, though he grumbled something about "absurd prudishness," and "doosid shame."

As I bade farewell to Miss Steel, I looked up into her face, and was surprised at the change I read there. She looked ten years younger; her eyes sparkled, her lips parted with a radiant smile, and the roses on her cheek seemed to add roundness to their contour. I had observed neither look nor word, but I felt sure the masonic sign known only to lovers had passed between them, and that the faithful woman knew that she was still loved. A fortnight slipped by, in which I only once saw our grand friends. Dr. Meyer was in high favour, for Lord Stiffley was in good health, and had escaped the gout and starvation entirely. Dear Will was handsomely paid on the spot for his little sketch, and came forthwith to me, good old fellow, to "treat" me in any way I could devise or relish. I had rather a fancy for a visit to the Palais Royal, and a dinner-luncheon at one of those immense restaurants which were to me endless sources of amusement. As we passed by the Lutheran Chapel in the Rue St. Honoré, we saw the doors open, and a hackney-coach in waiting.

"Let us go in—it may be a wedding," I suggested.

We went in, and truly it *was* a wedding, for there before the large green baize-covered table, which ought to have been an altar, stood a veiled lady giving her hand to—could it really be so?—yes, to our friend the doctor! We could not distinguish her features, but the drapery was in a sad flutter. It was a plain morning dress, and not a creature accompanied them save a weeping female, whom I recognised as Miss Steel's maid. As the unbridal-looking group moved away, we advanced a step towards them, and they gave a great start. The friends shook hands, and I took that of the trembling bride, wishing her joy heartily.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," she answered, warmly.

Poor thing, the sad, silent, unfestive church had struck cold to her heart—a friendly clasp of the hand, a hearty congratulation, were, indeed, welcome to her.

"What have you been doing, doctor? I am ashamed of you!" said Will.

"You need not be so, for I do not think I am wrong. When we were both younger, I would not have proposed such a step—but she can judge for herself now, and I hope to make her happier than she has been whilst others judged for her. She has made her choice, God grant she may never repent it!"

"Well, you *are* an old pirate!" said Will, making a desperate effort to look jolly; "but go your ways, and my blessing on you, for there does

not seem to be a father here to do the venerable. I suppose his lordship is ignorant of this?"

"We are now going to confess to him."

Will gave a ghastly groan.

"Would I not like to be you, that's all?"

"You might be worse off." And the doctor looked down on his wife with unmistakable love.

Lord Stiffley (we heard afterwards) was very angry at first, but ultimately forgave the happy pair. Miss Adelaide enjoyed the romance of the adventure. Matilda echoed all that his lordship said; and the Honourable Charles thought it a "doosid queer start," but his sister being no chicken, he did not see why she should not please herself.

I had some intention of making our good doctor turn out an offshoot of some illustrious German house (he *was* a German by birth); but I despise such hackneyed arrangements, and will stick to the truth, which is, indeed, the only merit of these my poor "jottings down." I felt that I had some hand in the doctor's bliss, and was not a little proud at my first interference in such matters.

Not long after Dr. Meyer's marriage, on entering the porter's lodge to take the key of Will's room, we saw good Madame Babois seated by her fire, not preparing her pot-au-feu as usual, but with her apron thrown over her head, which was bent forwards supported on her hands, her elbows resting on her knees, and rocking to and fro in evident anguish of mind.

"What is it? what has happened?" we both exclaimed at once.

"Ah, Petit Jean! my dear Petit Jean! he was such a darling! He is lost!"

Petit Jean was a fine bright lad, of some eleven years old, whom I had often seen coming home from school with his books under his arm, and who in the summer evenings enjoyed a game of battledore and shuttlecock in the open street (if any street in the Quartier Latin can be styled *open*), sometimes with the concierge Babois, but more often with the good lady herself, who forgot her fat and her mollesse in the excitement of the game. I had never spoken to him but on one of these occasions, when I could not refrain from taking a school-girl's interest in his efforts to keep up a hundred strokes. I should have enjoyed challenging him myself, but was not quite brave enough to play in the street; besides, it was Sunday, so I contented myself with admiring him. He looked very handsome as he stood there elated with his victory, his sparkling eyes raised to mine, his hair falling back in wild waves from his brown forehead, and his slight figure so graceful and elastic in his simple blouse and leathern girdle.

"What has happened to your son?" I repeated, with sincere interest.

"Ah, mademoiselle, he is not my son; but it is all as one! I think I love him better than if he were. He was only three days old when I had him first, and that is more than ten years ago!—ten years! But I remember it as yesterday—it was a cold night—by reason that I had promised Babois a soupe au lait for his supper. He sat watching the marmite lest the soupe should burn, and I knitted whilst I said my prayers, when some one rang the bell from the street. Babois pulled the cord, remarking, 'Well, I thought every one was in; all the keys are

gone; its some visitor to No. 4, I dare say. I shall have to give that young fellow notice that one cannot be disturbed night after night for nothing. Well, no one comes now the door is open; and, putting on his casquette, he went as far as the door. Sure enough, there was no one. 'It is some rascal playing you a bad turn,' said I; 'look well round the corner.' But as I advanced to look also, I perceived on the ground a large bundle wrapped up in a white tablecloth. I stooped and picked it up. 'Allons,' I said, 'the person it belongs to has doubtless run on for something. But no; on taking it to the light of our lamp, what should I see but a piece of paper pinned on to the cloth, on which was written, 'Commended to the kind heart of Madame Babois.' I opened it carefully, and there lay, comfortably swaddled and wrapped in a little blanket, the most lovely baby eyes ever saw. I could hardly believe mine, I was so surprised. My husband examined well, hoping to find some purse or billet de banque, or, at least, some promising note. There was none; but, for me, I could hardly look away from the sweet face, sleeping soundly in such touching innocence! 'The wicked mother might as well have placed it in the *Enfant Trouvés*,' muttered Babois. 'Never mind the wicked mother,' said I; 'it is Heaven who has sent it, as we have none of our own. Let us rear it.' 'Soit!' said my husband, for he is a man of few words, and not always good tempered; but his heart, mademoiselle, is tender as a lamb's, and he is at this moment taking neither rest nor food in his anxiety to find Petit Jean; the more that it is all his doing that he is lost. You see the lad has such a spirit, and if Babois did not go and accuse him of stealing some change that was missing! Petit Jean retorted angrily; they got to high words; Babois taunted him with his birth, and off, like an arrow, started Petit Jean out of the house. We did not seek to detain him, thinking he would return when his temper cooled. We breakfasted alone, and then my husband went in search of him. He returned at mid-day—no news—and when he saw my anxiety, he started again. Poor Petit Jean! He steal, indeed! Never!"

"Then he knew you were not his mother?"

"Yes; I have many a time told him the story of his arrival here, and showed him the tablecloth, which I still preserve in case any one should wish to claim him. But see, here is Babois again! Ah, mon Dieu! he is still alone."

And so he was, and looking very tired and depressed. "Je n'en puis plus," he said, throwing himself into a chair. "I have been searching for seven hours, and in vain. I give it up. Depend upon it, wife, the rascal is all safe, and only wants to punish us for scolding him. He will return soon, when his appetite sharpens a bit."

Some of Madame Babois's gossips, who had heard the news, here stepped in, and the porterness, being of that nature which gets rid of sorrow by talking it over, fell to work again upon the new comers.

"Place aux Dames," said Babois, rising, and following Will and me out of the lodge.

"Don't give up your search so soon," said I. "Let us go with you. If the boy is afraid of you, our presence may reassure him."

"Petit Jean is not afraid—not he; he is in a mad passion, that is all."

"See," I interrupted, "there is that dreadful man coming again."

It was the same police-agent who had carried off Will to explain the

mystery of the chest. He looked at us with a slight smile of recognition, and turned to Babois:

"I understand you have lost a child, sir?"

"Yes; not my own, but my adopted son."

"Ah! yes—I know all that story. He has been with you above ten years. Why has he left you?"

Babois related the story of the missing coppers, taking much blame on himself.

"Have you lost nothing else?"

"No, no, nothing; and I am sure now that he did not take them. I was mad to accuse him. He could not steal a pin, the fine honest lad! That was what angered him so."

"And you have looked everywhere amongst your friends?"

"Everywhere."

"There is still one place you have not searched. I will accompany you there."

"Where, sir—where?" asked Babois, eagerly.

"To the Morgue," replied the other, with his usual sang froid. The porter sprang up as if he had been shot. "My impression is," continued the policeman, "from what you say of his face and demeanour on leaving you, that he probably rushed straight into the water. We have a great many instances of drowning from mere passion. He left you at seven; the river was dragged before noon. I have no doubt we shall find him there."

"Do you mean to say," cried Will, "that you believe that child to have committed suicide?"

"Monsieur est Anglais," he replied, with a shrug of contempt, as if that fact accounted for a considerable amount of ignorance. "Suicide amongst us is very common; not a month passes but I see a child's body in the Morgue. We have not the phlegme Anglais."

Will and I shrank from the police agent, and walked silently together till we came to a low building close to the Seine, with windows of a peculiar construction, through which a few women and boys were trying to peep inside. No need for peeping, however, for the sad place was open to every one. I remained outside whilst Will entered with his two companions. In a moment he reappeared:

"Come in, the place is empty."

I entered with a beating heart the little house, the culminating point of so many life-long tragedies. There was, however, no cause for fear, nothing terrible, not even repulsive, save as suggestive to the imagination. Four slabs of (I think) lead were arranged beneath the open windows, sloping towards the feet, I suppose to drain off the water from the bodies deposited on those narrow beds; they were then untenanted, and Babois, who had been afraid to enter, heaved a deep sigh of relief. Against the walls hung a few groups of garments, male and female, still awaiting the recognition of friends after the unfortunate wearers had been buried. I turned sick as I thought what we had expected to find on one of those cold grey beds—the lifeless, dripping, perhaps distorted form of that bright, handsome boy! As I turned shudderingly away, I was arrested by the face of an old woman, who walked quietly in. Oh, such a face, such a terribly earnest face! Not afraid, not excited, but hardened, as it were, in protracted suffering, coldly, hopelessly wretched! Scarcely

a shade of difference passed over the white face as she noticed the vacant slabs, and she walked away softly as she had entered, only muttering "Pas encore!"

"Persevering old woman!" said the agent, with a smile; "her daughter went astray some six months ago, and she is alive enough and saucy enough for anything; the old woman would rather believe her dead, and so she comes daily in search of her, though I have often undeceived her as to her fate"

Another shrug of his shoulders for the weakness of human nature, and the agent bade us good morning, leaving us to turn back to the Rue de la Harpe in solemn silence. For my part, as I walked along the gay, busy streets so full of life, my heart swelled with compassionate prayers for the unhappy ones doomed to search for their hearts' treasures in the Morgue—to search successfully, alas!

We had hardly crossed the threshold of the house when Petit Jean himself rushed forwards, and caught Babois's hand, exclaiming earnestly:

"Forgive me, forgive me, my good father!"

"Tell me first where you come from, truant?" returned Babois, his tenderness melting away with his anxiety; "I have been hunting for you all the day."

The boy hung his head, overpowered by shame.

"I have been so wicked!" he faltered.

And now we all perceived another figure in the lodge standing by Madame Babois's chair. It was that of a Sister of Charity, a fine strong woman, whose firm step suited well her coarse shoes, whose active limbs, like her plain short dress, bespoke constant activity, not the romance of asceticism; no pale, languid devotee was there, but a healthy, hearty woman, whose energies were dedicated to the service of Christ in His own appointed way—"Feed my sheep." And how tender was the touch of the hand she laid on Petit Jean's head, how sympathetic the glistening eye which beamed from the depths of her unbecoming but most sheltering head-dress of snowy linen.

"Good man," she said, gently but firmly, "bind up his wounded heart; do not probe it, he has sinned deeply, but he is deeply penitent. God is always merciful, how can we dare be otherwise? Good-by, Petit Jean; next Sunday I will see you again; now I must hasten away; but remember, no more passion, no more ingratitude to God."

Petit Jean sprang up and kissed her warmly. She received his caress with a smile, but she did not return it. All the warmth of her heart had for many years found vent not in soft caresses but in incessant, vigorous acts of benevolence. Her lips ever prayed and admonished, they had almost forgotten to kiss. What an impression she made on me! I wished to detain her, as she left the lodge with her swift firm step, but Will had now caught Petit Jean, and holding him by the ear, insisted upon knowing where he had spent the day.

"Tell them all about it, Petit Jean," said Madame Babois, who had already heard the story from the Sister of Charity.

"When I left here this morning," began the child, with a faltering voice, "I felt, oh I don't know how, but wicked, wicked and angry all over. 'They are unjust, unjust,' I kept on saying to myself; 'I will never go back to them;' and I ran on, and still something always said *unjust, unjust*, in my heart. I came to the river; I was hot, furious; the

water looked cool and pleasant. 'If I die they will be sorry they accused me unjustly,' I thought; and in a moment, I hardly know how, I had jumped in. I felt the water all over me, it got down my throat suffocatingly; but I rose again to the light, and then I screamed for help, as loud as I could."

Babois interrupted the recital by a hoarse laugh, and a "*Fichtre petit drôle*, you have grand courage for a suicide."

"You should not laugh at him," I suggested.

"No, no, it is very serious," replied Madame.

"I don't know what happened after that," resumed the boy; "but I found myself on a bed, all wrapped up in blankets, and by my side sat the same Sister of Charity who brought me here. She spoke to me very kindly, and told me to lie still, that my clothes were at the fire, and when they were dry she would take me home. After a while she asked me if I had a mother, upon which I told her all I knew about myself. She asked me more questions than I could answer, and she told me how wicked I had been, and she made me pray to be forgiven, and she prayed, too, for me. That is all."

"Why, Jean, you have forgotten how you were saved," said Madame Babois; "it is the most singular part of the story. You know the my lord Anglais who came to see you, sir; well, he was lounging on the quai, trying to induce his dog to have a swim, when my poor boy jumped in. Sir, without a moment's hesitation, in he went after him, swam to him, and bore him to the shore; but with a sang froid, the good sister told me, he would not hear a word of thanks. 'But,' said she, 'tell me your name, that the mother of this poor boy may mention you in her prayers.' So then he drew a little case from his pocket, and gave her his card, and walked coolly away with his dog, all dripping with wet, but not hastening his step or looking more moved than if he had taken a warm bath! Ah! they are curious, those English." And Madame Babois produced the glazed, finely-engraved card, much stained with water, on which we read "Honourable Charles Stiffley, Grafton-street."

"Doosid lucky thing he was there," said Will, imitating his very indifferent style of speech.

When, some days afterwards, Will saw the Honourable Charles, and congratulated him on his Sunday morning's work, he replied with nonchalance, "Oh, ah! fine boy; hope his governor horsewhipped him soundly."

On the following Sunday, faithful to her promise, arrived the good Sister of Charity, and at my own desire I was allowed to see her. But she came not alone; with her was a younger sister, dressed, like herself, in a religious habit, but different as possible in face and manner. Delicate, timid, with hesitating step and sad, languid eyes, which dropped before the gaze of a stranger, as if she had known not only sorrow but shame. She coloured deeply as Sister Thérèse presented her, by the name of Agnes, to Madame Babois and Petit Jean.

"You are very happy to have found so good a mother," she said gently to the boy; "you will never again cause her such anxiety. Think of her grief if she had lost you!" And her large eyes, filled with tears, were fixed earnestly on Petit Jean.

Sister Thérèse then asked permission to see the clothes which Madame had kept since the first night of the infant's arrival at her door. The other one turned them over and over with trembling hands and drooping

lip, as if painful remembrances touched her at the sight of the little "langes," now yellow with age. Then she fixed her eyes again on Petit Jean, and listened in silence to all Madame's loquacious descriptions of the courage, wit, and vivacity of the boy's earliest years.

Sister Thérèse, with kindly authority, gave good advice to Jean and his adopted mother, and promised to renew her visit at some future time. "But," said she, "we have so little leisure; what with the school-children and the sick, and the Church offices, we have rarely a moment to spare. Come, Agnes, bid farewell to the good Christian who has been a mother to a forsaken child. We have hardly time to gain the Hôtel Dieu for our watch."

She rose to depart, saluting us all with a wave of the hand and a quiet smile.

"Au revoir," murmured the pale Sister Agnes, following her with a slow, mechanical step. She crossed the threshold, then suddenly returning, took Jean by the hand, and imprinted a long yearning kiss on his forehead; her lips seemed to grow there, and her sad eyes overflowed with tears meanwhile. Jean watched them from the door.

"Mademoiselle," whispered the portress to me, "did you observe that kiss?"

"Yes; why?"

"Only mothers kiss like that," she replied, shaking her head with a glance full of meaning—"only mothers! Hélas! la pauvre fille!"

Three years afterwards, when I was far removed from the Quartier Latin, occurred one of those periodical minor revolutions to which poor France has been always subject since the great shock to her system in the latter part of the last century: sort of epileptic fits following a terrific attack of delirium, treated by copious bleeding instead of good food and tonics.

Petit Jean on this occasion headed a band of the youthful *gardes mobiles*, and received his death-blow at a very early stage of the business. He lay bleeding behind a barricade of overturned fiacres and omnibuses, when two Sisters of Charity advanced to him. One raised his head, the other attempted to stanch the blood from a wound in his breast.

"Ah! is it you, Sister Thérèse? ever my good angel; and you too, Sister Agnes?"

"Not sister," whispered the poor woman, pressing to her bosom his drooping head; "not sister, but mother, your own unfortunate, most erring mother. Tell me you forgive me, my son!"

Death was fast veiling the bright eyes which sought hers so eagerly at these words; the hand which would have clasped hers fell limp and powerless; but the lips moved, and on the strained ear of the listener fell the soft sound, "My mother, my dear mother!" One kiss, and the newly-claimed tie was severed, severed for a time, to be re-united—yes, grant it, forgiving Lord!—re-united for ever.

And so passed away Petit Jean; and good Madame Babois has had a florid history of him engraven on his tomb, which she decorates monthly with fresh wreaths and crosses, and inspects as often the little packet of linen so often watered by her tears.

Doctor Meyer and his wife are flourishing in Canada, where there is ample scope for the exercise of his talents, and fewer people to remark on

their little difference of rank in the social ladder. Will is a portly family man, and I have more than one small tyrant clinging to my maternal skirts. The Quartier Latin has become to me a dream; yet no;—dreams are less pleasant, more eccentric; it is rather a page in the history of my life read over and over again by the lamp of memory—read so often, that my fond prejudice led me to fancy others might like to read it too. The mature reader will forgive me, for he too must have some vivid chapter in his youthful life over which he dwells when all has changed, the actors have vanished, the scene is shifted, nay, even his own identity lost in the difference of costume.

MISERERE.

FROM A POSTHUMOUS POEM BY HEINE.

BY EDGAR A. BOWRING, C.B.

THE sons of Fortune I envy not
 For their lives in pleasure vying;
 I envy them only their happy death,
 Their easy and painless dying.

In gala dresses, with garlanded heads,
 Their lips in laughter extended,
 They joyously sit at the banquet of life—
 The sickle falls,—all is ended!

In festal attire, with roses adorn'd,
 Still blooming with life, these glad mortals,
 These fav'rites of Fortune, reach at last
 The shadowy realm's dark portals.

They ne'er were disfigured by fever's attacks,
 They die with a joyous demeanour,
 And gladly are welcomed at her sad court
 By Proserpine, hell's czarina.

O how I envy a fate like theirs!—
 Seven years I daily languish
 For death, as on the ground I writhe
 In bitter and speechless anguish.

O God! my agony shorten, that I
 May be buried—my sole ambition.
 Thou knowest that I no talent possess
 For filling a martyr's position.

I feel astonish'd, gracious Lord,
 At a course so inconsequential;
 Thou madest a joyous Poet without
 That joy that is so essential.

My torments blunt each feeling of mirth,
 And melancholy make me;
 Unless I get better ere long, to the faith
 Of a Catholic I must betake me.

Like other good Christians, I then shall howl
 In Thine ears my wailings dreary—
 The best of humorists then will be lost.
 For ever—O miserere!

THE CONFEDERATE JUSTIFICATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—It was as far back as September that you were good enough to insert some observations of mine upon the present unhappy contest going on in the United States of North America. I did not flatter myself that they would have attracted notice on the other side of the Atlantic, and that an American gentleman, who declares himself to be of the State of Arkansas, in a publication entitled “Confederate Notes for English Circulation,”* should have done me the honour of noticing, although in reprobation, the article to which I allude. Not that I complain; I am let off gently compared to Professor Cairnes, who, in his work entitled the “Slave Power,” has shown a more decided feeling of opposition to the slave system which it has been the object of the Southern States not merely to maintain on the footing it stood at the period of the declaration of independence, but to extend and ramify as much as possible in order to render the extirpation of that curse of humanity next to impossible. As slaves could not be openly imported it became necessary to multiply them at home by all possible modes. A part of Virginia, rendered hopelessly barren owing to the over-cultivation of the soil, until it was utterly exhausted, turned the attention of a portion of its people to breeding slaves as they would breed swine, to dispose of in the more Southern markets. The trade became a flourishing one in the Virginian hutches. Cross-breeds, semi-whites, or pure African blood, all would do—like Peter Pindar’s razors—to sell. In place of attempting to lessen the evil, the object was to increase and render it a lasting system. By dint of union in the South, and by successful efforts to detach a certain number of members from the North, so far as to maintain a predominant influence in the government, not only the maintenance of slavery was strengthened and established on the firmest footing, but also its extension almost to the Pacific by new states. The American papers long ago detailed to the world the unseemly individual contests on the floor of the congress, proceeding even to coarse brutality towards individual representatives who ventured to censure the degrading system in a free expression of their opinions. Still slave-breeding went on. Many slaves had two or three wives. Some owners even hoped each woman would lie in annually, and enhance the stock for sale. As long as a preponderance was maintained by the South, matters proceeded with tolerable smoothness. Now and then the brutal explosion of an angry Southerner would take place when some one of the North ventured to be hostile in relation to slavery. The representatives of the South boast of being the élite of the American people, aping at a distance sufficiently remote the feudal lords of the past time in Europe with their wretched serfs. Yet matters going their own way, and the men in authority not presuming to differ from them,

* Confederate Notes for English Circulation. By M. B. H., of Arkansas. C. S. Simpson, 10, King William-street.

the State machine worked tolerably smooth, but still with the repetition of curses, loud and deep, upon those who did not hold Southern opinions. The choice of a president privately opposed to the objects and system of the Southern extension of slavery, although he might not proceed to any action which seriously affected their interests, and although he might not arrest further encroachments upon the laws of reason and humanity, was fully sufficient to incite the South to a covert design for the destruction of the existing government, and the establishment of slavery as a fixed and permanent rule, this even if an anti-slavery president were only elected, although he should display no overt act of hostility to slavery. According to the South, the advantage of unpaid labour and white idleness (for it is upon his own idleness that the Southerner builds his ideal claim to the gentleman) was no stigma upon a whole empire for the crime of a part, and no denial to the Northerners of holding an opinion on the matter, or a right to feel solicitous about the disgrace to the national character among other countries; this was openly denied. The election of a president who held sentiments favourable to the best interests of mankind, irrespective of action, became a signal for open rebellion, for which all had been long duly prepared in the South in case of such a contingency. It should be "their way," or they would not longer obey the general government. The slave-master minority would be master of the government or separate by rebellion. The spirit of petty tyranny in the land must needs be that of political rule. The familiarity with despotic power in their domiciles imparted a similar spirit in regard to public affairs, and, singular enough, the world was desired to take notice that where the most absolute slavery existed, and free citizens dared not express an opinion adverse to that held by the South upon any point, that such a people so violating every law of humanity was to be credited as "politically" free! In regard to the right any American state, a fraction of the territory, has to declare itself free, because it possesses the power of self-government to a certain extent, and the affirmative, can only be supported by the success of the treason which changes the name, and points out a new designation. The English counties are self-ruled. They have a military establishment, at the head of which is the lord-lieutenant, who raises and controls troops of no contemptible class. He has his deputies. The sovereign does not even sign the commissions of the officers. The civil power is in the hands of the justices, who raise and control the expenditure, and almost all the offices are held by people locally appointed, yet will any sane man say that Yorkshire, for instance, is not in rebellion against the English crown if it rise in arms, and declare itself free on the order of the local government, under the false pretext of not liking a tax levied by parliament? It is clear, as said before, that the Slave States of America had long decided on rebellion if they found the head of the government, or the government itself, such as did not suit their ideas, horribly despotic as their views were and are, and that, too, whether the general government interfered or not with the existing system.

The statistics which I used were undeniable. The writer attempts to explain them away. He appeals to some lady, of whom I have now heard for the first time, who paid America a visit a few years ago, as a competent witness in behalf of slaveowners and slavery. Really, this

is pushing evidence rather too far. A casual visit to America, South or North, by a young lady, or a young gentleman either, can decide nothing. Men have gone over to the States, and, returning to England, have written books after a visit of a few weeks, abusing all Americans. No one would take these for more than their worth at a glance. A young or old lady, who has, it appears, written some letters to England, called the slave-holding planters "preux chevaliers," and judged the Southerners by their jolly countenances, so different from the Northerners. I will not quarrel about the beauty of the Yankee features, North or South, for in Europe we call all Americans Yankees. Now, if there be such a striking difference, perhaps the hard personal labour of the North compared with Southern idleness—the work being done there by unpaid labourers—this may account for the difference which the discriminating fancy of the lady may more correctly judge than one of the other sex is likely to do, by the rotundity or acuteness of the features of Americans in general. I have never denied the hospitality and good cheer of the Southern planters. Pleasanter men—provided they have their own absolute way, and you do not contradict them in any favourite or interested opinion, held with inflexible tenacity—pleasanter men do not exist. This must be understood in the sense which attached to our old ignorant feudal lords, in the halls where they feasted the stranger over the dungeons beneath filled with victims, and were permitted to torture and decapitate their serfs occasionally in the way of amusement.

But such kind of evidence is nothing to the purpose. It is clear the South had prepared for rebellion the moment it was aware that slave interests would be no longer supreme in the Union. If such a resistance be not rebellion, it is very difficult to find an English name for it. A president whose private sentiments were unfavourable for slave-breeding and selling, although so difficult a question that he could not venture to agitate it, were he in office, still his private sentiments made him the object of implacable animosity to the South.

Mr. Cairnes, late Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin, comes in for much severer censure than myself in reference to his work entitled the "Slave Power," &c. That gentleman is said to be "indoctrinated more thoroughly than Mr. Redding by the sainted missionaries of the Northern money-changers." No doubt the professor can defend his opinions, and will not quote the Scriptures of the Jews to uphold slavery. Our Arkansas friend would no doubt defend suicide from the Scriptures, for suicide is found there as well as slavery. He cannot see the difference between a system existing in barbarous times among heathens, or men little better, and a more enlightened state of things in humanity, science, and literature, ripened by the philanthropic genius of Christianity. I trust we are a little nearer advanced towards the doctrines of the New Testament, and shall not find a modern guide in any of the barbarities of the old Jew, or heathen, which a Christian system has superseded. My other statistics remain uncontradicted, but there is an attempt to palliate differences, which amounts to little against figures.

Referring to my former article in the *New Monthly Magazine*, the defender of the South, from Arkansas, says, in substance, that we have much to unlearn; that the North deceives the world, which is ruled by

ideas. "Nor is this true only of the crowd ; it holds good amongst even thinkers. Reference in illustration of this may be made to two recent instances among men of ability—Mr. Cyrus Redding, a well-known *littérateur*, and Mr. J. E. Cairnes, late professor of political economy in the University of Dublin. Mr. Redding, in reviewing statistics of the two sections of the late American Union, refers the smaller ratio to the population, the number of schools, and the number of children attending those schools in the South, as compared with the North, to 'the degrading influence of slavery.' And this reference passes here into currency! Is it just? Between the effect and its alleged cause, Mr. Redding shows no necessary connexion, but refers that effect, without reflecting that he did so in blind obedience to the leadings of a foregone conclusion. The Southern States present the results of most assuredly more than one agency. The hygrometrical differences between the North and South can hardly be referred as a matter of course to slavery. If Mr. Redding had thought for a moment of questioning the correctness of his hasty assumption, he would have found that differences similar to those that exist between the educational statistics of the group of States south of the Potomac and the Ohio, and of the group north of those rivers, hold amongst all those States when compared separately one with another. Slavery, he would thus have seen, cannot be concluded the cause of differences that exist between one Slave State and another, between one Free State and another State equally 'free.' "

The native of Arkansas then refers to the more scattered nature of the population in the South than in the North as more unfavourable for the assemblage of people, or scholars, or objects of charity, in churches, schools, and so on, thus accounting, in some degree, for their inferiority to the North.

But the great question is not to be tried by these secondary points, whether in this instance I were correct or not, nor the success or failure of either party in America. The principles of truth and justice are steadfast as the foundations of the universe. The reasonable and wise wished to see slavery abolished without a servile insurrection or ruin to any party, and that the interest and security of the slave-master should be considered as much as possible. He would not for a moment tolerate the bare idea. For threescore years he endeavoured to extend the plague-spot on humanity, and he was successful beyond his expectations. Many in the Northern States were indifferent in the matter where it was probable it might affect their own interests, and these, too, had an antipathy to the black man because he was black, and they were neutral in consequence in regard to the justice and humanity of the system. Still all the thinking Northerners felt they had a country and character to preserve in the world of which the Southerners never felt the value. When the Northern States were struggling for their freedom against George III., the Southerners, in the Slave States of the Carolinas particularly, offered to the English commander to remain neutral in the contest, and to join the side which was successful, if they were let alone. Cornwallis, coming to the command of the English troops in the South, broke this tacit agreement so "honourable" to Southern patriotism. I mention the incident as explanatory of the view taken of freedom and its value by slaveowners, which is the same all over the world. That there

is in this country a party anxious for the success of the South there is no doubt; one section of that party is made up of persons who say the planters live like gentlemen of opulence in Europe—in idleness—though existing upon the toil of the slave; the other section is one that regards only the cotton imports and their own pockets beyond all justice as understood “in heaven above or the earth beneath.” It would be better such persons should reflect that if cotton came again by peace in America, as long as our manufacturers rely solely upon that market, the same evil is likely to recur to their suffering workmen. A war between England and the United States is no improbable event at any time. But to my Arkansas friend.

Mr. Gladstone, as well as the Scriptures, is quoted by the writer in favour of slavery, in reference to one of his speeches, and the onus of slavery itself is made an English inheritance. This can be no justification. The acquittance of continued crime because an ancestor has been guilty of it, will not stand the test either of reason or religion. England confesses the stain, and has nobly wiped out the inhumanity. England is a penitent for that sin. The position of the Southern States of America at the peace of 1783, and more especially when the slave-trade was abolished in America as well as in England, should have led those States to look forward to the extinction of slavery by gradual means in place of continuing to extend it as widely as possible, and glorying in it as a permanent establishment. It is said that white men cannot cultivate the land in a country where it is necessary labourers should be acclimated. Our Arkansas friend, however, shows us that the mortality of the negro and the white in Charleston is about equal even as regards yellow fever, which never attacks the black in the West Indies. We happen to know that in Venezuela, nearer the line, white men can work in the open air from day-dawn till ten A.M., and from four P.M. till dark, without inconvenience, and at the same time do more work for wages than the slave in the entire day. Indeed, we are told by some of the papers of the United States that all the really hard work in several of the Southern States is done by Irishmen, the slave attending to the lighter part of the culture, while the Irish labourers ditch and drain. No doubt the habit of drinking and liability to fever must, under such circumstances, be fatal to the health of a class of European labourers that bears in Europe at least no high character for sobriety or forecast. Slavery, therefore, is not as necessary as the Southerners pretend even to themselves, except that it enables the masters to be idle by means that cost them comparatively little. As to the difference of the colour of a man's skin giving him of a light complexion a natural right to make the man of a darker colour, with faculties every way equal by nature one to the other, a miserable being without hope, there is no such right, unless brute power be so constituted. This, indeed, seems to be the latent argument of the slave-dealer. In regard to the right of the slave to freedom, and the obtaining it by every means in his power, even by the utmost violence, that right is inherent in him, and that natural right it is which constitutes the justification of the slave in the use of any means to free himself from his shackles. It is a terrible alternative, but it is a right of nature in one placed by constraint beyond the law's protection.

I am well aware that there are individuals in England who, having
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visited not only America, but some of our own colonies, have displayed a contempt for the negro whom they have seen carefully kept in a brute state. They show an inclination to disparage the ability of the black, who have been excluded from instruction of every kind, therefore justify towards his race all sorts of enormities. In some of the English West Indian Islands the freedom of the slave is still looked upon with an evil eye. The time is still remembered when the slave worked without wages under the lash, and the planter sipped his sangaree, and rejoiced in that idleness which marks the sensualist and the covetous in the circle of his own inglorious inactivity. We still find visitors running down the emancipated slaves in our West Indian Islands as idlers: "Our Emancipation Acts have ruined the colonists," thus uttering Jeremiads in behalf of those who have no more right to the service of the black man than he has to those of the white. If the black man will not work he cannot eat, any more than the white. All this grumbling about the blacks is the offspring of a sullen regretful feeling on the part of the whites, a hankering after the old times, when the slave worked under the lash, and the planter sat in inglorious idleness, leaving active labour to the overseer and his whip. In the opinion even of some Englishmen, not only is the emancipation of the negro in the West Indies deprecated, but that of the natives as well, on the Spanish Main. Canning's calling the New World into being is lamented. It is declared that freedom has not only conferred ignorance upon the unenslaved Spanish colonies, but has rendered them every way the reverse of what they were under the "happy" rule of the nation that extinguished the lives of millions by the mines, while with the sword, at the same time, it destroyed that extraordinary degree of civilisation for untutored men which Las Cases so appositely describes, and the writings of other humane men have painfully confirmed.

It never enters the minds of those persons so regretful of past flagitious times, who grumble in a sidelong way at that righteous course which they will not openly impugn—it never enters their minds to ask themselves what is the mainspring of their dislike against that course of things, and those changes which they see with such regret. It is, in reality, the longing desire for the return of those times when their fellow-beings, tortured by the lash or immured in the mine, were enslaved to support a system that was a curse upon humanity—a system that made power sanctify crime, a hideous selfishness which sacrificed the blood and muscle of men possessing equal rights, to the idleness and sordid lucre of those whose merit was no more than that of those they would fain replace in their old position—a position not less degrading to the slave than flagitious in him who converted his fellow-men into property. The motive for the existence of the crime of slavery is derogatory to the character of man as a rational being; it is wholly selfish. Gain by unpaid labour, indolence in the slaveholder, and the depression of numbers of unfortunate people under no right but power, are made to enrich a portion of the population of a country where slavery only exists by means of unhallowed strength. Thus, where slavery has been abolished by the law of the majority, the minority, always the least informed, and least capable from habit of appreciating the rule of justice between man and man, has viewed the concession of his natural right to the slave himself, even with a compensation, as a subject of no little soreness. It matters not that the

Northerners in America, like our own colonists, have a dislike to men of any colour but their own, arising from that antipathy which is almost insensibly engendered by circumstances long gone by, and become a sort of hereditary distaste, but with us the man of colour is acknowledged to be a freeman.

The production or non-production of cotton is not the real point at issue. If it cannot be produced without slavery, still let slavery perish. That such must be the ultimate fate of that blot upon morals cannot be doubted. The increase of it to the utmost possible extent has been the main object of the Southern States for more than half a century, in place of endeavouring as much as possible to lessen the evil by degrees, and to introduce free labour. That it is the real cause of the present contest, disguise it as its friends may, is the fact, though it has been attempted on the part of the Southerners to prove that slavery has nothing to do with the present unhappy contest. No sane person credits an assertion made in order that the South should stand better with the civilised world. Concealed at the outbreak it has since become as a cause more and more clearly developed.

Again, the Southerners became treasonable to the Union government because the Northern States laid a small export duty upon the raw material: so it is pretended. But if a part of a great nation is to find a justification of rebellion in the lawful acts of its own government, when, too, it is amply represented, is it difficult to delineate with truth the character of such a proceeding, when urged as a justification? The larger part of the exports of the States proceeded from the North. It was the great commercial part of the Union; the Southerners were agricultural. The foreign commercial transactions of the States were for the most part transacted by the North. If this were displeasing to the Southern States, they had ports and rivers of their own, adequate to every desire for the export of their own produce. Why did they not act upon their knowledge of that fact? In 1850, the registered tonnage of the Free States was 1,330,963 tons; of the Slave States, 250,880. What prevented the South from extending its tonnage and exports? The States' foreign commerce for two years reckoned 631,396,034 dollars for the Free, and 234,936,306 dollars for the Slave States. The difference in the main arose from the fact that the one section was commercial and the other agricultural, through natural consequences. The domestic commerce of the United States in 1850 was six times that of the foreign, and here the divisional proportion must have depended wholly upon local circumstances. In 1855, the foreign commerce of New York alone was twice that of all the Slave States together. This being the case, was the North to blame for its superior activity? If in 1855 the Free States built 528,844 tons of shipping, and the Slave States only built 52,959, on whose shoulders lies the fault? Does this justify rebellion and bloodshed, war, ruin, inveterate hatred among brethren?

The Southerners, it is stated, are "gentlemen." My Arkansas friend makes a boast of this, no doubt in consideration of the light in which he views the hard-dealing "pawky" traders of the North. The definition of the term "gentleman" is different in different places in the Old World, and perhaps it is the same in the New. In Europe, it admits of con-

siderable latitude in meaning, and is applied very frequently to men of the most exceptional lives. The name in Europe can go for little in determining character; in America it may perhaps have more of the poetical than the prosaic delineation of the original meaning of the word. Highwaymen were once called "gentlemen of the road" in old England. While it is expected that a nobleman shall be a "gentleman," it is not a necessary consequence that he should be so either in lineage or manners.

It is of no consequence as regards the question of slavery whether the slave be used well or ill. That is a matter of humanity of which a slaveholder may be possessed, as well as one who is neither an owner nor breeder of his fellow-men for sale. I am quite ready to grant that independently of the inhumanity or kindness of slaveholders, there is a much more powerful agent for treating the slaves well in the American Slave States to be found in self-interest. But this has no weight in the moral bearing of the question. As the slave-trade no longer existed, slave property had become more valuable. The importation of slaves not being permitted in the United States, the price of the slave was enhanced. This had been so much the case, that the Virginians had taken to breed slaves for the Southern market, and were not nice about a shade or two of colour. A little white blood is not a bar to slave-selling—a bargain now and then, perhaps, in the mode of the Inkle and Yarico arrangement! I by no means accuse the Southerners of the barbarities formerly practised on slaves, before the abolition of the nefarious traffic. This was begun, both in America and the West Indies, by Europeans. I do not believe so incredibly ill of the Southerners as to charge them with wanton wickedness at the expense of their own interests. The proof of the general good treatment of the slaves in the United States is the increase of their numbers, of all complexions, without importation. Families of slaves born and bred as a sort of cattle speculation, some sent south, some west, for sale, young or old, according to demand, is a species of refinement on the old importation system. Fancy children bred for sale alone like pigs in this mode, and this breeding a trade!

The general good treatment of the slave by his Southern masters is, notwithstanding, no justification of man-selling, or man-stealing. Men are born free; this is admitted in some of the more despotic countries.* The destruction of the free agency of any responsible individual, except for offences against social law, is a violation of natural right, a crime analogous to those outrages operated by brute force, which correspond to felonies, and may be as justifiably resisted by the slave, ay, to the death, or worse consequences if possible, just as the traveller may resist the footpad to the death, or the burglar the midnight housebreaker. In a country claiming to be free, slavery is a twofold blot, bad in its own nature, and bad because a slave can perform no act from a virtuous motive. Nor can any palliation be found for the evil, grounded in the experience of all ages, that the unlimited authority of the master over the slave insensibly accustoms the master himself to lapses in the moral

* Even in the East, "les docteurs de la mosquée s'ont tenus qu'un enfant trouvé, soit qu'il appartienne à un Musselman ou à un infidèle, doit être regardé comme libre; parce que, disent-ils *la liberté, selon l'esprit du Koran, est une qualité inhérente à l'homme dans l'origine.*"—" *Esquisse Politique sur l'Action des Forces Sociales,*" par mon ami Bozzelli, jurisconsulte Napolitain.—C. R.

virtues, and makes him severe, haughty, choleric, and voluptuous. Hence no doubt the temper to which I have before alluded as displayed at different times by Southern members in congress—imperious, threatening, regardless of the sanctity of the senate-house, outraging all decency in a great legislative assembly. In a free state, too, slavery is contrary to the spirit of the constitution, imparting an idleness and luxury which are highly injurious before the law, and ruinous to the equality of social life in a well-ordered republic.

Having succeeded for a considerable time in preventing any action that might limit or lessen the extent of the plague-blot of slavery, and, on the contrary, having as much as practicable endeavoured to render it impossible of removal or even of diminution, and determined when it could no longer remain powerful enough, through a pro-slavery president, and the securing a sufficient number from one or both parties in the North to turn the balance their own way, they resolved at last, “the pear being ripe,” by the addition of an immense territory subjected to slave influence, to destroy the Union, and consolidate a system which would make the name of a republic so constituted a mockery, and an incubus upon the advanced civilisation of man. Things appear to have been well prepared, and the pro-slavery states rose in rebellion: the sequel is well known, and no more need be said here on the nature of the sanguinary operations that have ensued. What civil war is, a great man, Wellington, once forcibly described in our House of Lords, when he nobly said he knew what it was, and he would rather lay down his own life than see six weeks civil war in Ireland.

To return to the subject of slavery, which the Southerners so strenuously uphold. We have the usual arguments which those who support slavery and its coincidents present in its defence. To go into the recriminations of the disputants is not of moment. Despite all that has been put forth in the matter, I maintain that the maintenance, extension, and attributes of slavery are at the bottom of the present contest, and I repeat it. The extent of the attachment of the South to the principles of political freedom, as well as to the general independence of the Union, have been tested, and found wanting.

I discover, for the first time, that my ideas, as well as those of my countrymen, are best part of a century behind the times as to America. A Miss Murray and a Mr. Coleridge are produced to prove how superlatively happy the slaves are, and how paternally they are regarded. The old story, that Freedom is but a relative term; and the English poor-law, the English apprentice, and the slave contrasted, are brought forward for the ten-thousandth time to uphold it. Statements of Brougham, Wilberforce, Canning, and others, when writing about or debating the question of slave emancipation, are applied as a justification of its present state in America! There is a Jeremiad, as usual, over our ruined West Indian colonies, such as is found in all writers in favour of slavery. The benefit of slavery to the negro is insisted upon, as an advance in his position—what must that position have been previously! The most ingenious part of the pro-slavery writer consists in one of the most shallow arguments ever put forth in favour of oppression. Men must work, that they may rise by that means from ignorance to knowledge! Rise in knowledge, religion, and political freedom under the tutelage of those who breed them up in the violation of all three! Secondly, those who do work (the slave-

masters not included, I presume) have a right to compel those to work who do not. Thirdly, that this right—the right of man to steal, or breed up men and compel them to work—has been from all time one of the means which God employs to make humanity advance in the path of progress, &c.!! Fourthly, that in imposing work upon the black race, which has hitherto remained in total idleness, the white only accomplishes a right and duty! Slavery must admire an advocate so ingenious, as if the real object were not the sordid profit of the master, and the slave were considered at all beyond the balance-sheet return.

That negro stealing, selling, and buying, to be made a slave of in a foreign land, and a marketable commodity there, is any advance of the negro's position, I deny. If not his, on the other hand, it must be an admitted advance for the slave-shipper's purse to sell to the slave-dealer the muscle, blood, and bones he has transhipped. It is an advance, too, for the slave-dealer's purse, when he sells in his turn to the planter, who lives upon the work of the slave. But this is no advance of the negro's position. Is it not, rather, an advance of the planter's lucre, and of his idleness while the slave supports him? How the negro is to rise to a knowledge useful to soul or body in being carried off by fraud or force from his native land in this mode, is as difficult to discover as that the buyer of the slave (the stolen goods) has a right to make the slave work, and put the wages of him whom he thus furtively possesses into his pocket. I contend that man has no right to compel his stolen fellows to work. The labourer or slave is to be ruled in this respect by the law, that if he does not work he cannot eat. His rights are in every way equal with those of the white man. Fraud or force have placed him as a slave. He is not to be compelled to work under restraint, or to be subject to the lash for others little or no way above himself save in the power to oppress. God never made men exist to profit others perforce under the false plea of their obtaining an education, and placing them in the ranks of civilisation. God never constituted black men to labour for the idle and voluptuous, that these last may reap the fruit of the toil and suffering of those whom they have obtained in the way of stolen property. There is no other question between the white man and the negro, since the former stole the first black from Africa, down to the day the breeding-hutches of Virginia were used to multiply these dependents (many not pure negro, some, it may be, semi-whites). How much money could be made by each transaction on the part of the slave-stealer, slave-dealer, and slave-employer, was ever the sole object. Lucre, and no interest of the slave, had any concern in the matter, the advocates of slavery disguise it as they may.

The man who will not work cannot eat. If he can live without work, he is a happy man; but here we have no such question to meet by keeping our fellows in bondage. An idle man in a civilised community is not compelled to labour day by day, or tasked for a very scanty meal, in order to put his earnings into the pocket of any individual, or to work against his will, and often against his strength, and, in addition, to see his wife and children dispersed and sold for the profit of one who breeds and sells them as he would breed or sell hogs. There is no analogy. More than that, God and nature justify the act of the slave in any measure to obtain his freedom if he have no other ground for making it than the violence that holds him in chains. The conduct of the patriarchs in

regard to slavery is no example for us who live in a more civilised age, much less in the mere fact that slavery existed even when Christianity showed its head in ancient times in states where the advocates of the new doctrine had no secular power. If the mere existence of a base thing which is part of a system in a country ruled by the heathen be a sanction for it, we may find a justification for many crimes under the same plea. Judæa was not under Christian rule, and Christianity is not to be blamed for the existence of slavery there any more than for its continued existence where the power and influence of Christianity are of small temporal influence.

In a country like the United States, which professes to rule according to the doctrines of Christianity, it is wonderful to discover how well religion is made subservient to purposes of lucre. "The shop" is the first care, and everything is accommodated to that mean sordid standard. Churches are endowed with the bones and muscle of men the product of a felony on the African coast. People die, and leave so many negroes to be sold by a missionary society for the purpose of "preaching the Gospel to the heathen!" Power is made the law of right in the slave districts. Judge Harper laid it down that slavery was in the order of nature and God. "The being of superior faculties and knowledge, and therefore of superior power, should control and dispose of those who are inferior. It is as much in the order of nature that men should enslave each other, as that other animals should prey upon each other." I do not believe that the negro, if carefully educated, is not equal to the white man. The latter is often enough not much above a quadruped in knowledge or sagacity.

It is alike in the Southern States with all sects—Independents, Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists—all agree most marvellously upon the right of man-selling and enslaving their fellow-beings, and if a brother of the pulpit presume to differ with others in opinion, he is anathematised by the sentiments of those who cannot agree upon any other article of faith. What an astounding harmony among these saints, where self-interest is the latent rule! Bowen, Bishop of Charleston, talked of "the malignant philanthropy of abolition!" Some openly assert that man-stealing and slavery are by divine appointment! At Charleston, about the time this phrase was used, the *Gazette* of that place offered fifty dollars for the head of a fugitive negro! Thus, upon the same moral and political system, murder is lawful, provided it be committed upon a man with a dark skin. In slave countries religion ceases to be the consoler of human nature or the pilot to eternal happiness: it is only a mask to cover slave-dealing avarice.

The convenience of upholding the doctrine of my Arkansas friend, no one can deny in any place where slavery exists. Self-interest is an argument beyond all moral or religious considerations, and the possession of the power to oppress for that end supersedes every other. Such is the basis of all the arguments of the Southern slaveholders, while they have the effrontery to declare that slavery is for the benefit of the victim, for whose advantage a little injustice is to be permitted. Is there no one in the Slave States of America honest enough to say, "Well, I grant it may not be quite right to steal men, or breed them up like cattle for sale, but one must not be nice when a convenience and a profit are to be made by it." It is true, Judas Iscariot might have reasoned in the same way,

and been as fully justified, gain being the stimulus in all such transactions, however attempted to be concealed.

It is impossible to convince men besotted with the lust of gain beyond every other consideration, that when it goes so far as to be the guide in political rule, it is ultimately suicidal. Every argument drawn from moral or religious principle, all past events, the history of all nations since *the* human mind became expanded through advancing knowledge—all modern experience, shows that sooner or later the despotism of the master over the slave, as well as that despotism by pretended divine right, which had so long afflicted individuals and empires, must terminate, neither being consistent with popular advance, nor with free principles. This is not the less necessary on the grounds of truth and justice than from a consideration for the welfare of the great human family involved in the question. Shuffling pretences will no longer sanctify the profitable vices of nations more than those of individuals. What is morally wrong in either case cannot be politically just. However the deplorable conflict in the United States may terminate, slavery has received a blow there from which it can never hope to return to the palmy days of the past, nor the doctrine of my Arkansas friend become established—that to steal men, and make slaves of them for the profit of the thief, or to buy the stolen goods, and use them for a profit to himself, is a thing intended by Heaven for the benefit of the “*maner*,” or thing stolen, in which the purchaser of the stolen goods, in consideration of the benefit conferred by the furtive act, is justified in filling his purse as full as possible under a heavenly delegation.

I have not said all I might say, unwilling to occupy too much space. I can assure my Arkansas friend, that while Englishmen may not be as quick-sighted as his countrymen are said to be, and although his arguments are too specious to escape the penetration of some readers, yet that he must do them the justice to believe that their stolidity of intellect will never prevent them from discerning the plain motive, and seeing through the thin veil he casts over his championship, to conceal the common motive of an interest to which the most cherished rights of humanity are deplorably sacrificed. Let it be remembered and feared that the enslaved man has his duties to fulfil at any cost—*fiat justitia ruat cœlum*.

I remain, Mr. Editor, very faithfully yours,

CYRUS REDDING.

London, July 5, 1863.

P.S.—Some of the slave-holding ministers of religion in America defend slavery because it existed in the Jewish nation. In these days, under laws somewhat better and less barbarous than were those of Moses, we endeavour to guide ourselves by better rules. “Do as you would be done unto,” was a more advanced and Heaven-enacted law by a better and more holy legislator than the Jewish chief. But I will not libel Moses. A man was not permitted by Moses to be a slave more than six years. His liberty was then proclaimed, and if he was such a fool to himself, such a knave to his children, such a mean scoundrel to the community of which he was a member as to refuse his freedom, he was to have his ears bored, and be degraded into a slave for ever. Yet, in the face of this fact, dare the Southern clergy make the sacred volume the advocate of their slave-dealing interests!

STRATHMORE;
OR, WROUGHT BY HIS OWN HAND.

A LIFE ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

THE BONNE-AVENTURE TOLD UNDER THE LINDENS.

CONTRTEMPS generally have some saving crumbs of consolation for those who laugh at fate, and look good humouredly for them; life's only evil to him who wears it awkwardly, and philosophic resignation, works as many miracles as Harlequin; grumble, and you go to the dogs in a wretched style; make mots on your own misery, and you've no idea how pleasant a *trajet* even drifting "to the bad" may become. So when the Czeschen boat grated on the land and stuck there, coming to grief generally and hopelessly, fortune was so propitiated by the radiant smile with which its own scurvy trick was received by the loveliest of all the balked travellers, that what would, under any other circumstances, have been the most provoking bore, became a little episode picturesque and romantic, and took a *couleur de rose* at once under the resistless magic of her sunny smile. It was a beautiful night, starry, still, and sultry; the riverside inn stood like a picture of Ostade, hidden in its blossomed limes; the pine-woods stretched above and around, with the ruddy gleam of gipsy fires flashing between the boughs; and with such a companion as hazard had given him, Strathmore could hardly complain of the accident, though he *was* a man who found the gleam of women's eyes in a cabinet particulier of a café, or a cabinet de toilette of a palace, far better than in all the uncomfortably-romantic situations in the world, and held that a little gallantry was infinitely more agreeable and rational in a rose-tendre-hung chamber than *à la belle étoile* in a damp midnight under the finest violet skies that ever enraptured a poet.

The little hostelry was already full of travellers. Some English *en route* to the waters of the Sprudel, some Moravians and Bohemians on their way to or from Bucharest or Auzig; and the arrivals from the boat filled it to overflowing, for its accommodation was scant, and its attractions solely confined to its gaily-painted and blossom-buried exterior. There was but one common sitting-room, but one common supper-table, and the guests, whether gräffins or glass engravers, were treated without distinction; a Bohemian Gasthof is about the only place upon earth where you see the doctrine of equality in absolute and positive practice. The Slavonians, accustomed to it, took it uncomplainingly; the English tourists grumbled unceasingly; preserved (the ladies in especial) a dead silence to companions for whose respectability they had no voucher; scorned the sausage, the baked pie, the cucumber-soup, and the rest of the national *menu*, and solaced themselves with gloomy consumption of hard biscuits from their travelling-bags; while

without, under the lindens, on the sward before the door, Strathmore's Albanian servant making a raid upon the Gasthof larder with the celerity of long continental experience, spread on a little table the best fried trout, Töplitz and other fare that the inn afforded for the refreshment of the fair traveller with the Titian face, who, refusing to enter the hostelry, sat on a bench under the limes, leaning against the rough bark as gracefully as amongst velvet cushions, looking upward at Strathmore with her soft Orientalesque eyes, while the leaves and flowers of the boughs swayed against her yellow hair. She gave a Tokay flavour to the *Läger*, a Vatel delicacy to the trout, a strange but charming spice of petits soupers to this primitive supper under the limes; an unsuitable but delicious aroma of Paris to the solitary river-side hostelry in Bohemian pine-woods. "Who the deuce could she be?" he wondered in vain; for on that head, under the most adroit cross-questioning, she never betrayed herself. She talked gaily, lightly, charmingly, with some little wit, and a little goes a long way when uttered by such lips. With something, too, of soft graceful romance, probably natural to her, perhaps only learned second-hand from *Raphael*, and *Indiana*, and *Les Nuits d'Octobre*; and Strathmore, though the light gallantries of a Lauzun had little charm for him, and the only passion that could ever have stirred him from his coldness would have been the deep, voluptuous delight, fierce and keen as pain, that swayed Catiline and Cimon, could not refuse his admiration of a picture so perfect as she sat in the light of the midsummer stars, leaning her head on her small jewelled hand, the lime-boughs drooping above her, and the dark, dimly-lit room within forming a Rembrandtesque background, while the river below broke against the rocks, and the heavy odour of the lindens and pines filled the air.

"How cold he looks, this handsome Strathmore, does he dare to defy me?" she thought, as she glanced upwards at him where he leaned against the trunk of the linden when the supper was finished, and while she herself still lingered under the limes as the stars grew larger and clearer in the May skies, and the purple haze of night deepened over the hills. He was the only man who had not bowed down at her feet at her first smile, and his calm courtesies piqued her.

"Do you like music, monsieur?" she asked him, with that suddenness which had in it nothing abrupt, but was rather the suddenness of a fawn's or an antelope's swift graces. Then, without awaiting a reply, without apology or prelude, inspired by that caprice which rules all women more or less, and ruled this one at every moment and in every mood, she began to sing one of the sweet, gay, familiar Canzone of Figaro, with a voice at which the nightingales in the linden-leaves might have broken their little throats in envying despair. Then, without pause, she passed on to the sublime harmonies of the Stabat Mater—now wailing like the sigh of a vesper hymn from convent walls at even-song, now bursting into passionate prayer like the swell of a Te Deum from cathedral altar. She sang on without effort, without pause, blending the most incongruous harmonies into one strange, bizarre, weird-like yet entrancing whole, changing the Preghiero from Masaniello for one of Verdi's gayest arias, mingling Küken's Slumber Song with some reckless Venetian barcarolle, breaking off the solemn cadence of the Pro Peccatis with some mischievous chansonette out of the Quartier Latin, and welding the

loftiest melodies of Handel's Israel with the laughing refrain of Louis Abadie's ballads. Out on the still night air rose the matchless music of voice, rich, clear, thrilling, a very intoxication of sound; mingling with the ebb and flow of the waters, the tremulous sigh of the leaves, and the rival song of the birds in the boughs. Those sitting within in the darkened chamber listened spell-bound; the peasantry, laughing and chatting under the low roof of the hostelry, hushed their gossip in enchanted awe; the boatmen in the vessel moored in the shadow below looked up and left off their toil; and, as suddenly as it had rung out on the summer air, the exquisite melody ceased, and died away like the notes of a bell off the silence of the night. She looked up at Strathmore, the starlight shining in the dreamy, smiling depths of her eyes, and saw that he listened eagerly, breathlessly, wonderingly, subdued and intoxicated even despite himself by the marvellous magic, the delicious intricacies, the luxurious richness of this voluptuous charm of song, with a spell which—the moment it ceased—was broken.

"You like music?" she asked him, softly; "ah, yes, I see it in your face. You Englishmen, if you be as cold as they call you, have very eloquent eyes sometimes. Are you not thinking what an odd caprice it is for me to sing to you—a stranger—at ten o'clock at night, under lime-trees?"

"Indeed, no; I am far too grateful for the caprice. Pasta herself never equalled your voice; it is exquisite, marvellous!"

She laughed softly.

"Do you think so? And yet, I imagine, you are very difficult to please? When I sing some of those airs, the *Inflammatus* or the *Agnus Dei*, they make me think of the old days in my convent at Valladarrá; how I used to beat my wings and hate my cage, and long to escape over the purple mountains. Why is it, I wonder, that a gloomy past often looks brighter than a brilliant present?—what is there in the charm of Distance to give such a golden *chiaroscuro*?"

"Valladarrá? Are you a Spaniard, madame?" he asked her, catching at any clue that might enlighten him as to the whence and the whither of the bewitching creature.

"A Spaniard? What makes you think so?"

"Because it is usually said, *belle amie*, that a Spanish blonde is the greatest marvel of beauty that the world ever sees," said Strathmore, with a smile.

She laughed.

"*Je vous remercie!* Well, perhaps I am Spanish. You would like to know? Ah, bah! what a slander on my sex it is to say that Eve monopolised all curiosity!"

"Curiosity!" repeated Strathmore. "There may, surely, be a deeper interest that bears a better name, madame? When one lights on a matchless gem, or on a rarely lovely foreign flower, it is not unnatural that one may seek to know where it has come from, and where we may see it again."

"You are a courtier, M. Strathmore, and turn your phrases very prettily," said this most *provoquante* of all women, with the slightest possible shrug of her shoulders. "But it is curiosity, for all that; and, by all the rights of womanhood, I claim my title to the first indulgence of

the privilege. Your name is Strathmore, and your servant calls you 'My lord,' and if asked about your country, you would answer, 'Civis Romanum sum,' with true Britannic bombast, I dare say. Well! England is figuratively rather like Rome, for it slays its Senecas, gorges its Vitelliuses, and is often garrisoned by ganders! But one more thing remains to know. *What* are you?"

Leaning her arms on the table, her chin on her hands, and resting her eyes upon him, she asked the point-blank question with the most charming insouciance and assurance of command; and Strathmore could not fail to satisfy her demand, though he was not fond of talking of himself; his egotism was of a much loftier sort.

"Ah! a diplomatist!" she said, raising her eyebrows. "Mon ami, I know your order: but you will not content yourself with settling interne-cine squabbles, and writing Cretan labyrinths of words, and being 'sent home,' like an expelled schoolboy, if your two countries quarrel for a split hair, will you? You will want the triumph of the monstrari digito, and the guidance of the helm through stormy waters, and you will pine for the old Medici and Strozzi days, when a stealthy arm could stretch and strike far away in a distant land, and a subtle brain could compass the supreme rule, and wield it, troubled by no scruples."

"Madame," said Strathmore, with a slight laugh—his laugh was usually cold—"if you draw such a sketch of me at first sight—though I don't really deny its accuracy—I fear I cannot have impressed you very favourably?"

"Pourquoi non? You are ambitious, by your own confession that you covet age for the sake of power; and ambitious men are all alike. If you had your own will, you *ambitieux* would check at no flights; and if we don't have the Medici and Strozzi secret murders in our day, I am afraid the virtue that refrains from them is nothing very much better than fear of the analytical chemists."

As she spoke, with a certain smile on her rose lips, and in the mocking light of her gazelle eyes, something in this brilliant and witching creature struck upon Strathmore as dangerous—almost as repulsive, and made him think of those women who gleam out from the pages of Guicciardini and Galluzzi, who dazzled all men who looked on them with the shine of their *tresse d'oro*, or the languor of their Southern eyes, yet whose white hands shook the philtre into the loving-cup, and whose title was "Opra d'incanti è di malie fattura." But the momentary impression passed off as she looked up laughing.

"Bah, M. Strathmore! Ambition is a weary work at its ripest; epicurean enjoyment is far better: 'gather your rosebuds while you may.' Old Herrick is the true philosopher!"

"Spoken by such lips, his theories are irresistible," smiled Strathmore; "only if one has the bad taste not to care much about the roses, how then? There can be nothing for it but to entreat some fair priestess of the creed to take one's conversion in hand."

"But converts have to pass through fiery ordeals; if you are wise you would not brave them. You despise love, mon ami; it will be the worse for you some day."

"I shall have no fear for the future; if I escape to-night untouched, I must, indeed, be clad in proof," smiled Strathmore. But the smile, like

the compliment, did not please her ; its flattery was contemptuous and derisive of her power. With quick intuition she saw that Strathmore had never been in love in his life, and would have defied any woman to make him so ; and she smiled as she leant her head upon her arm, silent for once, playing with one of the lime-blossoms, and knowing that the moonlight was shining on a perfect picture which could not be improved, which might be broken by, speech. Strathmore was silent too ; busied in restless, vague conjecture as to who and what this brilliant, capricious, dazzling, graceful creature could be, here thus alone, at night, travelling through Bohemia. While his eyes rested on her where she sat in the starlight, her beauty well befitting to the sultry night, that was odorous with the fragrance of the limes and musical with the murmurs of the waters, breaking below against the rocks, the voice of a Zingara broke on his reverie and hers, as a gipsy-girl—one of a party camped among the pine-woods at the back of the Gasthof—drew near the group of lindens in the moonlight ; a wild, dark, handsome Bohemian, with a scarlet hood over her jetty hair, and her glittering eyes fixed longingly on the jewels that sparkled on the hands of the fair inconnue, as she said, in a compound of Czeschen and Romany,

“ Will you hear your fortune, fair lady ? Let the Gitâna tell you your future.”

The blonde aux yeux noirs, whose head was resting thoughtfully upon her hand, started, and looked up in surprise as the handsome black-browed Arab, who might have sat to Murillo or Salvator, approached her in the moonlight from the wooded shadows of the pine-forests behind them.

“ Let me prophesy for you, fair lady ! I can look on the palm of your hand and foretel you all things that will come to you ; the predictions of Rédempta, daughter of Phara, can never fail,” chanted the Zingara, in a wild, monotonous recitative, that sounded hoarse and sad in the still summer night as she drew nearer, her eyes glistening longingly on the sapphire rings.

“ Non, merci !” laughed the bright incognita, looking upward at the strange picturesque form of the Gitâna, standing out in the starlight against the dark woods behind. “ I know my past and my present—c’est assez ! I do not trouble myself a moment for the future !”

“ But in the past and the present lie the seed to bear fruit in the future !”

The words spoken in Czeschen sounded ominous and mournful, falling from the lips of the Gitâna like an augury of ill ; and the other shuddered a little as she heard, though without comprehending, them. “ Qu’est ce qu’elle dit ?” she asked of Strathmore. He translated them to her, and spoke to the gipsy-girl in her own tongue, bidding her move away ; but the capricious songstress, whom the fancy of the moment swayed as completely as it sways a kitten or a child, laid her hand on his arm as he stood beside her.

“ No, no ! don’t send her away ! She is like a picture of Murillo. Let us hear some of her prophecies first. What would she say to you, I wonder ? I have a great curiosity to know your fate, my lord ; the fate of a man who desires age and despises love ! It must be an odd one ! Come ! cross her hand, and let her tell your *bonne-aventure*. Obey me

at once! It is my whim and my pleasure, monsieur. Give her some silver, and ask her your destiny!"

A lovely woman is never to be disobeyed without discourtesy, and pretty caprices are commands. With the white jewelled fingers lying on his arm, with the perfumy hair shining in the starlight, with the fair dazzling face upraised in the shadow of the linden-boughs, the sternest stoic could not have refused to chime in with her fancy, and please this charming tyrant in her most airy nonsense. Strathmore laughed, dropped a gold coin into the Gitâna's brown hand, and, leaning against the trunk, stood awaiting his destiny from the coral lips of the handsome Arab in the silence of the summer night, while the distant lights of the gipsy fires gleamed fitfully through the dark pine-woods. The Zingara looked not at his hand, but up at his face, as the white, clear rays of the moon fell on it—on the aquiline outline of the features and the varied meanings of the physiognomy, on the proud and generous sweetness of the mouth, contradicted by the dark passions in the eyes and the cold straight line of the brows. She looked at him long and fixedly in silence, with a dreamy, vague stare in her own fathomless eyes, while her hands moved over the beads of a string of Egyptian berries:

"There will be love, and of the love sin, and of the sin crime, and of the crime a curse. And the curse will pursue with a pitiless bitterness and an unslackened speed, and when atonement is sought and made, lo! it will turn to ashes and to gall. The innocent will taste thereof, and share the doom they have not woven. Your woe will be wrought by your own hand, and you will eat of the fruit of your own past, and through you will come death. Redempta, the daughter of Phara, has spoken!"

The words fell slowly and sadly on the silence of the night, while the river-waves beat against the rocks with monotonous murmur, and the sough of the wind arose in the pine-forest, sweeping with a sudden chill through the sultry air; and as he heard them, a momentary shudder ran through Strathmore's veins at the destiny that the Gitâna vaguely shadowed forth; an irrepressible coldness, like that which comes from the touch of a corpse, passed over him where he stood. And the incognita clung closer to him, her white hand closing on his arm, and her laughing lips turning pale:

"Mon Dieu! quelle sort affreuse. Renvoyez-la! Elle me fait peur."

Strathmore laughed, the impression of the ominous prophecy passing off as soon as it was made; and he threw another gold dollar to the Zingara:

"My handsome Arab! you might have been more courteous, certainly. If you wish your predictions to be popular, you must make them a little more lively. Be off with you! Go and frighten the peasants yonder!"

"Redempta can say only that which she sees," murmured the Gitâna, sadly and proudly, as she stooped for the gold where it shone on the turf, and turned slowly away, till her form was lost in the dense gloom cast by the shadow in the woods.

"Quelle sort affreuse!" said his companion again, not able so quickly to shake off the vague terror with which the sing-song chanting recitative of the Zingara had haunted her.

"She has terrified you?" laughed Strathmore. "I am sorry for that, madame; you shouldn't have tempted prophecy in my behalf. All seers from the political world to the gipsy camp must make their predictions

ominous, or they would carry no weight; and evil is so generally predominant in this life, that to croak is pretty sure to be on the right side."

"Ah, mon Dieu! do not jest!" cried the belle inconnue, with a little shiver of pretty terror. "It is no laughing matter, such a horrible future."

"But it is a laughing matter, such a horrible *bonne-aventure*," said Strathmore, smiling, and thinking how lovely she looked as she shivered with pretty pretended fear, and clasped her hands, on which he noticed a mass of brilliant rings that might have belonged to an empress's toilette-boxes, but which didn't tell him much, since paste is very glittering, and defies detection by moonlight. "She deals in the Terrible—prophets always do, or what sway would they have over their dupes? You should have let her have told yours, madame; she would have given something better to the lines in so beautiful a hand?"

"Ah, bah!" cried the incognita, shaking off her superstition with a sweet silvery laugh. "I know my future! I shall triumph by my beauty till that goes, and then I shall triumph by my intellect, which won't go. I shall tread my way on roses, and rule as *Venus Victrix* till grey hairs come and I have to take to enamelling; and then I shall change my sceptre, and begin *écarté*, *embrogie*, prudence, and politics. But I don't count on the change; I am not like you, and do not court Age——"

"Because you are not like me, and need not wait for Age to bring you Power; *your* power lies in a glance of the eyes and in all the purple light of youth!" laughed Strathmore. "I fancy our ambition centres alike in ruling men, but—with a difference!"

"You are very secure in your future, despite all the *Gitâna's* foretelling?" she asked him, with a curious glance, half-malicious, half-interested.

"Very! We can make of our future what we like. Life is clay, to be moulded just at our will; it is a fool, or an unskilful workman, indeed, who lets it fall of itself into a shape he does not like, or lets it break in his hands."

"But one flaw may crack the whole!" said the belle inconnue, as Strathmore's valet drew near them to announce the immediate departure of a clumsy vehicle, the only one the Gasthof could furnish, that had been engaged before their arrival by English travellers, and in which, at her urgent instance, Strathmore had taken the sole remaining places for herself and her maid. "Are they starting? I am ready! My lord, I owe you more gratitude still; how deeply I grow in your debt! But I forgot; if I take these two places, you must remain under that miserable little red roof till to-morrow. I ought not to have done it; *mais—je suis égoïste moi!*"

"No matter! I am most happy to relinquish anything in your service," said Strathmore, as he took the hand held out to him within his own. He did not care about women, but this one was specially lovely and specially captivating, and thrown as she was on his courtesy, he could not refuse it her. "I shall sleep under the pines; it will not be the first time I have camped out, but, I confess, I was tempted to make you a *détenue*, madame, perforce to-night by bidding Diaz let the car go without you. Give me some praise for my self-abnegation!"

His voice was very melodious, and had a softness when he was quite guiltless of intending it, while his features, with their cold, proud Velasquez type, on which the passions that had never been roused still threw their shadow, had always a fascination for women, who, by the instinct of contradiction ever dominant in their sex, always seek to chain a man from whose hands their fetters slip. Her bright, soft, dazzling eyes looked up to his almost tenderly in the light of the midsummer stars:

“I will thank you when we meet again!”

“*When!* But what gage do you give me that we may ever do so? You refuse me any name, any address, any single clue; you oblige me to part from you in ignorance even of——”

“Who I am! The first question you Englishmen ask before you give your hand in friendship, or speak to your neighbour at a *table d’hôte*,” interrupted the bright *capricieuse*, with a low, ringing laugh. “No! I will not give you even a clue. It will be a Chinese puzzle for your ingenuity. When we meet (and we shall; we are both in the world; we are cards of the same pack, and shall some time or other be shuffled together!), I will thank you for all your courtesy and chivalry, and pay my debt—*comme vous voudrez!* Till then, you must submit to mystery. I may be a *prima donna*, a *dame d’industrie*, a princess incognita, a dangerous Greek—you may think me whatever you like. You will remember me better if you are left in perplexity; your sex always covet the unattainable, and there is a golden charm in mystery that shall veil me—till we meet!”

“But!—what a cruel caprice! what an indefinite probation!”

“Do you good, *mon ami!* Perhaps you have never had to wait before; I fancy so! There! *they* are waiting, and we must part, *monsieur*. Adieu and au revoir!”

Tantalising, obstinate, capricious, wilful, wayward, but bewitching; all the more bewitching for that very quintette of faults—she let her hand linger in his where they stood in the shadow, with the moon shining on her upraised face, and the lime-blossoms swaying against her hair, delicately scented as the fragrance of their flowers, as he stooped towards her in farewell: a soft, subtle, amber-scented perfume, such as the tresses of Lesbia might have borne as she came from her odorous bath, or wound the roses amongst them at the banquet—a perfume that as he caught it had something of the same soft intoxication as her voice had carried with it in her song.

Another moment, and the hand that had lain in his, soft and warm as a bird, had unloosened its clasp, and the clumsy covered cart of the Gasthof, laden with its passengers, had rolled slowly from the door beneath the roofing of the lime-boughs, *la blonde aux yeux noirs* leaning out from its heavy tarpaulin, and looking at him with a gay farewell smile—leaving according to her vow, with the golden veil of mystery flung over her lovely, dazzling face, soft with Eastern languor, and bright with the brilliance of youth, that disappeared from his sight as the car, creaking slowly over the moss, was lost in the shadows of the pine-woods as it turned a bend in the hills, and left him behind—alone.

“Who the deuce can she be? Something very out of the common, talking to one at first sight about love, and singing to the nightingales,

au clair de la lune ! I never saw a lovelier creature in my life, nor a more nonchalante one; and yet she isn't exactly Quartier Bréda style; she has more the look of a court than a casino. Who the deuce can she be?" wondered Strathmore, as he threw himself down on the moss under the limes, smoking and throwing stones idly into the river that flowed below. He knew most courts and most cities; he lived chiefly abroad, and thought he knew every beauty in monde or demi-monde, sovereigns of the left hand as of the right. The numberless anomalies in this dazzling *inconnue* piqued his curiosity—the first of her sex who had ever so far excited him. Strathmore thought romance simply insanity, and had lived at too thorough a pace to care to twist a chance into an adventure, and make poetic material out of a rencontre with a stranger, as other men might have done. But he thought of her, and of little save her, where he lay smoking, while the river broke against its overhanging banks, and the heavy odours of the pines rolled down from the hills above. And as he mused over the bright capricious mystery that had come and gone suddenly as a swallow comes and goes through the air, and listened to the distant chimes of churches and monasteries tolling out the short summer hours as the night wore away to the villages sleeping below, he only thought once, as he caught the gleam of the camp-fires flashing fitfully in the darkness from the gloom of the pine-woods, with the dark lurid glare of a Rembrandt scene, while their flames leapt up through the fan-like boughs of the firs, of the destiny the Zingara girl had foretold him; and then he smiled as he remembered the prophecy the Gitâna had made.

II.

THE WHITE DOMINO POWDERED WITH GOLDEN BEES.

"NOT seen La Vavasour!—mon chère you have yet to live!" yawned Arthus de Bellus, Vicomte and Chambellan du Roi, wiping his long perfumed moustaches as he rose from a baccara table, and drank down some iced Chambertin from a buffet near at hand.

Cards and Napoléons lay on the table in confusion in Strathmore's room at Meurice's; four or five men had been dining with him, and had been playing baccarat for the last hour or two, as more piquant than the olives and more tasteful than the Burgundies they had trifled with and left.

It was about twelve months since his run down the Moldau; affairs threatening to the peace of Western Europe had kept him much longer than he had imagined, and this was the first night of his arrival in Paris, free for a little time after his negotiations with Prince Michel, though he meant to leave again for Baden as soon as the races were run at Chantilly, where his own chesnut, Maréchale, stood a good second for the French Derby.

"Yet to live!" he said, lying back in his arm-chair and curling a leaf round his cigarette. "My life don't hang in women's eyes, thank Heaven! I can exist very comfortably without seeing your divine Vavasour for the next twenty years, if that's all, and by that time I suspect nobody will care much about seeing her; your superb Helen will be like most other Helens of a certain age then; décolletée to a disadvantage, ruddled with rouge, jealous of her daughters, and fat (or scraggy), a *faire frémir*!"

"Blasphemer, hold your tongue!" cried Bellus. "What a future for La Vavasour! She would poison herself with a bonbon, or die of a bouquet of heliotrope, before she'd exist for such a degradation!"

"Très cher, she *may* be a spoiled beauty, but she can't change the laws of nature. Briedenbach and Bulli haven't the *Breuvage de Ninon* in their treasury, and to be steeled against and disenchanted with the loveliest mistress, one has only to remember—*what she will be!*"

"Or—to see what she *is*, sometimes, even will do," laughed the Vicomte. "En grande tenue, what lovely figures they have! but the embonpoint is dreadfully fictitious with certain divinities we know!"

"And so is the bloom! However, so as they look well that's all they think about, since it's what they're bought upon in Belgravia as in la Bohême. Lady Ida and the Vespasie alike keep themselves under a glass case to their buyers until the money's down!" laughed Strathmore. "I always make up my mind, though, to enamel, &c.; I should die of a mistress who was *bête*, and their wit's rarely worth much till they've come to their first touch of rouge."

"The Lady Vavasour is alone an exception; her bloom is her own—as yet; but her mots are perfection. You must see her, Strathmore; she'll make you recant that heterodoxy."

"I don't the least think she will," said Strathmore, giving a spin to one of the gold pieces. "My dear Arthus, I have seen so many of those divine beauties, those dames du monde, those Helens à la mode. I admire them; they are delightfully bred, they have charming minauderies, they are perfectly *gantées, chaussées, coiffées, tirées à quatre epingles*; they are charming to talk to in their own boudoirs, where the light is half veiled, and your eyes the same; they are admirable when you want a little love à *discretion*, with Cupid delicately scented with *bougûet*, and with pleasant platonic as elastic as india-rubber. I admire them; but I have seen so many; there can be nothing so *very* new in the salons! Your exquisite Marchioness may be the best of the kind, but then—one knows the kind so well! *Who* was she, by-the-by?"

"Well! nobody knows exactly," said Lyster Gage, of the British Legation, reluctant to admit such a flaw in this idol as that she had not a pedigree to flutter in the face of the world, blazoned with bezants of gold, and rich in heraldic quarterings. "When she appeared at St. Petersburg, you know she was already Marchioness of Vavasour; it was said that the Marquis had married her in the Mauritius when she was fifteen—those Creoles are women so early. I never heard anything more definite, but his sixteen quarterings are quite wide enough to cover any deficiencies, and her divine beauty did the rest; she became the fashion at once, and she has reigned the queen of pleasures, caprices, and the salons ever since, here. Her circle is as exclusive as the Princesse de Lurine's; it is only plain women who dare to hint her as 'adventuress.'"

"Adventuress!—adventurer! That is the name the world gives any man or woman who dares to be clever, brilliant, or successful out of the old routine! The world must have its revenge! Society falls down before the Juggernaut of a Triumph, but, *en revanche*, it always throws stones behind it. I detest Creoles—those black-browed, lazy, inert women, who have fattened on sugar-canes, and learned to scold slaves instead of to spell! I shall not admire your matchless Peeress."

"Peste!" said the Chambellan du Roi, settling the diamond stud in his wristband. "If you *don't*, you'll be the first man in Europe who's braved her. The utmost any of them can do is to only let their eyes be dazzled, and not lose their heads. As Tilly said of Gustavus, 'c'est un joueur contre qui de rien perdre est de beaucoup gagner.' It is lucky Lord Vavasour is no Georges Dandin!"

"Bah! So he gave her his rank, and gets rewarded with dishonour! It's always the way! That's the common coin in which wives pay their gratitude," laughed Strathmore, with a dash of disgust.

"Dishonour? Fie, fie, Strathmore!" cried the Earl of Estmere, a good-natured fellow, in the Coldstreams. "Nobody uses those coarse, ugly dictionary words now-a-days, except when one wants to get up a duel. Vavasour's a wise man, and doesn't ask the character of his lovely wife's caprices and coquetteries. They sign a mutual Roving Commission, and don't trouble each other to know where the cruise extends. Besides, madame's amitiés *may* be only friendship; some say so, and swear she's so heartless, that her pretty, dainty brodequins dance fireproof over red-hot ploughshares that would sear tenderer feet to the bone."

"I don't believe in miracles, thank you!" said Château-Renard, of the Guides. "She must get scorched *en passant*, at any rate. How metaphorical you are, très cher, and your metaphor's remarkably inappropriate; ploughshares are for martyrs, and madame will never be a martyr, however many martyrs she may make. You'll see her to-night, Strathmore, I expect, but if she don't unmask——"

"The sun will stay behind a cloud. Very well! I shall endure it. I never exist on that sort of rays at any time. I don't feel the slightest interest in your Creole coquette, Bellus. I'm getting tired of Mondes one confounds so easily with Demi-Monde, and Aristocrates that are so near allied to Anonyma. I should rather have liked those old times when 'noble women were chaste,' and dishonour got a taste of cold steel. *Now*, your husband is as obliging as Galba to Mæcenas! The lady goes to Baden 'till the gossip's blown over,' and her lord is discreetly silent, and doesn't trouble himself to notice what goes on before his eyes. Unless, indeed, he thinks he can turn the scratch on his scutcheon to pecuniary account, and make out of the crim. con. a neat little sum to stop the hole in his exchequer, or cover his Goodwood debts; *then* he becomes as anxious as his counsel to prove his own dishonour, and takes the co-respondent's money with a chuckling compassion for the poor devil that's bought the damaged article and doesn't know very well what to do with it! That's the style in England, and these Vavasours are 'of us.' "

"*Que le diable te prenne*, Strathmore!" cried Bellus. "Don't be so bitter! What would you have the husband do? If he's a gentleman, he keeps quiet, and you English are never quiet, unless it's 'made worth your while.' *You're* much more fit for the Middle Ages than you are for the present day."

"I think I am. Things were called by their right names then; men sharpened their steel, and struck a straight, swift blow; now they sharpen their pen, and wound in the back, sheltered under a shield of anonymity. Then they had 'honour,' and held it at the sword's point; now they've 'mock morality,' have lawyers to defend it (which is something like

giving an artificial lily to a sweep to keep unsoiled), and trade in their shame, and ask for 'costs' for every stain, from a blackened eye to a blasted name! Caramba! this claret is corked!"

"Uncommonly inconvenient times; your favourite ones, though, très cher," said Estmere, taking some marons glacées. "One would be in perpetual hot water. Fancy an inch of cold steel waiting for us at the bottom of every *escalier dérobé*, and an iron gauntlet dashed on our lips every time we laughed away a lady's reputation! Where should we all be? It would be horribly troublesome."

"No doubt! We're much wiser now. We chat amicably in the clubs with the husband after leaving madame's dressing-room. I don't dispute our expediency; it's a quality in the highest cultivation in the age; even Aspasia, while she laughs over her own demi vertu in the evening, takes the Communion like a devotee in the morning, to wash away her sins in Sacramental Tent. A propos of Aspasia, Vernon-Caderousse is fettered hand and foot by Viola Vé; she boasts that she will ruin a Peer of France every *trimestre*. Take care of yourself, Bellus!"

"Yes, for she'll keep her boast, the little demon!" laughed the Vicomte. "She might begin with a more profitable speculation than the 'Duca senza Ducati,' as La Marillia calls him; Caderousse is all but 'gone.' I wish he would smash quite; I should bid for that Petitôt snuff-box of his, the Ariadne à Naxos."

"So much for friendship! Take a pinch out of my snuff-box to-day, and bid for it to-morrow; sup with me on Monday, and speculate on my sales on Tuesday! I think you'll have your wish, Arthus. Vé would ruin a millionaire, and will make very short work of Caderousse. She should net Tchameidoff; Russians are the best prey; the Rosières revel in their roubles, and the lords of the serfs are the slaves of the serail," said Strathmore, as his guests rose to leave and dress for a bal masqué in the Faubourg St. Germain, at the Duchesse de Luilhier's, an inaugurator of a thousand modes that passed the time for her own thorough-bred set, and served for talk for half Paris. "What are you all going for? It's so early yet—only eleven. Baccara is better than a ball, though it is one of Marie de Luilhier's; those things all bore one so after one's first season."

"Horridly!" yawned Estmere; "but one's on the treadmill, and one must tramp along with it, that's the worst."

"Stay and play, Estmere," said Strathmore. "You're all going, I do believe, for the sake of this Vavasour. For shame, Bellus; et tu Brute! I *did* think better of you, on my life. I never dreamt that sort of thing survived in anybody after twenty."

"You haven't seen her," said the Vicomte, pettishly. "Bah! she does what she likes with one."

"A very self-evident fact, très cher! If you like to be slaves of a domineering, lazy Creole, *be* it; I don't understand your taste, that's all; but then I suppose I'm exceptional altogether; I don't like olives, and I don't care about women."

"Quite right," swore the Earl, under his moustaches; "both of 'em make you buy the nice rose flavour with too salt a bitterness."

"I don't know anything about the bitterness, thank God; I never travelled to that stage," laughed Strathmore; "but olives tempt one to

drink, and women tempt one to weakness, and when either the love or the brandy's taken too strong, we lose our heads and tell our secrets; and, on the whole, I think two bottles less detrimental than one woman! Wine steals our wits, but Dalilah does worse;—because she's a tongue to ask questions."

"Devil take your philosophy."

"Bien obligé. I don't wish any devil to take it, male or female, Belphegor or Melusine. 'My mind to me a kingdom is.' I should be specially sorry for any raids to be made on it."

"I bet you fifty to one, Strath, you adore la Vavasour when you see her."

"I? This Vavasour tyrant. I bet you a thousand to one I don't even admire her."

"In Naps?—done! It's a heavy bet, mon ami," said Château-Renard, entering the wager in a little dainty jewelled book, a gift of S. A. R. the volage, and *tant soit peu indiscrette* Princesse de Lurine.

"And a very safe one for me," said Strathmore, with a slight yawn. "If you don't make your wagers more discreetly, Armand, it's not much to be wondered at that you come to grief at Sartory and Chantilly as you do. Au revoir, if you will go. We meet again at Philippi, I suppose, in an hour?"

"I promised the Sabreur to give him correct notes of the Vavasour. I must notice her if she comes here to-night," thought Strathmore, as he lay back in a dormeuse before the fire, when he was left alone, finishing his cigarette, while the firelight danced on the marble bronze and ormolu of the mantelpiece, and the gas shone on the gold lying on the table, and on the wines that stood in a dozen decanters on the console. "I can picture her perfectly—a tawny, large, black-browed, voluptuous woman, silent, sensual, handsome, heavy, with a brow of Egypt, a Juno figure, and a West Indian languor. She *takes* because of her luxurious outline and her Creole indolence, and because she's a new style, and has done two clever strokes of diplomacy, by persuading an English Peer to marry her, and a thorough-bred set to make her Queen of the Ton. She must have been very adroit—these 'silent, still-life' women often cover matchless finesses; nobody suspects them of the manufacture till the web is woven. What could the Marquis be about? However, he was three parts a fool, they used to say, I think, and women make idiots of wiser men if once they're allowed to have their own way. I dare say his yacht anchored off Martinique, and one day, when he was very hot and very languid, intensely bored, and had drunk a good deal of brandy, this woman had him alone in a verandah, where she lay fanning herself amidst a pile of flowers, with the air scented with pastelles, and everything planned to take him in a moment of weakness, and looked so handsome that she did what she liked with him, and made him say what he couldn't unsay. So much is done in that sort of way; there would be no marriages at all if men kept their heads cool always, but they're taken at a disadvantage, just after dinner, when they're lazy, and would consent to anything; or after the champagne at supper, when they talk nonsense they'd never have committed themselves to at noon; or in the whirl of a waltz, when the turns of the dance turn their heads! If we were always what we are between breakfast and luncheon, we should

never do any bêtises at all. We're cold after our matutinal mocha, but we're easily fooled after our dinner coffee. What we defy in the morning light, we yield to in the moonlight. Women know that; this Lady Vavasour, I dare say, lured her lord into his declaration when the stars were shining on the mango-groves and on the green sea-vines, or perhaps — more likely — she was a *nouvelle riche*, and brought him money. Men barter their good blood now-a-days; soiling the scutcheon don't matter if they gild over the dirt; we don't sell our souls to the Devil in this age, we're too Christian, we sell them to the Dollar!"

With which satirical reflection on his times and his order drifting through his mind, Strathmore's thoughts floated onward to a piece of statecraft then numbered among the delicate diplomacies and intricate embroglie of Europe, whose moves absorbed him as the finesses of a problem absorb a skilful chess-player, and from thence stretched onwards to his future, in which he lived like all men of dominant ambition far more than he lived in his present. It was a future brilliant, secure, brightening in its lustre and strengthening in its power with each successive year; a future which was not to him as to most wrapped in a *chiaroscuro* with but points of luminance gleaming through the mist, but in whose cold glimmering light he seemed to see clear and distinct, as we see each object of the far-off landscape stand out in the air of a winter's noon, every thread that he should gather up, every distant point to which he should pass onward; a future singular and characteristic, in which state-power was the single ambition marked out, from which the love of women was banished, in which pleasure and wealth were as little regarded as in Lacedæmon, in which age would be courted not dreaded, since with it alone would come added dominion over the minds of men, and in which, as it stretched out before him, failure and alteration were alike impossible. What, if he lived, could destroy a future that would be solely dependent on, solely ruled by, himself? By his own hand alone would his future be fashioned,—would he hew out any shape save the idol that pleased him? When we hold the chisel ourselves, are we not secure to have no error in the work? Is it likely that our hand will slip, that the marble we select will be dark-veined, and brittle, and impure, that the blows of the mallet will shiver our handiwork, and that when we plan a Milo, god of strength, we shall but mould and sculpture out a Laocoon of torture? Scarcely! and Strathmore held the chisel, and, certain of his own skill, was as sure of what he should make of life as Benvenuto, when he bade the molten metal pour into the shape that he, master-craftsman, had fashioned, and give to the sight of the world the Winged Perseus. But Strathmore did not remember what Cellini did—that one flaw might mar the whole!

The rooms were filled when he ascended the staircase and entered the first of that suite of superb salons where Madame de Luilhiers gathered about her her own particular and exclusive set, and reigned supreme. Her ball was a replica of a *bal de l'opéra*, with a dash of the brilliance of the Regency, a time the Duchess loved to resuscitate; scandal, indeed, said that she loved it so well that she enacted the rôle of the Marquise de Parabère with a descendant of Monseigneur d'Orléans; but—*taisons nous!*—scandal is ever indiscreet, and never true, we know, save here and there, when it hits the defenceless, or besmears the fallen,

or so delicately stabs our bosom friend that we haven't heart to forswear it! The low hum of many voices, that sound which, subdued and harmless as the musical hum of gnats, yet buzzes away the peace of entire lives, and murmurs death-blows to a myriad of reputations, filled the rooms as he moved slowly through the throng of glittering dominoes, brodered with gold or studded with jewels, while brilliant eyes smiled recognition on him through their masks, and witty badinage was whispered to him by fair incognite.

"Deucedly like life, mon cher—eh? People take advantage of disguise to slander at their ease, and under a mask the dastard grows daring, and whispers a scandal, or—what's as bad—a truth! Very like life! Under the domino how suavely they stab their foes, and unrecognised in the vicinity of his dear friends how secure a man is to overhear them damning his name!" laughed Strathmore to Château-Renard as he passed him in the vestibule, and went on to chat with the Comtesse de Chantal, a bewitching little brune, who had confided to him the colour of her adorable rose domino, and would quickly have been recognised without any other guide than her bright marmozet eyes.

"The domino gives one the privilege of *laissez-faire* and *laissez-parler*; it would be very pleasant if the world were one long bal masqué," said Madame la Comtesse, letting the eyes in question rest on him with coquette brilliance, for Strathmore was much courted by the sex he contemned.

"Madame! I think it is one. Who is there in it without a disguise?" he answered her, laughing, as they moved on to the ball-room through the crowd of titled maskers, while the music echoed from the distance, and the lights gleamed on the gorgeous dresses of those bidden to the Duchesse's fête à la Régence.

"Who, indeed! Not even Lord Cecil Strathmore, since he disdains women, yet he flirts with one!" murmured a whisper at his side.

"*Mais qui nous parlait alors, Cecil?*" said the Comtesse, slightly disgusted with the style of the attack.

"Some one of your court jealous of my distinction, madame," laughed Strathmore, as he thought to himself, "I would swear the voice was a woman's," and turned to see who had recognised him with his mask on. Among the crowd of dominoes near, the one closest to him was white, powdered with golden bees.

"*Fi donc! c'était une femme*: a man would have attacked me, not you," said Madame de Chantal, giving him a blow of her fan, a little jealous of the domino that Strathmore's eyes were tracking; more jealous still, when dexterously disentangling himself from her, he left her with Bellus, and followed the white domino in its swift passage through the crowd, that would have been a crush in any other salons than those of the Hôtel Luilhiers: followed on an impulse vague and irresistible, as he had never before followed the voice of a woman. With whatever swiftness and dexterity he traced her, she perpetually eluded him; though she never turned her head, he would have sworn she knew he was pursuing her (women, like flies, know all that goes on behind them), and she seemed to take a perverse delight in winding in and out interminable mazes, and in letting him approach her only to escape him; the white folds of the domino, with its glittering golden bees fluttering in the

light, ever within tantalising reach, and ever at provoking distance. At last, when he was tired of the chase, and on the point of giving it up, her own passage was obstructed; he pushed hastily forward and overtook her in the Pavillon de Flore, a winter garden, where Marie de Luilhiers had the tropics reproduced under glass in all their Oriental heat and Oriental fragrance, and in which the maskers were moving, amidst the broad leaves and glowing creepers of the East, while the falling waters of innumerable fountains cooled the air, and subdued lights gleamed through the dark tropical foliage, like fire-flies in a palm grove.

"If I disdain all women, I have followed one. Belle dame, whoever you be, I may trust your reproof to me shows some sign of interest in him you condemned," whispered Strathmore in her ear.

Though she had penetrated his disguise, he could not penetrate hers; shrouded in her domino she defied detection, and by her voice he could not recognise her in the least. He only saw, as she turned her head, that her eyes laughed, shining brightly as stars, and that the lovely mouth below her mask had the bloom of youth on its lips, like the soft bloom on an untouched peach.

"Not at all! You are far too presumptuous, and if you disdain all women, you cannot care what one of them thinks of you. You have only pursued me because I eluded you; we beat you best '*en fuyant comme les Scythes*.' Montaigne is perfectly right."

Her voice had a sound in it familiar to him, but not familiar enough to be recognisable in her disguise. She baffled all detection, provocative as were the luminous eyes shining on him through her mask, and the laughing lips, like two roses d'amour, which were all that the envious masquerade gave to view.

"I have pursued you to learn who honours me, by forbidding me to flirt. Presumption or not, belle inconnue, I shall construe its interdict, as it flatters me most. You recognised me even in domino; there must be some elective affinity between us!"

"None whatever. I knew you by your eyes, Lord Cecil. What does your legend say?"

Swift, silent, Strathmore's eyes
Are fathomless and darkly wise;
No wife nor leman sees them smile,
Save at bright steel and statecraft wile;
And when they lighten, foes are ware,
The shrive is short, the shroud is there!"

The words startled him, spoken by the lips of the fair mask in the gay salons of the Hôtel Luilhier; they were the burden of a rhyming chronicle, old as *Piers the Plowman*—a wild, dark legend, still among the cradle-songs of his county, and the chronicles of his own household. It was strange to hear here, in Paris, in the gay revelry of the fête à la Régence, words which he thought had never travelled beyond the woods of White Ladies, which he had never remembered since the days of his boyhood! Who could she be who knew him so well?

"Belle amie," he said, bending his head to her as they passed under the fragrant aisles of the winter garden, "you flatter me more and more! I must, at least, have some interest for you, since you know by

heart my family legends and the look of my eyes! We cannot possibly be strangers——”

“Perhaps we are enemies!” interrupted the mask, the sapphires gleaming here and there on her domino, flashing their azure beams in the light. “The instinct of enmity is quicker than that of friendship or of love, you know, all the world through. How did you bend Prince Michel to your will a few months ago?—by playing on the subtlest and surest of human passions—revenge!”

“The deuce! is she a witch or a clairvoyante!” thought Strathmore, fairly astounded. The policy he had pursued had been closely kept, if ever the tactics of diplomacy had been so. Who had betrayed them to this Domino Blanc? Who was this Domino Blanc that she knew them? The only woman who could have penetrated their intricacies was that modern De Longueville, the Princesse de Lurine; but the princess was a brune, an olive-cheeked daughter of Sardinia, and the delicate chin of the mask, which (save the rose lips) was all he could see of his clairvoyante unknown, was white as the skin of the fairest blonde.

“Did you think your state secrets were unknown, Lord Cecil?” she whispered rapidly, her bright eyes dancing with malicious amusement. “Bah! even a swift, silent Strathmore cannot defy a woman, you see. If we are not good for very much in this world, we are good for meddling and for espionage. We are the best detectives in the world, only we can’t hold our tongues—we can’t keep the secrets when we have learned them. We are so proud of our stolen nuts that we crack them *en plein jour*, instead of keeping them to enjoy in the darkness of night, as you wise men do!”

“Caramba, madame!” laughed Strathmore, looking down into her glittering eyes. “I think it is a popular error that your sex cannot keep a secret; you guard your *own* most admirably for a lifetime, if you deem it politic; it is only the secrets of others that you betray!”

He had no under-meaning, no hidden innuendo in the satire on her sex, but, for an instant, the bright eyes of the White Domino were clouded and angrily troubled. Perhaps he had struck, without knowing it, on some jarring chord; perhaps she was startled for the moment lest she should have encountered clairvoyance, *en revanche*. Then—she laughed, a gay, fantastic chime of mellow laughter.

“Those who are wise trust us; those who are unwise pique us by drawn veils and forbidden fruits. A woman is never so exasperated as when she is refused—of course it spurs her to her mettle, and into what is bolted and barred from her she will enter by a chink, coûte que coûte. Seal a letter, and we look into it by a corner; shut a door, and we pass through it by the keyhole; tell us a thing is poison, and we taste it, as if it were elixir. No book is so eagerly read as one you forbid us; no secret is so quickly found out as one you taboo to us. If you do not wish me to learn all about the Voltura embroglio, you will tell me, with a good grace, what private instructions D’Arrelino received from Turin; you were with him this morning!”

She whispered it very softly, where they stood beside one of the fountains, falling with measured murmur into its marble basin, and casting its silvery spray high up amongst the scarlet blossoms and the luxuriant foliage of the Eastern creepers. The Voltura embroglio! that intricate

knot of Anglo-Franco-Italian intrigue, whose slightest threads had never been dropped save in the privacy of the most secret bureaux! Who the deuce could she be, and how could she come by that? Witch, clairvoyante, political intrigante, whatever she might be, he would have defied her to have probed that most secret of diplomatic secrecies, and to know of a visit paid to the envoy of Turin by a side-door and an *escalier dérobé*! This mystic *magicienne* baffled him utterly! She knew his own movements—she knew his own thoughts—she even knew the secret moves of the great chess-player at the Tuileries, who had Europe for his chess-board! Strathmore was piqued, excited, provoked; he had never been so impatient in his life; he could almost have forsworn all the courtesies of masquerade, and have torn off by force the envious black mask which hid from his sight the face of his mysterious clairvoyante, and which shrouded every feature save the sweet, sensuous, mutine mouth, that only made concealment the more cruel!

“The sure way to win whatever you wish, and hear whatever you seek, *ma belle*, would be to promise removal of your cruel mask as a recompense; none could resist such a bribe, let their probity be what it would!” he whispered her, eagerly.

He by no means intended to confess to the accuracy of her Voltura knowledge; it might be but the clever guesswork of a feminine politician, flung out to entrap him hap-hazard.

“How rash you are!” cried the Domino Blanc, interrupting him mischievously. “I may be wrinkled, haggard, and enamelled, for anything you can tell; I may be a Ninon of seventy, a Du Deffand coquetting in my eightieth year, a female Mirabeau pitted with small-pox and yellow with dyspepsia. Unmasked, I should have lost the charm that only goes with the Unseen. Thank you! I am too wise to part with it!”

“I am anything but rash, and you are anything but wise,” persisted Strathmore. “One guesses the perfection of the statue by the little that is unveiled; the beauty of the volume by the grace of the vignette that peeps through the uncut leaves! Enamel, madame, could no more have given the bloom to your lips than their bloom to those blossoms, and those eyes would not be so dangerously eloquent unless they were washed with the morning dew of their dawn!”

“Charming compliments!” laughed the mask, striking him on the arm with the jewelled sticks of her fan. “But you only flatter my beauty to have your curiosity gratified. It is not to see my face, Lord Cecil, but to find out who whispers to you of your tête-à-tête with Arrelío that you would like my mask off. *M. mon diplomat*, I take your flattery at its worth!”

“Then you do injustice to yourself and to me,” whispered Strathmore, urgently, tantalised and provoked to the last degree by a woman who knew so much of himself and would let him know nothing of her. “Your hand alone is insignia and type of what the tout ensemble would be were it only unmasked. Those Titania-like fingers must have face and form to match with them. Do you not think your mask is as cruel as the closest veil of the Odalisque, since, like that, it only shows us enough to make us wistfully dream of all we are denied?”

“Gracefully turned! were it only sincere!” answered the White Domino, her low, musical, mocking laugh echoing softly where they stood by the fountain, where the light of the lamps was shaded by the

fantastic ferns and fan-like leaves of the profuse Oriental foliage that drooped around. "But with Lord Cecil Strathmore it is only flattery, adroit and diplomatic, to find out who has the clue to his secret interview with Arrelío! Neither the mask nor the veil are cruelties to you; you care nothing for what they shroud; and as for dreaming of what is denied to you, you would disdain so poetical a weakness, unless the denial involved a state secret; then, indeed, it *might* haunt your sleep a little! Listen, Lord Cecil! I know your diplomacies, see if I know you personally. You are ambitious, but with a singular and lofty ambition, in which wealth has no share. You disdain gold as the *dieu du rotur*, and seek power alone. You are cold, and proud of your coldness, as of the polish of steel that has never been dimmed. You prize friendship, but disdain love as the plaything of fools and the dalliance of dotards. You look on life as the clay, and on men as the plaster through whom you, master-craftsman, will fashion the shape that pleases you without a flaw, ductile and plastic to every turn of your hand. You love finesse, sway, dominance; you are independent of sympathy; you are perfectly and presumptuously self-reliant; you have the profound subtle intellect of the old Italian statesmen; perhaps you have their swift, dark, relentless passion too; but, if so, it slumbers—as yet, as it slumbered with them till it was time to strike. You are like the Strathmores of White Ladies, line by line, feature for feature, and with their physiognomy inherit their character. *Now*, am I clairvoyante or not? Tell me!"

She spoke in a low, sweet whisper, bending towards him with her luminous eyes shining on him through her mask, while the sapphires flashed their azure rays in the light, and the mystical, monotonous music of the fountain murmured on and on, and the scarlet flowers of the Eastern creepers swung against the glittering, snowy folds of her domino. With something of the strange, startled wonder with which Surrey saw his love shadowed out on the Mirour of Gramarye, Strathmore heard his character drawn in the unerring words of the mysterious mask. A moment before he would have sworn that no living creature, save, perhaps, Bertie Erroll, could have known him so well; and the portraiture, exact to the life in every line, startled him as we may have been startled coming suddenly upon an unseen mirror that gives us back our own reflexion in every trait and in a strong light. He stretched out his hand to her, his grasp involuntarily closing on the folds of the domino.

"Clairvoyante or not, you are an enchantress! and I must know who has studied me so miraculously before we part. Unmask, *ma belle*. I cannot let you go unknown. I will not!"

She laughed the laugh sweet as music, that had something menacing and mocking in its soft, subdued carillon.

"But you *must*, by the rules of all masquerades. I am like Eros, I must be adored unseen; bring light to unveil me, and I shall take wing! Will you lament as sincerely as Psyche? *Adieu!*"

With a swift, sudden movement, ere he could detain her, the white folds slid from his hand, and she had fluttered away, as though she literally took wing like the Eros she spoke of, floating off under the tropical foliage like some rich-plumaged bird, the gold-flowered domino brushing through the dark glossy leaves as she passed. As swiftly Strathmore pursued; but before it was possible to overtake her, a group of

dominoes had surrounded her, and on the arm of one of them she had passed so rapidly out of the Pavillon de Flore, that ere he could follow she was lost in the throng.

Who could she be? Who could know him so well while she was unknown to him? Her air, her voice, her eyes, were half familiar while yet strange, and the mask might have effectually disguised his best-known friend. Yet, as he recalled those who alone could have spoken thus to him, he rejected them all; this mysterious clairvoyante could be none of them. The lost White Domino piqued him. Soft voices challenged him with witty mots, fair maskers kept him talking to them that light, brilliant badinage that women live on, as humming-birds on farina, and bees upon honey; eyes dazzling as hers wooed him tenderly through their masks; but Strathmore was haunted by one woman, to the exclusion of all the rest; he sought her unceasingly through the Luilhiers' salons, but always in vain. The sweet, sensuous mouth, the luminous eyes, the thrilling, musical voice and laugh, that would have had magic in others, were not what piqued him; it was the strange knowledge that she had of himself, the unerring fidelity with which she had sketched traits in his character that he himself even had known but in indistinct shadow till the light of her words had streamed in upon them. Had he believed in clairvoyance he would have sworn to it now! He sought the White Domino persistently, ceaselessly, through the crowds that filled the rooms for the Duchesse's fête à la Régence—sought her always in vain. At last, giving up in provoked despair his bootless chase of the azure sapphires and golden bees, that only flashed on his sight in the distance to perpetually elude his approach, he leant against the doorway of one of the conservatories, where a breeze reached him, cooling the air that was hot with the blaze of the myriad lights, and heavy with the odour of perfumes and flowers; and stood there looking down the long suite of salons, glittering with the moving throng of dominoes, and holding his mask in his hand, so that the light fell full upon the peculiar Vandyke-like character of his head, rendered the more striking by the dark violet of his masquerade dress and the diamonds that studded it. He was provoked, impatient, interested more than ever he had been in his whole life—save once—and he was annoyed with himself that he had so mismanaged the affair as to let the Domino Blanc slip from his hands. He was annoyed with himself, and not less so when, as he stood there, snowy folds swept past him, the jewelled handle of a fan struck his arm, and a soft voice was in his ear:

“*Rêveur!* you look like a portrait of the Old Masters! Are you thinking of the Voltura affair, or of me? You will be foiled with both; Arrelío will not sign, and I shall not unmask! Good night, Strathmore! Perhaps I shall haunt your sleep this morning, as I know a state secret!”

The words were scarce whispered before she had passed him! Again she eluded his detention; again, swift as lightning, he pursued her, this all-mysterious and all-tantalising mask; but destiny was against him. The throng parted them, an Austrian Baroness detained him, the trailing folds of a rose domino entangled him; *she* was perpetually at a distance as he followed her through the salons, which she was then leaving on the arm of a black domino to go to her carriage, the golden bees glittering, the snowy dress fluttering, just far enough off to be provokingly near and

provokingly distant, as, detained now by this, now by that, he threaded his way through the interminable length of the salons, ante-chambers, cabinets de peinture, and reception-rooms in her wake, and passed out into the staircase at the very moment that she was descending its last step! She had a crowd about her, following her as courtiers follow their Queen, and her sapphires were gleaming and her white domino glittering as she crossed in a blaze of light the marble parquet of the magnificent hall of the Hôtel Luilhiers.

“A white domino, powdered with gold bees!—can you tell me whose that is, Arthus?” asked Strathmore, eagerly, where he stretched over the balustrade as Bellus came out of the vestibule, while below, with her masked court about her, she passed on to her carriage.

“A white domino with golden bees!” cried the Vicomte. “Pardieu! you have seen her, then?”

“Seen *her*! Seen whom?”

“Did she take off her mask?” went on Bellus, not heeding the counter-question. “Did you see her face? Did you look at her well? What do you think of her?”

“*Her*! *Whom*? I ask you who the white domino is. Look—quick! you will catch her before she has passed out of the hall. Whose domino is that?”

“*That*? Nom de Dieu! that is *HERS*?”

“*Hers*? Curse your pronouns! She must have a name! Whose?”

“Peste! Lady Vavasour! You have seen her, then, at last!”

III.

TWO NIGHT PICTURES—BY WAXLIGHT, AND BY MOONLIGHT.

MARION Lady Vavasour and Vaux sat before her dressing-room fire (which, born in the West Indies, she had lighted in summer or winter), watching the embers play, nestled in the cozy depths of her luxurious chair, with a novel open in her lap, and her long shining tresses unbound and hanging in as loose, rippled luxuriance as the hair of the *Vénus à la Coquille*. No toilette was so becoming as the azure negligé of softest Indian texture, with its profusion of gossamer lace about the arms and bosom, that she wore; no chaussure more bewitching than the slipper, fantastically brodered with gold and pearls, into which the foot she held out to the fire to warm was slipped; no sanctuary for that belle des belles fitter and more enticing than the dressing-room, with its *rose tendre* hangings, its silver swinging lamps, its toilette-table shrouded in lace, its mirrors framed in Dresden, its jasper tazze filled with jewels, its gemmed vases full of flowers, its crystal carafes of perfumes and bouquets, its thousand things of luxury and grace. Here, perhaps, Marion, Lady Vavasour, who had rarest loveliness at all hours, looked her loveliest of all; and here she sat now, thinking, while the firelight shone on the dazzling whiteness of her skin, on the luminous depths of her eyes, on the shining unbound tresses of her hair, and on the diamond-studded circlet on her fair left hand that was the badge of her allegiance to one lord, and the signet of her title to reign, a Queen of Society and a Marchioness of Vavasour and Vaux. Her thoughts might well be sunny ones; she was in the years of her youth and the height of her beauty;

she had not a caprice she could not carry out, nor a wish she could not gratify. Her world, delirious with her fascination and ductile to her magic, let her place her foot on its neck and rule it as she would; she was censed with the purple incense of worship wherever she moved, and gave out life and death with her smile and her frown, with a soft whispered word, or a moue boudeuse. From a station of comparative obscurity, when her existence had threatened to pass away in insular monotony and colonial obscurity, her beauty had lifted her to a dazzling rank, and her tact had taught her to grace it, so that none could carp at, but all bowed before her; so that in a thorough-bred exclusive set she gave the law and made the fashion, and conquests unnumbered strewed her path "thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa."

On her first appearance as Lady Vavasour and Vaux, which had been made some six years before this at St. Petersburg, women had murmured at, and society been shy to receive, this exquisite creature, come none knew whence, born from no one knew whom, with whom the world in general conceived that my lord Marquis had made a wretched *mésalliance*; the Marquis being a man *sans reproche* as far as "blood" went, if upon some other score he was not quite so stainless as might have been. But the world in very brief time gave way before her: with the sceptre of a matchless loveliness, and the skill of a born tactician, she cleared all obstacles, overruled all opponents, bore down all hesitations, silenced all sneers. She created a furore, she became the mode; women might slander her as they would, they could do nothing against her; and in brief time, from her *début* by finesse, by witchery, by the double right of her own resistless fascination, and the dignity of her lord's name, Marion Marchioness of Vavasour and Vaux was a Power in the world of fashion, and an acknowledged leader in her own spheres of ton, pleasure, and coquetry. "Woman's wit" can do anything if it be given free run and free scope, and with that indescribable yet priceless quality of her sex she was richly endowed. How richly, you will conceive when I say that now, she had so effectually silenced and bewitched society, that in society (save here and there, where two or three very malicious grandes dames, whom she had outrivalled, were gathered together for spleen, slander, and Souchong) the question of her Origin was never now mooted. It would, indeed, have been as presumptuous to have debated such a question with her as for the Hours to have asked Aphrodite of her birth when the amber-dropping golden tresses and the snowy shoulders rose up from the white sea-foam. Lady Vavasour was Herself, and was all-sufficient for herself. Her delicate azure veins were her *sangre azul*, her fair white hands were her *seize quartiers*, her shining tresses were her *bezants d'or*, and her luminous eyes her *blazonry*. Garter King-at-Arms himself, looking on her, would have forgotten heraldry, flung the bare, lifeless skeleton of pedigree to the winds before the living beauty, and allowed that Venus needs no Pursuivant's marshalling.

She sat looking into the dressing-room fire, while the gleam of the waxlights was warm on her brow, and played in the depths of her dazzling eyes; a pleased smile lingered about her lovely lips, and her fingers idly played with the leaves of her novel—her thoughts were more amusing than its pages. She was thinking over the triumphs of the past night and day; of how she had wooed from the Marquis d'Arrelie, for pure in-

souciant curiosity, state secrets that honour and prudence alike bade him withhold, but which he was powerless to deny before her magical witchery; of how Constantine of Lanaris had followed her from Athens, to lay at her feet the sworn homage of a Prince, and be rewarded with a tap of a fan painted by Watteau; of the imperial sables Duke Nicholas Tchemidoff had flung down à la Raleigh on a damp spot on the Terrace des Feuillans, where, otherwise, her dainty brodequins would have been set on some moist fallen leaves, as they had strolled there together; of the pieces of Henri Deux and Rose Berri ware, dearer to him than his life, which that king of connoisseurs, Lord Weiverden, had presented to her, sacrificing his Faïence for the sake of a smile; of the words which men had whispered to her in the perfumed demie-lumière of her violet-hung boudoir, while her eyes laughed and lured them softly and resistlessly to their doom; of all the triumphs of the past twelve hours, since the doors of her hotel in the Place Vendôme had first been opened at two o'clock in the day to her crowding court, to now, when she had quitted the bal masqué of her friend Louise de Luilhier, and was inhaling again in memory the incense on which she lived. For the belle Marquise was a finished coquette, never sated with conquest; and it was said, in certain circles antagonistic to her own, that neither her coquetries nor her conquests were wholly harmless. But every flower, even the fairest, has its shadow beneath it as it swings in the sunlight!

"He did not remember ME!" thought the Venus Aphrodite of the rose-hung dressing-room, looking with a smile into the flames of the fire, which it was her whim to have even in so warm a night as was this one. "My voice should have told him; it is a terribly bad compliment! However, he shall pay for it! A woman who knows her power can always tax any negligence to her as heavily as she likes. How incomprehensibly silly those women must be who become their lovers' slaves, who hang on their words and seek their tenderness, and make themselves miserable at their infidelities. I cannot understand it; if there be a thing in the world easier to manage than another, it is a MAN! Weak, obstinate, vain, wayward, loving what they cannot get, slighting what they hold in their hand, adoring what they have only on an insecure tenure, trampling on anything that lies at their mercy, always capricious to a constant mistress and constant to a capricious—men are all alike; there is nothing easier to keep in leading-strings when once you know their foibles! Those swift, silent Strathmores, they are very cold, they say, and love very rarely; but *when* they love, it must be imperiously, passionately, madly, tout au rien. I should like to see him roused. Shall I rouse him? Perhaps! *He* could not resist me if I chose to wind him round my fingers. I should like to supplant his ambition, to break down his pride, to shatter his coldness, to bow him down to what he defies. Those facile conquests are no honour; those men who sigh at the first sight of one's eyebrow, and lose their heads at the shadow of a smile; I am tired of them—sick of them! Toujours perdrix! And the birds so easily shot! Shall I choose? *Yes!* No man living could defy *me*—not even Lord Cecil Strathmore!"

And as she thought this last vainglorious but fully-warranted thought, Marion Lady Vavasour, lying back in her fauteuil, with her head resting negligently on her arm, that in its turn rested on the satin-cushions,

with that grace which was her peculiar charm, as the firelight shone on her loosened hair and the rose-leaf flush of her delicate cheeks, glanced at her own reflexion in a mirror standing near, on whose surface the whole matchless tableau was reproduced with its dainty and brilliant colouring, and smiled—a smile of calm security, of superb triumph. Could she not vanquish, whom and when and where she would?

That night, far across the sea, under the shadow of English woodlands that lay dark, and fresh, and still beneath the brooding summer skies, a woman stood within the shelter of a cottage-porch, looking down the forest-lane that stretched into the distance, with the moonbeams falling across its moss-grown road between the boles of the trees, and the silent country lying far beyond hushed, and dim, and shrouded in a white mist. She was young, and she had the light of youth—love—in her eyes as she gazed wistfully into the gloom, vainly seeking to pierce through the dense foliage of the boughs and the darkness of the night, and listened, thirstily and breathlessly, for a step beloved to break the undisturbed silence. The scarlet folds of a cloak fell off her shoulders, her head was uncovered, and the moon bathed her in its radiance where she stood, the branches above her, as the wind stirred amongst them, shaking silver drops of dew from their moistened leaves on her brow and into her bosom. She loved, and listened for that which she loved; listened patiently, yet eagerly and long, while the faint summer clouds swept over the dark azure heavens, the stars shining through their mist, and the distant chimes of a church clock from an old grey tower bosomed in the woods tolled out the quarters, one by one, as the hours of the night stole onward.

Suddenly she heard that for which she longed—heard ere other ears could have caught it—a step falling on the moss that covered the forest road, and coming towards her; then—she sprang forward in the darkness, the dew shaking from her hair, and the tears of a great gladness glancing in her eyes, as she twined her arms close about him whom she met, and clung to him as though no earthly power should sever them.

“You are come at last! Ah, if you knew how bitter your absence is; if you knew how I grudge you to the cruel world that robs me so long, so often of you——”

He laughed, and looked down fondly on her where she clung to him, wreathing her arms about his neck.

“Silly child! I am not worth your worship, still less worth the consecration of your life, when I repay it so little, recompense it so ill.”

She laid her hand upon his lips and gazed up into his eyes, clinging but the more closely to him, and laughing and weeping in her joy:

“Hush, hush! Pay it ill? Have I not the highest, best, most precious payment in your love? I care for no other, you know that so well.”

He stroked her hair caressingly, perhaps repentantly (few men can meet the eyes of a woman who loves them purely and faithfully, after a long absence, without some pangs of conscience, without some contrast of the quality of her fidelity and their own), and kissed the lips uplifted to his own; the love that he read in her eyes, and that trembled in her voice, saddened him, he could not have told why, even whilst he recognised it as something unpurchasable in the world he had quitted, where

its strength and its fidelity would have been but words of an unknown tongue, subjects of a jeer, objects of a jest.

“And you have seen none who have supplanted me since we parted; none of whom I need have jealousy or fear?” she whispered to him, with a certain tremulous, wistful anxiety—he was her all, she could not be robbed of him!—yet with a fond, sunny smile upon her face as it was raised to his in the faint sheen of the starlight, the smile of a love too deeply true, too truly trustful to harbour a dread that were doubt, a doubt that were disloyalty to the faith it received as to the faith it gave.

He looked down into her eyes, and pressed closer against his own the heart that he knew beat solely, purely, wholly for himself.

“My precious one! you need be jealous of no living thing with me. None have twined themselves about my heart, none have rooted themselves into my life as you have done. Have no dread! No rival shall ever supplant you, I swear before God!”

He spoke the oath in all sincerity, in all faith, in all fervour, speaking it as many men have so spoken before him, not dreaming what the day will bring forth, not knowing how fate will make them unwitting perjurers, unconscious renegades to the bond of their word, as they are lured onwards, and driven downwards, powerless, almost one would say blameless, in the hands of chance.

And the woman that nestled in his arms and gazed up into his eyes sighed a low, long, tremulous sigh of too great gladness. He was her world; she knew of and needed no other!

Then he loosened her from his close embrace, and still looking down into the eyes that uttered a love which the women in the world he lived in neither knew nor guessed, and to which he came back as from the atmosphere of gas-lit salons one comes into the clear soft air of the dawn; he led her under the drooping branches of the trees that hung stirless and dew-laden in the warm air, into the house hidden in the profuse and tangled foliage. Their steps ceased to fall on the moss, their shadows to slant across the star-lit path, their whispered words to stir the silence; the woodland country lay beyond calm and still in the shade of the night, the fleecy clouds drifted slowly now and then across the bright radiance of the moon, the winds moved gently amongst the leaves; in the lattice casements shrouded in the trees the lights died out, and the church chimes struck faintly in the distance their hours one by one. On the hushed earth three angels brooded—Night, and Sleep, and Peace.

MEMOIRS OF VICTOR HUGO.*

ALTHOUGH the author of this work traces back the family of the Hugos to the year 1532, he does not enter into any details until he reaches the father of the poet, Joseph Leopold Sigisbert, who entered the army as cadet in 1788, when at the age of fourteen. He fought in the Vendée, which took him frequently to Nantes, where he formed the acquaintance of a shipbroker of the name of Trébuchet, whose daughter Sophia he eventually married. After fighting on the Rhine as brigadier, Hugo found himself father of three sons, of whom the youngest is the subject of the Memoir. As with most remarkable men, a curious anecdote is connected with his birth :

A Victorine was expected, but a Victor arrived. But on seeing him, it might have been said that he knew he was not expected. He seemed to hesitate about coming : he had none of the good looks of his brothers : he was so small, delicate, and thin, that the accoucheur declared he would not live. I have frequently heard his mother describe his entrance into the world. She used to say that he was no longer than a knife. When he was swaddled he was laid in an easy-chair, and occupied so little room that a dozen like him could have been put there. His brothers were called to see him : he was so ugly, his mother said, and so little resembled a human being, that fat Eugène, who was only eighteen months of age, and could scarce speak, cried on perceiving him. Oh ! la bête !

Unfortunately for the father, he had been a protégé of Moreau, and it is insinuated that Bonaparte never forgave this. Hence he was constantly moved from one corps d'armée to the other, and though his faithful wife at first followed him everywhere, the fatigue at length became too great for her. Hence, when Major Hugo was ordered with his battalion from Bastia to join the army in Italy, his wife and family settled down in Paris, at No. 24, Rue de Clichy. Victor Hugo's earliest reminiscences are attached to this house : he remembers that there were a pump and a willow in the court-yard ; how he was taken every morning to the bedroom of Mademoiselle Rose, the schoolmaster's daughter, whom he watched draw on her stockings ; and, lastly, how he performed the child in "Geneviève de Brabant," dressed in tights and a sheepskin, to which a brass claw was attached. As the piece was tedious to him, he amused himself by digging this claw into the legs of the afore-said Mademoiselle Rose at the most pathetic part of the performance. The audience were no little scandalised at hearing Geneviève say to him, "Will you be quiet, you little scamp?"

After putting down Fra Diavolo, for which he was made colonel of the Royal Corsican, Hugo settled down in Italy, and summoned his family to join him in 1807. The pleasant villegiatura, however, was broken up too soon for the children by Joseph being appointed King of Spain, and he would not leave his favourite colonel behind him. The three boys returned to Paris with their mother to pursue their studies, and were fortunate enough to have the use of a splendid garden belonging to the ex-convent of the Feuillantines, where they lodged. After

* Victor Hugo, Raconté par un Témoin de sa Vie. Brussels: Lacroix and C^{ie}.

three years of separation, during which the boys made equal progress mentally and physically, Madame Hugo agreed to rejoin her husband in Spain, where he held a fine position as governor of three provinces. After many curious adventures *en route*, owing to the terror felt by the French about the Spanish guerillas, who followed the commissariat train almost within gun-shot, and cut off every straggler, Madame Hugo arrived in Madrid. Here the boys were sent to the College of Nobles until Abel was of the age to enter the king's service as page. The sight of his glittering uniform excited little Victor, who was delighted on hearing that in a year's time he would be a page too. By that time, however, Joseph was a fugitive, and Abel's uniform was put away in a chest to be devoured by the moths.

In the early part of 1812, matters were beginning to look so bad in Spain that General Hugo thought it advisable to send his wife and two youngest sons back to France. The lads were as glad to get away from Spain as they had been sorry to leave Madrid, for the confinement of the college and separation from their mother had painfully affected them. The restoration of the Bourbons was a great joy for Madame Hugo, and her hatred of Napoleon, hitherto repressed through fear of compromising her husband, had a free course. "The Emperor was now only Bonaparte: he had neither genius nor talent, not even of a military sort: he had been beaten everywhere, in Russia and France: he was a coward: he had fled from Egypt and Russia, abandoning to plague and ice those whom his ambition had dragged thither: he had wept at Fontainebleau like a child: he had assassinated the Duc d'Enghien," &c. The Comte d'Artois, on the day of his entrance, sent the sons of so good a royalist the order of the Lily, made of silver, and suspended from a black moire ribbon. Wearing this, and with white cockades in their hats, they fancied themselves perfect royalists. But at this time General Hugo was in disgrace for having defended Thionville too well against the Hessians, and the Abbé de Montesquiou, the minister, spoke in the tribune about the "revolt of Thionville." He was dismissed the service, and, on coming to Paris, turned his attention to the education of his two boys, Eugène, then fifteen, and Victor, aged thirteen. They were placed as boarders at the Pension Cordier. Here their chief amusement was writing plays, in which they performed the principal characters. These plays were always of a military caste, and the difficulty was to find any one who would consent to play the enemy.

During the Hundred Days, General Hugo resumed the command of Thionville, and on the grand break up he hoisted the white flag, to prove that he was resisting the foreigners and not the king. When, however, the latter signed the treaty by which Thionville with other fortresses was handed over to be occupied by the allies, he threw up his command and went to Paris. An interesting trait is connected with his departure. In the previous year, the Thionville Jews had offered him a large sum as a reward for his firmness; he refused it: they now repeated their offer, and he repeated his refusal.

During the three years which Victor spent at the Pension Cordier (1815—1818), he wrote verses of every possible description, as well as a comic opera. These verses he read to his mother and brother, who annotated either favourably or unfavourably the passages that struck

them. At the end of a poem of five hundred lines, called the Deluge, our author finds the following recapitulation : Twenty lines bad, thirty-two good, fifteen very good, five passable, one weak. We wonder what character Victor was inclined to give to the other four hundred lines. The curious reader will find in the volumes several specimens of his earliest efforts, in which we only notice, to our sorrow, that tendency for bombast and "tall language" in which Hugo offered so unpleasant a proof in his "La Légende des Siècles." The most interesting thing about these youthful essays is the affection he constantly displays for his mother. The following extract is a proof of this :

Séparé d'une tendre mère,
Privé du bonheur de la voir,
J'exhale en soupirant un sombre désespoir,
Quel crime ai je commis ?

Another curious thing is the rabid royalist feeling that pervades all his poetic effusions, but in truth he only repeated what he constantly heard. His first tragedy, written at the age of fourteen, is a Restoration, the scene of which is laid in Egypt. The last verse perfectly sums up what the lad saw at that time in the word royalty :

Quand en hait les tyrans en doit aimer les rois.

At the same time, his royalism was the Voltarian royalism of his mother : the throne without the altar. At the age of sixteen he wrote his first piece, which the author reproduces *pro memoria*, and as a curiosity, but which, we take it, few will care to read. It certainly displays several beauties of diction about it, and much of that tropical luxuriance which Hugo has never entirely got rid of, but, at the same time, there is a sort of offensive "bumptiousness" about it which makes you feel that the author has never been a boy in the honest meaning of the term.

In 1817, Hugo competed for the poetical prize of the Académie, and received a mention instead of the prize, which would have been his, had not a couple of lines led the worthy Académie to believe in a mystification. The report said, "The author states in his work that he is only fifteen years of age :

Moi qui, toujours fuyant les cités et les cours,
De trois lustres à peine ai vu finir le cours.

If he really is only that age," &c. At that time, however, even a mention was an event, and the schoolboy woke up one fine morning to find himself celebrated. Victor wished to convince the Académie of his fifteen years, and sent M. Raynouard, the secretary, his baptismal certificate. The secretary replied, politely, "*Je ferai avec plaisir votre connoissance.*" Alas, when Victor called, the secretary treated him as the boy he was, did not ask him to sit down, said that his disappointment would do him good, and then turned his back on him with a simplicity which made Victor say that he knew as much about politeness as he did about orthography.

The origin of Burg Jargal is curious. Victor was accustomed to dine once a week with a number of other ambitious youths, and it was proposed that they should bring out a volume of collected tales. Abel Hugo asked by what time all the stories should be ready, and Victor said

boldly, in a fortnight. This being thought impossible, he wagered a dinner for all the members of the "Banquet Littéraire" that he would complete his task, which he did triumphantly. The next year Victor competed again at the Académie, but did not even have a mention, and as his brother Eugène had gained a prize at the floral games of Toulouse, Victor sent in two poems, which both gained rewards. The second ode was written in one night, while he was nursing his mother, who was confined to her bed. At the same time, too, he was violently in love with Mademoiselle Foucher, and, with his natural impetuosity, wished to marry her out of hand, but as he had nothing, and the lady only her good looks, their friends thought it advisable to part them.

The death of the Duc de Berry inspired Victor with an ode which met with great success in Royalist circles. Louis XVIII. frequently repeated to his intimates the strophe beginning :

Monarque en cheveux blancs, hâte toi, le temps presse :
Un Bourbon, &c.

Even greater honour than this, at least in his own estimation, was a request from Chateaubriand that he would call. On his arriving, Chateaubriand, who was leaning against the chimney, said to Victor, without deranging himself, "M. Hugo, I am enchanted at seeing you. I have read your verses, those you wrote on the Vendée, and those you have just written about the death of the Duc de Berry. There are, especially in the latter, things which no poet of the age could have written. My old years and my experience give me, unfortunately, the right to be frank, and I tell you sincerely there are passages I like less ; but what there is fine in your odes is very fine." This might be found sufficiently hot and strong in the way of praise, but it was delivered in such a way that Victor felt diminished rather than exalted, and a strong inclination to bolt. The following extract is one of the many passages proving that, whoever the witness of Victor Hugo's life may be who fathers (or, to speak more correctly, perhaps, mothers) the book, Victor Hugo himself "put in the plums," to use Gifford's expression anent the *Quarterly Review* :

M. de Chateaubriand affected a military air : the man of the pen remembered the man of the sword ; his neck was stiffened by a black cravat, which concealed his shirt-collar ; a black frock-coat, buttoned up to the chin, improved his little bent body. What there was fine was the head, in disproportion with the body, but noble and grave. The nose had a firm and imperious line, the eye was haughty, the smile charming, but it was only a flash, and the mouth soon resumed the stern and haughty expression.

This description is certainly akin to an anecdote going the round of the papers. When the Duke of B—— attained his majority, everybody began saying all sorts of good things about his beauty, form, &c. But Rogers, the poet, made a discovery which doubtless afforded him satisfaction : "Thank God, he has bad teeth." A second interview, however, reconciled Hugo with his brother poet, even though the latter subjected him to the *peine forte et dure* of listening to his MS. of Moses. As a compensation, Victor was offered a post on the Berlin embassy, to which Chateaubriand had just been appointed. He was, however, compelled to decline it on his mother's account, though the envoy asked sarcastically, "Is it only your mother?" Many characteristic traits of Chateau-

briand will be found in these volumes, and to them we must refer the reader.

His mother's death in 1821 obtained Victor the friendship of the Duc de Rohan, who had retired from the world on the loss of his wife, who was burnt to death, and this friendship had a peculiar effect on him. He was introduced by him to Lamennais, who became his confessor. Curiously enough, he kept in the old convent of the Feuillantines, where Madame Hugo had once resided:

Nothing was changed there, except that at this moment everything was in disorder. The dining and drawing-rooms were encumbered with boxes and trunks, among which walked up and down a little thin, bilious-faced man, with large restless blue eyes, and a nose almost concealing his chin. The most striking thing about him was the contrast between the almost childish expression of the mouth and the other features, which were troubled and nervous. This little man was poorly clad. He wore a worn coat of coarse grey cloth, which displayed beneath it a calico shirt and a cravat, once of black silk, but which was now a net; his short trousers scarce came down to his ankles, and were continued by washed-out blue stockings. At each step could be heard the sound of the triple row of nails that strengthened his peasant's shoes. . . . Victor confessed very seriously, and with a scrupulous examination of his conscience. His great sin consisted of the sweet looks two actresses had given him. M. de Lamennais, seeing that this was his sole great crime, henceforth substituted conversation for confession.

It would appear that many of the passages and characters of "*Les Misérables*" are drawn from personal experience. Thus his father is the colonel (exaggerated, of course), while the chapters describing Marcus when poor are drawn from Victor Hugo's own life, at a time when he had seven hundred francs to keep him a year. He had only three shirts, but, luckily, his chum, a cousin from Nantes, had any quantity of linen, which Victor wore solely to keep it from turning yellow. Still Hugo seems to have been very jolly while waiting for something to turn up, and this something was the fact of his brother Abel finding a publisher for his "*Odes et Poesies Diverses*." From this edition Victor drew seven hundred and fifty francs as his share, minus the loss of four sous on each crown of six francs; but the poet did not care for that: had not the king just given him a pension of one thousand francs? On that it was possible to marry. He asked his father's permission to do so, which was graciously accorded, with no interference on the part of his new mamma-in-law, and the seven hundred francs obtained from the *Odes* went in one fell swoop to buy a Cashmere shawl. Although General Hugo did not appear at the festival, he was called to Paris by a misfortune: his son Eugène was pronounced to be insane, and he was confined till death released him.

Hugo's next publication was "*Han d'Islande*," which created a sensation and a certain amount of opposition. The two camps of the classicists and the romantics were just beginning to be formed, and the new volume was severely attacked. As a consolation, however, the king at this time raised the poet's pension to two thousand francs. On this he set up his own household gods, and had a reconciliation with his father, whom he at length learned to know and esteem. After a trip to the coronation of Charles X. at Rheims, the merry party, consisting of Hugo and his wife, and Nodier and his family, resolved to pay a long-promised visit to Lamartine at St. Point. The expenses were to be defrayed by an ex-

cursion to the Alps, about which each would write a paper on his return, and a confiding publisher would be easily found. On the road, Victor Hugo had a curious adventure: getting out to walk, he was arrested by gendarmes, who asked the meaning of the red ribbon in his button-hole, and would not believe that the cross of the legion could be given to boys. As, too, with a poet's negligence, he had forgotten his passport in Paris, he had to spend an unpleasant quarter of an hour, till Nodier came to the rescue, and stated the prisoner to be the "celebrated" Victor Hugo. Though the gendarmes had probably never heard of him, they did not wish to be taken for ignoramuses, and hence released their prisoner with many apologies. St. Point severely disillusioned Victor, who had been led to believe in a mediæval château: his host had invited him to a stone romance, and here was a yellow-washed, ordinary house:

"Where is the château of your verses?" asked Victor Hugo.

"You see it," M. de Lamartine replied. "The only thing is that I have rendered it habitable. The thick ivy made the walls damp, and gave me a rheumatism, and so I had it removed. I have had the parapets taken down, and the house modernised, for its grey stones saddened me. Ruins are good to describe, but not to live in."

The visit to the Alps was paid, and the travellers returned to Paris. It was high time to do so, for when they passed through the gate Charles Nodier had twenty-two francs left, and Hugo but eighteen. As for the book, it never appeared. Hugo certainly wrote his part, but Nodier waited for the engravings to be furnished ere he began his letter-press; the engraving took months, and allowed the publisher time to be bankrupt.

The first rupture between Hugo and legitimate monarchy took place on an insult being offered to the French marshals at a ball given by the Austrian embassy. The groom of the chambers announced them as Marshal Macdonald, Marshal Soult, &c., instead of the Duc de Tarente, the Duc de Dalmatie, and so on. There could not be a doubt as to the premeditated insult, and hence the marshals quitted the house in a body. The soldier's blood in Hugo's veins mounted to his face, and he wrote the "Ode à la Colonne," which was published in the *Journal des Débats*. At the Austrian insult Hugo felt that he was no longer a Vendean, but a Frenchman:

Contre une insulte ici tout s'unit, tout se lève
Tout s'arme, et la Vendée aiguïsera sa gloire
Sur la pierre de Waterloo.

It is no longer the army that he accepts, as in the "Ode to his Father," but the emperor also. "Bonaparte" has become "Napoleon," the "tyrant" is forgotten, and the "spur of Napoleon" is equal to the "sandal of Charlemagne." M. Taylor was at this time royal commissioner at the Comédie Française, and he one day asked Victor Hugo why he did not write for the stage. On his replying that he had a drama about Cromwell in hand, Taylor begged for it, saying that the part of a Cromwell could only be played by a Talma. The latter, however, died ere the drama was completed, and Hugo thought no more of the matter as regards the stage. The drama, however, enormously developed, was printed with a preface, which served as a rallying-point for all the young fellows who desired the liberation of the stage from the old trammels.

The first piece of Hugo's which appeared on the boards was "Amy

Robsart," the history of which was curious enough. At the age of nineteen Hugo had joined Soumet, and written the first three acts, to which the collaborateur added other two. When it was finished, Soumet was frightened at the admixture of tragedy and comedy in Hugo's part; and though the latter invoked the example of Shakspeare, the play was not produced. Hugo wrote the other two acts in his way, and laid the play aside. In 1828, his younger brother-in-law, Paul Foucher, had a fancy for play-writing, and finding himself foiled at every turn, he begged Victor Hugo to make him a present of "Amy Robsart." It was accepted by the Odéon, and performed; and as it got about that it was by the author of "Cromwell," it drew. The *Journal des Débats* disposed of it in a very lordly way:

"Yesterday was played at the Odéon an historical drama, in five acts, entitled 'Amy Robsart,' a subject borrowed from Sir Walter Scott's 'Kenilworth,' and which—already produced at three theatres—reappeared for the fourth time, with no other advantage than that of being enormously lengthened and disfigured by a multitude of trivial phrases. Hisses, shouts, and laughter, did justice to this old novelty."

Victor Hugo at once wrote to the papers that the passages hissed were his, and the confession was an involuntary puff. The young men—who had not put themselves out of the way for an anonymous piece—then flocked in: they applauded, the hisses were redoubled; the agitation of the pit spread through the Quartier Latin, and the result was that government interfered and suppressed the piece. In the mean while, Victor Hugo was engaged in his "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné," which was published in 1829, almost simultaneously with "Les Orientales." In 1832, in his eagerness to abolish the penalty of death, Hugo brought out a new edition of it, with a long preface; and he followed up the labour of love in 1854 with "Claude Gueux." Another interesting anecdote connected with the subject, though often told, will bear repetition. In 1839, Barbès was tried, and sentenced to death as an attempted regicide. The next day Hugo was at the Opera, when a peer of France seated himself by his side, and mentioned the sentence just passed. Victor Hugo went behind the scenes, took a piece of paper, and wrote on it the four lines:

Par vôtre ange envolée ainsi qu'une colombe !
 Par ce royal enfant, doux et frêle roseau !
 Grâce encore une fois ! grâce au nom de la tombe !
 Grâce au nom du berceau !

He placed the paper in one of the theatre envelopes and went with it to the Tuileries. The king wrote to him in reply: "His pardon is granted; it only remains for me to obtain it." Since this period Hugo has frequently renewed his protest against capital punishment, the most notable instances being his letter to Lord Palmerston in 1854, and his apology for John Brown in 1859.

The first play which Victor Hugo wrote for the stage, with the intention of having it acted, was "Marion de l'Orme," which he completed in twenty-four days. It was promised to the Théâtre-Français, but the censor put an embargo on it, whereupon Hugo himself called on M. de Martignac. The fourth act was the most offensive, for it was not merely an ancestor of the king who was ridiculed, but the king himself.

In Louis XIII., a sportsman governed by a priest, all the world would see an allusion to Charles X. Hugo appealed to the king, who received him very graciously, as we may read in "*Les Rayons et les Ombres*;" but renewed the prohibition. As a sop, a pension of four thousand francs was offered the author, which he at once declined. M. de Sainte-Beuve made the affair public, and the papers greatly applauded Hugo's conduct, the *Constitutionnel* saying, "Youth is not so easy to corrupt as the ministers hope."

Hugo was not one of those who are discouraged by a check: he set to work again immediately, and produced "*Hernani*," which was at once accepted. The author had a great deal to endure from the impertinence of Mademoiselle Mars during the rehearsals, but he tamed even her by requesting her to resign her part. In fact, Hugo was resolved to effect a revolution on the stage or be utterly defeated, and in pursuance of this he prohibited the *claque*. On the other hand, however, it must not be forgotten that he packed the theatre beforehand with his friends. These were locked into the theatre at half-past three, and the scenes which took place were extraordinary, and indeed improper, although the management were solely to blame for it. Mademoiselle Mars was furious at the profanation, and said, "I have played before many an audience, but I owe playing to such an one as this to you." It was also publicly said, and very maliciously, "that the piece was dead, and that Hugo's friends had killed it."

To repeat the story of the first night of "*Hernani*" would be a twice-told tale indeed. Every French author who has published his reminiscences during the last thirty years has made a stock-piece of the great battle between the romantic and the classical schools, which were equally wrong and right. Granted that French tragedy, walking on stilts, is the most ponderous thing in the world, we see no reason to rush to the other extreme by cutting ordinary prose into lengths, and deliberately affecting ruggedness, because it annoyed the old masters. One anecdote about the first night of "*Hernani*," is not so well known, perhaps. At the end of the fourth act, Hugo was told that some one wished to speak to him: he went out and found a publisher, who offered him six thousand francs for the right of printing "*Hernani*." Hugo wished to put off the affair till the morrow, but the publisher insisted on paying the money and taking an agreement on the spot; that is to say, at the nearest tobacconist's. Hugo in vain urged that the publisher did not know what he was buying, as the success might diminish in the last act, but the other said that it might be augmented. "At the second act, I thought of offering you two thousand francs; at the third, four thousand: I offer you six thousand at the fourth, and I am afraid that if I wait till the fifth act, I shall be offering you ten thousand." After this, Victor Hugo could no longer hesitate about taking the money, which arrived very opportunely, as he had scarce fifty francs in the house. On the next morning, Hugo, on waking, found the following letter:

I saw, sir, the first representation of "*Hernani*." You are aware of my admiration of you. My vanity is attached to your lyre, you know for what reason. I am departing, sir, and you are arriving. I recommend myself to the recollection of your muse. A pious glory should pray for the dead

CHATEAUBRIAND.

The first performance had taken place on a Saturday, and on Monday

the dramatic reviews appeared. All were unfavourable except the *Débats*. This roused his friends, who were resolved to go to the theatre again that night, as they foresaw a contest. A doubtful victory was gained for the first four nights, but then the author's free list ceased, and "Hernani" was left at the mercy of the public. So persistent was the hissing that all the company turned against the author, with the exception of Mademoiselle Mars. There was one thing, and only one, in favour of the play, that it drew enormous houses. The quarrel extended to the departments. At Toulouse, a young man of the name of Batlam fought a duel for "Hernani," and was killed. At Vannes, a corporal of dragoons, on dying, left this will: "I desire that there may be inscribed on my tomb, 'Here lies a man who believed in Victor Hugo.'" The play ran forty-five nights, and was then interrupted by Mademoiselle Mars's furlough.

One of the results was that the Hugos were turned out of their apartments, for the landlady could not stand the constant traffic on the stairs at such unearthly hours of the morning. The fact was, that Hugo had received a threatening anonymous letter, and a band of brothers saw him home each night. Another vexation was that Gosselin, Victor Hugo's publisher, feeling annoyed at the sale of "Hernani" to another house, insisted on the immediate delivery of the copy of "Notre-Dame," which was overdue. It was found necessary to call in the intervention of M. Bertin, of the *Débats*, and it was finally arranged that Hugo should be allowed five months to write the book in, and pay a forfeit of one thousand francs for each week's delay. The author sat down to his work on July 27, 1830, but the successes of the revolt suddenly aroused him to the blessings of a republic, and he spent his time in writing socialistic theses after the style of those which disfigure "Les Misérables." However, his publisher stood on his rights, and hence M. Hugo laid in a bottle of ink, bought a woollen Guernsey, locked up his walking clothes, and entered his romance like a prison. On January 14 the book was finished, and so was the ink-bottle, which made him think for a moment of calling his romance "What there is in a Bottle of Ink." M. Gosselin gave the manuscript to his wife to read, who found it awfully slow, and her husband said this would be a lesson to him in future against buying a manuscript unread. The newspaper critiques were generally unfavourable, but they did not prevent "Notre-Dame de Paris" from having an extraordinary success. Publishers besieged Victor Hugo for more romances, but he had none to give them: then they implored a title. It was in this way that M. Renduel's catalogue for a long time announced, "Le Fils de la Bossue," and "La Quiquengrogne." On this subject we read in a letter of Hugo's:

"The Quiquengrogne" is the popular name of one of the towers of Bourbon l'Archambault. This romance is destined to complete my views about mediæval art, of which "Notre-Dame" gave the first part. "Notre-Dame" is the cathedral, and the "Quiquengrogne" will be the keep. In "Notre-Dame" I have depicted more particularly the sacerdotal middle age: in the "Quiquengrogne" I shall direct my attention to mediæval feudalism, in accordance with my own ideas, which, whether good or bad, are my own. The "Hunchback's Son" will appear after "Quiquengrogne," and be but one volume.

These two romances, announced thirty years ago, were never written. M. Hugo's first romance after "Notre-Dame" was "Les Misérables."

Perhaps it would have been better for his permanent reputation had he adhered to his original plan.

As the revolution of July got rid of the censorship, the Comédie Française immediately thought of "*Marion de l'Orme*." But Hugo had not forgotten his former treatment at that theatre, and consequently signed articles with the manager of the Porte St. Martin, M. Crosnier. "*Marion de l'Orme*" was brought out there with a splendid cast, but the success was not very great. Moreover, the excitement was divided between this play and Dumas's "*Antony*," and then the continued revolts interfered with the theatrical receipts.

The next play to which Victor Hugo turned his attention was "*Le Roi s'Amuse*," which he began under peculiar auspices. While he was taking a harmless walk, he was caught by an émeute in the Passage du Saumon, and was peppered with bullets for a quarter of an hour, as he mentions in "*Les Misérables*." So soon as "*Le Roi s'Amuse*" was finished, Hugo began at "*Lucrèce Borgia*," and M. Taylor, on hearing that he had two plays ready, ran to him to secure one at least for the Théâtre-Français. Hugo yielded to his arguments, and let him have "*Le Roi s'Amuse*." The first performance was accompanied by evil omens: the actor who carried off Blanche did so clumsily, with her head down and her feet in the air, while a mistake in the mise en scène caused the king in the last act to miss his most effective cue. In a word, the play was hissed down. When the curtain fell, M. Ligier went up to the author. "Do you wish your name to be given?" he asked, indirectly as a hint. "Sir," Victor Hugo answered, coldly, "I believe a little more in my play now that it has failed." The next day the author's reputation was saved by a government order to suspend the performance of "*Le Roi s'Amuse*." The pretext for its suspension was its immorality: it was impossible to tolerate a piece the subject of which was the assassination of a king, on the very day after an attempt on the king's life: it was also urged that the author's friends had sang the Carmagnole in the house, and outrageously applauded a verse evidently aimed at the king:

Vos mères aux laquais se sont prostituées.

Victor Hugo took the affair into court, and the Tribunal of Commerce decreed that the ministry had the right to exercise a censorship. As some of the papers twitted him with being a government pensioner, he at once gave up the two thousand francs a year Charles X. had given him, although Thiers refused to take his resignation. The money, for all that is known, may still be lying in the Treasury to his order, for he has not touched a farthing of the pension since 1831, though he tried, but in vain, to have it transferred to a poor young poetess, Mademoiselle Elisa Mercœur.

In December following, M. Harel came to ask "*Lucrèce Borgia*" of Hugo, for the Porte St. Martin: he offered Frederick Lemaitre, Mademoiselle Georges, and an author's share in the profits. The success of the new sensation drama was electrical: the students wanted to drag his fiacre home, and when he escaped, followed him home on foot; parodies were brought out at all the minor theatres; masks representing the principal characters in the drama appeared in the streets on the Mardi Gras, and shouted under the windows of Mademoiselle Georges "*The poisoner*." All this redoubled public curiosity, and the receipts were enormous; for

the first thirty nights they amounted to eighty-four thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine francs. For all that, though, M. Harel must show off his airs: thus one night, to prove his authority, he struck "*Lucrèce Borgia*" out of the bills, to his own certain loss, and on Hugo stating that he should never more be manager of his, declared that the author had promised him another play. This Hugo denied, and the result was a challenge from Harel, who, however, thinking better of it, apologised, and obtained the promise of the play, which was "*Marie Tudor*." Unfortunately, an article appeared about the time of the first performance in the *Débats*, in which Granier de Cassagnac warmly praised Hugo at the cost of Dumas. It was known that Cassagnac was a protégé of Hugo, and the report spread that the article was written to order. Harel took up the cudgels for Dumas, and eventually threatened to smash "*Marie Tudor*," to which the author replied that, if he did, he would most assuredly smash his theatre. "*Marie Tudor*" was not so much a fiasco as a drawn battle, and it was performed a sufficient number of times to render its withdrawal an honourable retreat.

In the beginning of 1834, the Théâtre-Français, forgetting the fiasco of the "*Roi s'Amuse*" in the triumph of "*Lucrèce Borgia*," asked the author for a new play, and he gave "*Angelo*." The two great characters of Catarina and Tisbé were performed by Mademoiselle Mars and Madame Dorval, and the former lady played her old tricks to such a pitch that Hugo was again obliged to ask her to give up her part. Harel, hearing of the squabble, called on Hugo the same evening, acknowledged his former fault, and begged to have *Angelo*. But the angry author repeated his threat of ruining the Porte St. Martin. It is a curious fact that Harel was bankrupt eventually. The dispute was afterwards made up with Mademoiselle Mars, in spite of her jealousy of Madame Dorval, and "*Angelo*" was brought out with some degree of success.

Ere long Alexandre Dumas had also cause of complaint against Harel, and he induced the Duc d'Orléans to speak to Guizot about founding a theatre for the romantic school. M. Anterior Joly was put forward as the manager, and, after great difficulties in obtaining a moneyed partner, the Ventadour theatre was opened under the title of the *Rénaissance*. For the opening, Victor Hugo gave "*Ruy Blas*," in which the hero's part was written for Frederick Lemaitre. The press generally was favourable to the new play, and, though passages in it were hissed, it was performed for fifty nights. Soon after, Victor Hugo sold the MS. of it, as well as the issue of all his former works, for eleven years, to M. Delloye, for the sum of two hundred and forty thousand francs. In this sum were included two unpublished volumes, one of which was "*Les Rayons et les Ombres*," the other "*Le Rhin*."

The "*Burgraves*" were written in 1842, and read to the committee of the Français on November 20th. The first performance had but slight success, and the opposition was displayed in the second. Although the piece did not go through such an ordeal as "*Hernani*," it was troubled by laughter and hisses. This was the last drama Victor Hugo produced, though he has had one in his portfolio since 1838, under the title of "*Les Jumeaux*;" but he no longer deigned "to expose his thoughts to these facile insults, and the anonymous hissers whom twenty years had not disarmed." That is to say, he saw a better field opening before him in politics.

The slow and indirect action of literature—so his biographer puts it—no longer satisfied Victor Hugo: he wished to join to it the immediate action of politics, and complete the author by the orator. He could take the oath of allegiance to Louis Philippe. He had more than paid his debt to the fallen monarchy. On every occasion he had reminded people “that it was more than ever a duty to pronounce the name of Bourbon with caution, gravity, and respect, now that the old man who had been king had but grey hairs on his head.” (Preface to “*Marion de l’Orme*,” 1831.) A year later, when the Duchesse de Berry was surrendered by a traitor, he branded, with all his indignation, “the man who sold a woman:”

Rien te ne disait donc dans l’âme, O misérable!
Que la proscription est toujours vénérable,
Qu’on ne bat pas le sein que nous donna son lait,
Qu’une fille des rois dont on fut le valet,
Ne se met point en vente au fond d’un antre infâme
Et que n’étant plus reine elle était encor femme.

When Charles X. died in exile in November, 1836, the last farewell was offered him by no one with greater emotion than by the author of “*Marion de l’Orme*:”

Et moi je ne veux pas, harpe qu’il a connue,
Qu’on mette mon roi mort dans une bière nue!
Tandis qu’au loin la foule emplit l’air de ses cris,
L’auguste Piété, servante des proscrits,
Qui les ensevelit dans sa plus blanche toile
N’aura pas, dans la nuit que son regard étoile,
Demandé vainement à ma pensée en deuil
Un lambeau de velours pour couvrir ce cercueil.

Victor Hugo, then, was freed from the last tie that bound him to the fallen monarchy: the recollection of a pension was, moreover, balanced by the confiscation of a drama. He was at liberty to follow his convictions, which had, indeed, become detached from the Bourbons before their fall. He had a choice between the House of Deputies and that of Peers. He could not well be a deputy, for the electoral law of that day was made for richer men than him: *Notre-Dame* and *Les Feuilles d’Automne* were not equivalent to an estate or a house. There was certainly a way of cheating the law which was much used, and that was borrowing a house of a friend. But even if Victor Hugo had done so, the electors did not care to return literary men: writers were for them dreamers, useful to amuse them in the intervals of business, but from the moment that a man was a thinker, and, before all, a poet, he became radically incapable of possessing common sense or understanding practical things. By some piece of good luck M. de Lamartine had slipped in, but there was certainly no room for another poet.

There remained the Chamber of Peers, and for this the Académie was alone accessible to Victor Hugo. He presented himself in 1836, but the Académie preferred M. Dupaty to him. He offered himself a second time in 1839, but the Académie preferred M. Molé; he presented himself a third time in 1840, and the Académie preferred M. Flourens. In 1841 he again rapped at the gate, and was this time admitted.

At this point the interesting *Memoirs* we have under notice break off, but we hope to return to them so soon as the ensuing volumes are published.

THE KINGDOM OF SIAM.

THE kingdom of Siam is one of those countries in the distant East which, after two hundred years of seclusion, has recently been compelled to surrender its retrograde policy and open its gates to that world commerce which will not tolerate arbitrary barriers. As in the case of China and Japan, Europe owes its first acquaintance with Siam to the Portuguese ; but in the latter country, too, the misunderstood zeal and converting mania of the Catholic priests were the first cause that the friendly relations with Europeans were again broken off, the latter driven from the country by force, and the harbours closed against their ships.

Although the visits of foreigners were not prohibited in Siam by such rigorous and cruel laws as in China and Japan, still equally effective means were found to keep them aloof, and these measures also possessed the great advantage that they could not possibly insult and embitter foreign nations. The port dues for European vessels were simply raised to such a pitch that trade was rendered impossible. Hence, since the beginning of the seventeenth century, Siam has been gradually becoming forgotten in Europe, and the Christian civilisation planted there almost entirely died out. The people became again what it had formerly been—a flock of submissive slaves under the rule of unbridled despots, who drove each other from the throne by turns, and disposed of the blood and wealth of their subjects as they pleased, either in civil wars or in contests with neighbouring rulers.

For the scanty information which up to very recently reached Europe about the inner state of this country, we are indebted to a few missionaries, chiefly French, who from time to time succeeded in obtaining admission, and have been permanently settled there since 1880. Bishop Pallegoix, Vicar Apostolic of Siam, and resident at Bangkok, published a few years back a description of Siam, which, as it is based on four-and-twenty years' experiences in the country, is the best and completest work about Siam, in so far as it does not trench on religion, when the worthy bishop's wish is too often apt to be father to the thought.

Since the accession of the present king, a prince very enlightened and liberal for the East, Siam has emerged from its retiring position, and the country during the last ten years has made such commercial progress that it must eventually attract the attention of all Europe. We may, therefore, be permitted to tell our readers something about this hitherto mysterious country.

The present king had been for twenty-six years in a monastery, in order to escape the notice of the usurper, when he ascended the throne. During his enforced seclusion in the temple, King Mongkut had been engaged with earnest studies in Sanskrit, Pali, history, religion, geography, and natural history, and had learnt English of the missionaries. His ideas had also been enlarged by intercourse with Europeans. The prince recognised that the voluntary introduction of Western civilisation and liberal institutions could alone guard his country from conflicts with the

European powers and possible subjection, and very soon after his accession he showed that a new era was about to commence for Siam. He abolished the ruinous monopolies, made commerce free, encouraged navigation and trade, made treaties with England, France, Holland, and Prussia, made canals and roads, gave entire religious liberty, and supported the Christian missions in their attempts at conversion. The effect of these wise measures soon became visible. Siam is annually growing more flourishing, trade is prosperous, and hundreds of European ships visit Bangkok. The country enjoys peace and development, and promises to play a prominent part among the Asiatic coast lands. Civilisation is making rapid progress, and there is no reason to apprehend any revolution. The constant intercourse of the king and high officials with Europeans does not fail to produce a favourable effect, and the children of the king and of the mandarins have already been educated in the European way. Apart from this fact, the constantly increasing revenues have reconciled the nobles with the once detested foreigners, and induce them to urge the extension of this intercourse. It may be therefore assumed that government will do more and more for the material welfare of the land, even though for the present selfishness is the chief motive. The people have hitherto derived but little benefit from the changes in Siam, and, indeed, the circumstances of the country leave much to be desired; but it must not be forgotten that only fifteen years ago Siam was a country sunk in barbarism, and that King Mongkut is a despot brought up in Oriental ignorance.

According to Pallegoix, the population of Siam amounts to six millions. It is very difficult to estimate it correctly, because the Siamese census only reckons males from seven to seventy years of age, and leaves all the rest out. It consists of several races whose numerical proportions Pallegoix gives as follows :

Siamese, or Thai	1,900,000
Chinese	1,500,000
Malays	1,000,000
Laos	1,000,000
Cambodjians	500,000
Peguans	50,000
Karieng, Xong, Lowa	50,000

The last three tribes represent the aborigines. They were driven back by the Thai, who immigrated from the north, and retired to the eastern and western border hills, where they still dwell under self-elected chiefs, live by hunting, fishing, and agriculture, and are tributaries of Siam. The Peguans are of Burmese origin, and were partly translated to the south of the land as prisoners of war. The Laos live on the northern plateaux and mountains. They are a gentle, peaceful people, who never had the strength to liberate themselves from the yoke. The Cambodjians differ but little from the Thai, and have evidently a common origin with them. The Malays probably came from Sumatra, and the majority of them have remained in Bangkok. The Malays are a nomadic nation, who have spread over the entire Indian archipelago, and their language has become universal in all the littoral to the east of the Sunda islands, and they exclusively settle on the coasts. They are the

best sailors in East India, and only settle down to agriculture when nothing else is left them. In this respect they are the exact contrary of the Chinese, who, it is true, have a great nomadic tendency, but shun the sea and seek the interior of the country, where they devote themselves chiefly to trade and agriculture.

The Thai, or Siamese proper, belong to the Mongolian race. They are of middle height, generally powerfully built and well proportioned, and their colour is dark brown. The cheek-bones project, the forehead is low, the nose thick, the lips are somewhat swollen, and the mouth is broad. The eyes are well formed and not cat-like, and the hair is black, thick, and harsh. The beard, however, is very weak and generally plucked out, as is the case nearly throughout the East. The dress of the Siamese is very simple, consisting chiefly of the languti, which both sexes wear in common. This is a piece of striped calico, which falls from the hips over the knee, the front end being pulled between the legs and fastened behind. In addition, a narrow strip of stuff in the shape of a scarf is worn across the shoulders. The men employ this scarf at times as a girdle, and it does not usually serve to cover any portion of the body. The women when working frequently bind it across the breast, but in-doors they lay it aside, and the body is exposed down to the hips. During the cold season, from October to January, which, according to our notions, would still be called hot, every man of the people wears a tight-fitting calico jacket, while the rich prefer a blouse generally of bright colour and handsomely embroidered. In-doors, however, both are laid aside, and the languti is the sole article of clothing for the king as for the lowest slave. Shoes are quite unknown, and the head, too, remains uncovered. The higher classes protect themselves against the burning sun by means of parasols, the poor at times with basket-shaped hats of palm-leaves.

The coiffure of the Siamese is peculiar, and almost exactly alike with both sexes. The head is shaved, and only one tuft of hair is left on the forehead, which bears a great likeness to a coarse brush, and is not at all ornamental. The women have also a tuft of hair pendant over either ear, but so thin that strangers hardly notice it. As, moreover, the features of the women are as harsh as those of the men, and they are not inferior to them in robustness, the sexes can be scarce distinguished.

The Siamese display a great liking for ornaments, and every one who can adorns himself with spangles, rings, and chains of silver or gold. In this respect great luxury is displayed as regards children. The latter run about naked up to their twelfth year. The girls only wear a fig-leaf in the shape of a gold or silver heart, but are otherwise overladen with ornaments, and it is not unusual for children of wealthy parents to wear two or three pounds of the precious metals on their neck, arms, and feet.

As regards the character of the Siamese, we can generally speak in favourable terms. They are peaceable, cheerful, and open, and there is none of that propensity for lying which is found in China, even in the most indifferent matters. On the other hand, they are indolent and fickle. The *dolce far niente* constitutes their great enjoyment, and this is the reason why the Siamese, as a rule, do not get on, while the foreign

elements settled in the country, for instance the Chinese, soon become rich through their industry. For all that, though, you are scarce ever annoyed by beggars in Siam. On the one hand the great fertility of the soil produces any quantity of food with a minimum of labour; and then, again, charity is a universal virtue, and both individuals and the state take care that the poor shall not starve. The only exception is the priests, who are bound by their religion to beg their daily food. On the other hand, even rich persons have no shame in asking foreigners to give them whatever they may take a fancy to, and the king sets the example.

Humanity towards both human beings and animals is characteristic of the Siamese. Rough outbreaks of violence and murders are extremely rare, and even if this may be partly ascribed to the strict adherence to the laws, facts prove that individual feelings are greatly the cause of this. Buildings have been erected by the people, *motu proprio*, on all the high-ways for travellers, where they find a gratis shelter against storms. In the same way large water-tanks are placed by the roadside, and the women living near constantly fill them with fresh water, so that travellers may enjoy a refreshing draught. Slavery is very wide-spread in Siam, but the slaves are generally treated better than are servants in Europe: they are regarded as belonging to the family. The Siamese are also very indulgent to animals. Bangkok swarms with masterless dogs, which are anything but a pleasant addition, but you never see them roughly handled or maltreated, and many Siamese are said to be so merciful that they will not even kill a fly that stings them. Obedience and respect to the law are in a high degree peculiar with the people, although the despotic form of government may have something to do with this. Great reverence is also paid to old age, and the children treat their parents with the utmost attention. Thieving is rare, and the peaceful character, as well as the temperance of most Siamese, prevents many of the crimes and misdemeanours that fill European gaols.

The intercourse between the two sexes is extremely reserved. In this respect Siam forms a commendable exception among the Oriental countries, where usually very lax morality prevails. The law interferes powerfully in this matter, and any one who dares to insult the wives or daughters of others is threatened with a trial, the result of which may be very unpleasant. As a rule, the culprit is sold for a slave, and this prospect never fails to exert a salutary influence. The chief food of the people consists of rice and fish, vegetables and fruit. On the table of the wealthy, however, you frequently find meat, game, and poultry, and the Chinese seem to have found in the Siamese imitators of their preference for eccentric dishes, for the latter do not despise rats, mice, or bats, and have even acquired a taste for the flesh of the alligator and boa-constrictor. This taste is not compulsory, as in China, through a deficiency of food, but emanates solely from gourmandise, and is only found in cities, while the poorer and rustic classes live very simply, and almost entirely on vegetable produce and fish. Just as in Japan every dish is spiced with soy, in China with garlic, among the Malays with Cayenne pepper, so namfrik and curry are employed in Siam. Namfrik is a very piquant sauce, whose chief components are Cayenne and black pepper, garlic and onions. These substances are pounded into a paste, and generally thinned

with lemon-juice ; gourmets at times add ginger, tamarinds, and gourd. The sauce is certainly very sharp, but at the same time agreeable ; it excites the appetite, and may be recommended to Europeans, upon whose digestive organs the hot climate has a debilitating effect. The food is brought in in copper vessels and dishes. The guests sit on the floor, and only use their fingers, for they have no knives, forks, spoons, or chopsticks. The meat is on this account previously cut into suitable lumps. The meal is eaten in silence and rapidly : everything is finished within twenty minutes. Whether there be two or twenty persons at dinner, the same solemn silence prevails, and you hear scarce a word. The ordinary beverages are water and tea. The latter is not prepared in cups, as in China, but in pots of red earthenware, and is served in very small porcelain cups. It is drunk without sugar or milk, and, like every other beverage, after the meal, never before or during it. Recently coffee has been becoming fashionable, as the king and the nobles, who follow his example, cultivate it largely. Arrac is made in the country, but the consumption among the Siamese is trifling. Wine and liqueurs are imported from Europe, and find their way to the tables of the wealthy, who are fond of them.

During the last thirty years the English have, unfortunately, succeeded in conveying opium to Siam, where it was previously unknown. The charm of this narcotic is so tempting, that the severest punishments could effect nothing against opium smuggling. Hence the present king has legalised the opium trade, and appointed certain officials, to whom alone the article may be sold. In this way the consumption is more easily controlled. The Chinese pay an annual tax of eight dollars for the permission to use opium. The king feels less anxiety about this class of his subjects, who only make Siam a temporary home, and cares but little about their bodily welfare. The Siamese, however, can only make use of the drug under a heavy condition : they must wear the Chinese pigtail. This is as great a disgrace for them as it is for a Chinaman to have his tail cut off. The only choice is between this degradation and death. Tobacco is largely consumed in the shape of cigarettes, and lads of five or six years of age steam away like the grown-up persons. Betel-chewing, however, is universal among rich and poor, young and old. This habit, it is true, is spread through the whole of India, but nowhere attains such a pitch as in Siam. No one who can possibly prevent it ever takes the betel out of his mouth, and the rich do not proceed a yard from their house except accompanied by a slave with the betel-box. Great luxury is bestowed on these boxes : among the rich they are always of pure gold, and frequently inlaid with pearls. This box is in constant motion between master and servant, no matter whether the former be in the temple, or seated on the judicial bench, and contains, in addition to the betel-leaves, various additions, such as areca-nut, lime dyed with turmeric, and tobacco. The areca-nut is the fruit of the palm-tree of the same name : it is of the size of a walnut, of a yellowish-red colour when ripe, and it has a hard, bitter, and rough kernel. A piece of this nut is wrapped up in a betel-leaf, covered with lime, and chewed. The betel-bush is a crawling plant, whose leaves are heart-shaped and rather thick, and have a sharp aromatic taste. Chewing the areca-nut produces a

large secretion of saliva, which is of a blood-red colour. Large spittoons, made of earthenware, brass, silver, or gold, according to the owner's position, are, consequently, found in large numbers in every Siamese house. In time, betel-chewing turns the teeth black, which at first produces a repulsive effect on the foreigner. It is, however, stated to be an excellent preservative of the teeth. The Siamese are remarkably clean in their persons: they regularly bathe several times a day, and also change their languti daily. Fleas are unknown in Siam, although there is plenty of vermin which cannot be got rid of by mere cleanliness.

Education is at a very low stage in Siam. While in China scarce thirty per cent., in Japan scarce five per cent. of the population cannot read and write, there are not in Siam ten per cent. who can do so, and, moreover, these acquirements are restricted to the men. There are no public schools in the country. The representatives of learning and teachers are the Talapoins, or priests of Buddha, who, however, are generally quite ignorant. Teaching does not commence in childhood, but only with puberty. Attaining this stage of life also forms an important and joyful epoch in the life of the Siamese, and is connected with great festivities and shaving the head. From birth up to the fourth year the heads of children are shaved close, in order to make the hair strong; after that a tuft is left on the forehead of both males and females, which is allowed to grow up to the age of puberty. During this period children enjoy their youth to the fullest extent—that is to say, they have nothing to do beyond playing and amusing themselves. When the hour for head-shaving has arrived, the parents give a grand festival, to which all friends and relations are invited, who bring the child presents and cakes. The priests wash the head of the consecrated child with the Buddhistic purifying water, saying prayers the while, and then the nearest relatives cut off the tuft of hair. The child is dressed up for the ceremony with every possible ornament. The relatives offer their congratulations, and each lays a money present in a copper or gold vase, set aside for the purpose. At times the amount of the presents will exceed several hundred dollars, which the parents appropriate, and defray with them the cost of the festival. Music, fireworks, acting, and an open table, glorify the solemnity, which, among the rich, often lasts two or three days. After this epoch the boys are sent to school, or rather to the pagodas, in order to be instructed by the Talapoins in reading and writing. They remain for from four to six years in the temples, and act as serving-lads to the priests during the period. The young Siamese, however, learn very little from the priests, and hence the great majority of them can neither read nor write at the expiration of the time. As the superstitious faith is not satisfied by merely being a priest's servant, and as the Buddhistic creed estimates the merit of having worn the holy gown so high that it even liberates a man's ancestors from the inferno, every one before entering public life is ordained a Talapoin, if only for a few months, as he is always at liberty to leave the order whenever he likes. The education of the girls is limited to cooking, and the preparation of cigars and betel. Most of them cannot even sew, which, indeed, is hardly necessary here, as the few articles of clothing are woven in one piece, and have no seam. The daughters of the lower classes, however,

have more work put upon them, for the management of the household and the cultivation of the fields and gardens are almost entirely left to the women.

In spite of the low scale of education among the Siamese, they are a remarkably polite people. Acquaintances never meet without bowing, and when one man passes another, he never omits apologising to him. Their language is carefully chosen and respectful. People of equal rank address each other as "my elder brother" or "my elder sister." If they are speaking of elderly persons, they call them "my father," "my mother," "my uncle," or "my grandfather." It is a great breach of good manners to address a man by his plain name. They never say directly "I," but "your servant." The conversation with men of rank is carried to a ridiculous excess. In such cases the inferior calls himself "I who am only a hair," "I the animal," &c. Speaking in the second person singular is only employed with slaves. Persons of equal rank salute each other by raising their clasped hands to their mouth. If an inferior meet a superior, the former crouches down, raises his hands above his head, and says "your slave salutes you," or "the animal salutes you." If an inferior is speaking of, or with, officials, he follows rules which are strictly laid down by etiquette. Lower mandarins are called "benefactors;" higher ones, "gracious lords of benefactors." To princes they must say, "I dust of your exalted feet;" to kings, "I dust of your sacred feet," or "divine mercy." Inferiors approach the mandarins, or slaves their masters, on their knees, with their hands raised above their heads. At audiences, in the public courts, a man of rank can be recognised by the fact that he is sitting or standing, while all the rest are on their knees with bowed heads. If you visit a superior, you must take him presents in the shape of fruit, cakes, tea, pork, or other edibles. These are laid on large brass dishes, and placed under a conical cover, the top of which is decorated with scarlet cloth. The number of such salvers is regulated by the rank of the audience-giver: an inferior official receives two or three, a minister from five to six, a prince at least a dozen, and the king some twenty. A visitor, on his arrival, is offered betel, and in better-class houses tea, which the host himself makes, if he wish to honour his guests. Should the person visited happen to be dining at the moment, the guest is hospitably invited to join him. As a rule, no entertainments are given, with the exception of great family festivals, such as the first head-shaving, a marriage, or building a new house. On the latter occasion, the family desirous of building the house collects the necessary materials, and invites all its friends and relatives to the building. These arrive at the appointed time with their slaves, and bring with them all the instruments required for building. Then the whole party set to work. Some drive in posts, others split bamboos, out of which to plait the walls and flooring, and, ere the day is ended, the house is finished. The owner's family have no share in the building, and only provide the food, cigars, betel, and requisite beverages. The workmen generally take their meals together, and the scene is very cheerful. As a rule, the Siamese are a jolly, merry set, who amuse themselves when they get a chance, and have an immense delight in all games, music, and the theatre.

Marriages take place in Siam at an early age—the sixteenth or seventeenth year. Among the lower classes girls are sold to their admirers by their parents, which, however, does not affect the validity of the marriage. Wealthy girls bring their husband a dowry, and in this case the bridegroom only makes presents. Poor parents with pretty daughters often refuse their consent to a marriage with one of their own class in the hope of netting a richer husband, but usually without success. An elopement is then the usual result, and, as in a farce, the parents soon grant their forgiveness, as the law is on the side of the young couple. The latter live for a few weeks after the flight away from home, and claim the intercession of some influential persons, in order to regain the favour of the parents. The daughter asks forgiveness, and the son-in-law offers the presents prescribed by law for such a case, consisting of langutis, shawls, candles, and flowers. The intermediary generally removes all obstacles by a present of money, and the matter is nearly always squared. If the parents should be obstinate, the husband can claim the protection of the law, which legalise the marriage even without the consent of the parents, if the presents have been given and the customary forms gone through by the couple. In a regular case of courting the parents of the man send two go-betweens to those of the girl, in order to obtain their consent. An unfavourable reception of these messengers settles the affair once for all, and no second attempt is made. If the parents answer that they will consult their daughter's inclinations, the visits are twice repeated, and the betrothal is at once pronounced. The bridegroom then brings the bride his presents, which, according to her circumstances, consist of more or less costly langutis, silk scarfs, gold or silver vessels, cakes, fruit, areca-nuts, and betel-leaves. All this is placed in a boat, and carried about the river in procession, with a musical accompaniment. After the delivery of the presents, at which all the relations of the couple appear, the arrangements for the marriage are made and the bride's dowry settled. Some months before marriage the bridegroom is expected to build a small house on land belonging to his father-in-law, and live there, before he is allowed to bear his young wife home. The marriage is solemnised at the house of the parents of the bride, with music, acting, and other festivities, which at times last several days. The ceremony is generally a civil act, and Talapoins are but seldom invited to say a few prayers and sprinkle the young couple with purifying water. Polygamy is allowed in Siam, but only the woman with whom the above-mentioned betrothal takes place is the legitimate wife and mistress of the house. She, with her children, is also her husband's sole heiress. Concubines and their children have only a claim to what the husband may give them during his life.

Marriages are generally happy, although there is no lack of divorces, especially among the lower classes. Usually, the divorce is claimed by the wife, and as the law greatly favours her, the husband is nearly always forced to yield. On a divorce the wife receives her dowry back, and the parents divide the children between them. The mother has the first, third, &c., the father the second, fourth, &c. If there be only one child, it belongs to the mother. Divorces are rarely the result of ill treatment of a wife by her husband, but of female jealousy. On the contrary,

wives are remarkably well treated by their husbands, occupy an honoured position in the household, and go about in great liberty abroad, without being watched by their husbands. Blood relationship prevents marriage only when it is in the first degree, but kings and princes can marry their sisters and daughters. A man who has bought his wife can sell her again, though not if she has brought him a dower. He can also sell her if he is indebted, and the liabilities were incurred with her consent. Parents have absolute control over their children until the latter have set up their own housekeeping and are independent. They can punish, chain, and sell them as slaves. The latter very often occurs, when indebted parents wish to discharge their pressing debts, and hence a large family is regarded as wealth in Siam. In spite of all this, the Siamese population remains almost stationary, and has scarce increased one-tenth in the last two hundred years. Polygamy, slavery, and the celibacy of the priests, whose number exceeds one hundred thousand, are the chief cause of this. Slavery is widespread in Siam, and Pallegoix estimates the number of slaves as one-fourth of the population.

The dwellings of the Siamese vary enormously, according to the rank and fortunes of their owners. While the pagodas and palaces of the king are so rich, costly, and dazzling, the huts of the lower classes are most wretched. The latter consist almost entirely of plaited bamboo, are covered with a roof of leaves, and owing to the marshy soil and annual overflows, are built on piles. Furniture is almost unknown in Siam; only the king and the nobles, who have recently come into contact with Europeans, possess any. The entire internal arrangement of an ordinary Siamese house consist of a few raised hurdles serving the purpose of beds, while the bed-clothes are represented by a single mat, or a buffalo-hide. A transportable hearth of clay, earthen vessels for boiling and eating, and a few trade or garden-tools, are the entire visible equipment of a Siamese household, to which we must add the never-failing betel-box, and one or two spittoons. Such a hut generally contains but one room, which the family inhabit in common, and even if partitions are put up, their plaiting is so coarse that they are as transparent as the rest of the house. The houses of richer people are built of boards, but also rest on piles, and are two stories high. The lower one is never occupied, but is only used as a store-room: the upper one is divided into three or four rooms. As these, however, are not sufficient for the numerous concubines, children, and slaves of the rich, an opulent family generally inhabit three or four houses. The rooms may always be called empty, still you find in them handsomely-carved beds, finely-woven mats, carpets, curtains, cushions, and small Chinese tables, on which to lay fruit and things of that sort. Cups and saucers of Chinese porcelain, silver and gold vases, spittoons and betel-boxes, and at times European articles de luxe, clocks and ornaments, may be found in larger or smaller quantities, according to the position of the family. In one house, indeed, a traveller noticed a stereoscopic machine, made of silver, and richly inlaid with mother-o'-pearl. All the houses are remarkably clean, and living in them is comfortable, in spite of their simple furniture. From the outside, however, they produce no very agreeable effect. No other consideration but that of utility can be noticed in the architecture of these houses. Some have

adopted the Chinese curved roof, but the majority have only straight lines. As the boards and beams are not painted, the exterior speedily assumes a weather-worn appearance.

A great portion of the population have taken up their abode on the water, and in Bangkok and Aguthia there are regular floating towns. The houses rest on bamboo-rafts, and are fastened with loose rings to piles, so that they can rise and sink with the tide. As Siam is not at all over-populated, but, on the contrary, could hold five times as many persons, living on the water is not occasioned by necessity, as in China, but through sanitary views. Although the Siamese are so cleanly in their houses and persons, the outside is equally dirty. All the rubbish is thrown out of the door, and left for the dogs, crows, and vultures to remove. Through the great heat and marshy ground we can, therefore, understand that dangerous miasmas rise and produce plagues or illnesses, while the current of rivers renders any injurious evaporation impossible. Owing to the light mode of building, and the combustible material of most Siamese houses, fires are very frequent, and often most destructive. This danger may be also a motive with many for building on the rivers; apart from the neighbourhood of water, the floating houses can at once take to flight by loosening the rings from the piles, and the fire is in this way isolated. The Siamese law has laid down most peculiar and stringent arrangements for the prevention of fires; but, for all that, conflagrations at times break out which destroys hundreds of houses.

The pagodas, with the priests' houses and the royal and princely palaces, are built of stone, and are favourably distinguished from all the other buildings, not only by their size, but by their characteristic architecture and rich ornamentation. Their lofty towers and spires more especially cause Bangkok to have a most imposing appearance. In and out of the city there are some thirty large pagodas, and more than five times as many smaller ones. The former are royal foundations, the latter built by rich individuals. The main glory of the pagodas is the tower, which rises from a quadrangular pediment, gradually passes into a cylinder with a spherical dome, and often attains a height of three to four hundred feet. The tower, however, is separate from the temples, where priests and laymen offer up their prayers, and usually serves as the shrine of some relic of Buddha. These towers are covered with stucco, and countless giants, oroads, and birds' bodies with human heads, are inserted in niches up to their highest point. The dome is gilt, or covered with coloured glass or porcelain, and ornamented with gilt eagles' wings at the top. The temples, or watts, as they are called, are oblong, rectangular buildings, of a considerable height, with a pillared portico and verandah. The roof is triple, and each point of the six gables is ornamented with a curved and gilt eagle's wing, which imparts an imposing effect to the edifice, which is otherwise without any architectural ornaments. The front of the portico is covered from top to bottom with glass or porcelain mosaic, and hence appears excessively rich, while the other sides of the temple are simply stuccoed. The roof is covered with yellow and green glazed tiles. The gates are made of ebony, and are very richly carved and gilt: the window-shutters are in the same style. Two rows of square pillars support the roof inside, and divide into a nave

and two aisles. The floor is inlaid with a tessara of polished marble, and the walls and roof are dazzling through the quantity of gilding on them. The painting is very delicate and fine, and the subjects of the pictures are derived from the religious and political history of the country. There are, however, among them many monstrosities and immoral pictures, although the Buddhistic faith most strictly forbids the priests, who chiefly frequent the temples, having any sensual or immoral thoughts, and in Siam a priest who breaks his vow of celibacy is punished in the most degrading manner. No trace is found in Siam of the decoration of the Chinese and Japanese temples with josses, demigods, altars, flowers, lanterns, and other tawdry. The simple beauty of the majestic building, which often attains a height of one hundred feet, produces a grand effect upon the visitor. Only one statue of Buddha, which, however, is of such colossal dimensions that the temple merely appears a roof to it, adorns the interior. These Buddhas are regularly represented in a sitting posture, with legs bent under them, and gilt all over. The material of the statues is copper, in plates half an inch thick, and the interior is filled up with clay. The largest of these Buddhas is in the Watt Xetrifon, and is the only one in Siam that has a recumbent position. Its length is one hundred and thirty-seven feet. No less than six hundred ounces of gold were required to gild it.

In a semicircle round the temples in which the great Buddhas dwell run gallery-shaped low buildings, intended for the daily devotions of the priests and laymen. These buildings generally contain from sixty to eighty Buddha statues, four to five feet in height, and also gilded. They are put up in an unbroken series against the back wall, and every priest and suppliant selects the one he likes best for his special devotions. The priests' dwellings form a square block of houses. As from two to three hundred priests are attached to some temples, who again have from four to six hundred servants or scholars, there are often as many as fifty lodging-houses, though there is nothing remarkable about them. Gardens and parks, with artificial rock-grottoes, in the Chinese style, gold-fish ponds, and halls for visiting and prayer, surround the clump of houses. All this is again begirt by an outer wall, on which belvideres are built at regular distances. From the latter a pretty view is obtained of the river or canal flowing past, for the wats are regularly built on the bank of such. Buddhism is the established religion in Siam, and the king is the spiritual head of it. The priests, usually called by foreigners Talapoins (from talapat, a fan, which they always carry before their eyes), and by the Siamese phra, or saints, are held in great respect. Even the king salutes them, before whom all other subjects must throw themselves on their face, but they do not return a salutation. Still, if they commit a crime, this does not prevent them being stripped of their gown and thrashed with rods most heartily by the king's orders. Every temple is under the supervision of a superior, who superintends the internal administration. He is called the Jan Watt, or Lord of the Temple, and all the priests attached to the temple are under his orders. Altogether there are in Bangkok ten thousand priests, in the whole of Siam one hundred thousand, who all live in the temples. The gown of the priests is yellow, probably in imitation of the colour of gold, as the most costly metal with

which honour can be paid to Buddha. Over the usual languti they wear a cloak, reaching to the calf of the leg, and a scarf. Their head and eyebrows are shaved close, and their constant companion is a palm-leaf fan, which they hold before their eyes in walking, in order that their eyes may not wander over passing objects. Their life duty is utter abstraction from the outer world, and consequently the annihilation of all mental activity directed to external objects. They must not let themselves be diverted from their inner contemplation by worldly things. So Buddha wills it, and for this reason He gave them the eye-defending fan. When they go out the priests carry an iron pot hung over their shoulder by a strap, in which they collect the food which they are obliged to beg for their maintenance from house to house. The manner of living among the priests is regulated by monastic rules. At daybreak they rise from their beds, and inform the populace, by ringing bells and beating drums, that they are coming to collect food. Their scholars and servants get the boats ready for a start, while the priests are bathing, visiting the temple, and saying a few prayers. Then they commence their begging rounds, in order to receive their daily bread from the townspeople. Nearly always women and children present the offerings, with very low bows, and ere long all the pots are filled to the rim with rice, fish, vegetables, and cakes. As the rules forbid priests cooking, the gifts are handed to them ready for eating. They return to the temple, when the priests pick out the nicest things, and give the rest to their servants. When we reflect that in Bangkok one hundred thousand priests, with double the number of scholars and servants, are fed in this way all the year round, we must feel astounded at the voluntary sacrifices made by the Siamese. This is, however, explained by the fact that in the eyes of the people any reverence and kindness shown to the special servants of Buddha is regarded as a most meritorious act, and nearly the whole worship of the laity is restricted to this giving. After breakfast the priests go for a stroll, or smoke and drink tea and converse together. A few occupy themselves scientifically, but the majority are an ignorant, lazy lot, with no inclination for serious employments. At about half-past eleven they take their second meal, as they dare not eat anything after mid-day till the next sunrise. The number of commandments and prohibitions which the phra have to observe is legion, and it does not seem possible but that they must infringe one or the other of them.

All the regulations, however, have the object of destroying any bodily or mental energy, and making the Siamese priest a useless creature. Some of the commandments strike the foreigner as strange and purposeless. Thus, it is a sin to plant flowers or trees, not to fill up a trench you have made, to make a noise with the feet in walking, to sleep on an elevated spot, to forge iron, not to be acquainted with the seasons, to thrust one's hand into a cooking-pot, &c. In receiving alms the priest must not move a feature, neither implore nor thank, nor give any sign of pleasure or anger. He is forbidden to take an oath, and signifies an affirmative by raising his fan, a negative by dropping it. On the other hand, the priests are highly privileged; they are freed from all taxes, and can import articles for their use duty free. They make a most extensive use of the latter permission, to smuggle every possible thing in

their boats for their family and friends. As a rule, they are by no means a moral race of men ; but the majority of them form the most corrupt, idle, and stupid breed in the world. If the present king carries out his design of reforming Buddhism, and purifying its service from all unclean elements, he will do his state a service that will render him the greatest ruler Siam has ever possessed.

As the priests are the sole representatives of learning in Siam, we can easily imagine that mental cultivation in that country stands at no very high point. What is done for education dates from the most recent period, and emanates from the present king, who is, certainly, the best educated man in his country. Paper is not even made in Siam, but imported from China ; and the first printing-office was established by the king eight years ago. Paper is never employed for religious works, but in its stead the leaves of a peculiar variety of palm, growing in Northern Siam, which are cut into strips two inches broad and fifteen to sixteen inches long. The letters are scratched on the strips with sharp metal pencils, and then rubbed with a sort of printer's ink, which fills up the cavities, and makes the writing stand out visibly. Twenty to thirty such leaves are fastened together at one end, and form a book. The writing in these palm-leaf books is performed with great care, and may be regarded as a masterpiece of caligraphy. For reckoning, the Chinese board is used, whose invention is said to be four thousand years old. By means of this board, which is spread through the whole of the East, smaller calculations can be easily made. There are also in Siam a few mathematical books, discussing algebra and the higher art of calculation ; but the secretaries of the mandarins and ministers are the only persons who at all understand them. Astronomy, or rather astrology, which is held in high esteem, is principally taught by the king's magicians, or by individuals who employ this art to plunder the credulous people. The king sent for the magi to India, and they belong to the caste of Brahmins. Like the augurs of ancient Rome, these are consulted on every important affair of the empire, such as war, peace, inundations, &c. If their prophecies come right they are magnificently rewarded, but in the contrary event soundly thrashed, so that their position is by no means enviable.

The geographical acquirements of the Siamese are extremely slight. They do not even possess maps of their own country, but employ, as a topographical auxiliary, peculiar strips of paper, on which the several provinces and their probable distances from each other are recorded. Only very lately have a few princes and high officials obtained a scanty knowledge of the form of the earth's surface, and the position of countries to one another, from European maps. It is not much better with the historical knowledge. What the Siamese know of history is only derived from their own annals and those of the Chinese and Burmese. Medicine, too, stands no higher in Siam than in nearly all Oriental countries—that is, the science is full of absurdities, and does not rest on any scientific basis. There are in the country two classes of physicians, the royal, who receive a salary, and whose office is handed down to their sons, and such as practise on their own account. The former have to go through an apprenticeship and examination before they receive a diploma and are

allowed to perform their duties, and are again subdivided into two classes—physicians and surgeons. It is the duty of these official doctors to cure persons attached to the court, to follow the army into the field, and accompany the princes and high officials in their travels. A man requires no preliminary studies in order to become a private medico. A recipe-book and a medicine-chest, with the requisite “gift of the gab,” are sufficient to set up this class of doctors, whose performances are certainly extremely problematical during the first ten years, but may become more valuable afterwards through experience. The Siamese, however, know how to value their physicians. With them it is “no cure no pay,” and this is a great inducement to the apostles of Esculapius to do their utmost, though not always with success. The best thing about the prescriptions of the Siamese physicians is their harmlessness, and if their medicines do not always cure, they at least do no harm. There are two medical systems in Siam, which might be called the megalopathic and the micropathic, as the main distinction between them consists in the amount of the doses. The specifics are generally herbs, which are employed in the form of tea, pills, decoctions, and essences, although very strange things from the animal world are sometimes mixed with them. Pallegoix quotes a prescription to cure a peculiar disease, which contains the following remarkable substances: “Take one part of elephant tooth, one part of tiger, alligator, and bear’s tooth, one part of vulture, raven, and goose bones, one part of buffalo and stag-horn, and one part of sandal-wood. Rub these together on a stone with water, drink one-half of it, and employ the other half externally by friction.” As this prescription is ordered by the followers of micropathy, it can at the most produce a stomach-ache. Severe diet, restricted to rice-water, and fish dried in the sun, douches, and shampooing, play a great part in all cures, and often have the best result. That the Siamese, however, are beginning to know the value of European physicians is proved by the statistical returns of Dr. Bradley, an American missionary-doctor settled in Bangkok since 1835. According to these, from fifty to sixty patients daily claim his help. For some years past there have been three European doctors in Bangkok, and it is probable that ere long several more will establish themselves there, because their science and mode of curing every year gain greater confidence with the people. Vaccination has been introduced in Siam, though only to a limited extent. A number of children still die of small-pox, which, with measles, is the principal disease of children. Grown-up persons chiefly suffer from dysentery. This illness, however, generally takes a favourable course with the natives, while it is more dangerous to Europeans. Intermittent fevers are very frequent, but light, while, on the other hand, forest fevers are nearly always mortal to Europeans. Luckily, these only happen rarely, and those are only attacked by it who incautiously spend the night in the forests. Cholera has, since 1820, committed awful ravages in Siam several times, and in 1860 carried off thirty thousand persons in Bangkok in a few days. The climate of Siam is hot, but not at all insupportable by Europeans. In the great plains the winds meet with no impediment, and blow with the same regularity as on the sea, which is beneficial to health. The mountain and forest regions are very dangerous to Europeans, while the

natives have less cause of apprehension. The average temperature of Bangkok varies between 84 deg. F. in April, and 75 deg. in December ; the mean yearly temperature is 81 deg. The highest and lowest temperature of the day amounted, during an interval of eight years, to 97 deg. and 54 deg. F. There are only two seasons in Siam, the dry and the wet. The former begins with the south-west monsoon, which sets in in March or April, and ends in October or November, with the beginning of the north-east monsoon. During the wet season the overflowings of the Meinam also take place. The river begins to rise in June, overflows its banks in August, and gradually rises three to five feet above their level. It remains at this height till the beginning of November, then it falls again just as gradually, till it regains its usual level in December. It is a peculiar fact that the southern portion of the Siamese plain, within a radius of forty miles from the sea, is never inundated. Pallegoix ascribes this remarkable physical manifestation to the effect of the ebb and flow, but his explanation is a mere hypothesis, which requires confirmation. The swelling of the river is certainly connected with the rainfall in the plains. The masses of water which must produce it, however, come from the Chinese mountain ranges, in which the Meinam has its source.

Space will not allow us to exhaust our subject in the present paper : we trust, however, that our readers will have found it sufficiently interesting not to begrudge us the few more pages we propose devoting to it in our next issue.

END OF VOL. CXXVIII.





